



DR. F. A. MACPHERSON.

THE
Celtic Monthly:

A Magazine for Highlanders.

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DEDICATED

TO

ALEXANDER MACPHERSON, Esq.,

PROVOST OF KINGUSSIE,

in recognition of his valuable contributions to Celtic Literature, his efforts in promoting the ancient pastimes of the Gael, and especially in acknowledgment of his many services in furthering the objects and interests of the *Celtic Monthly*.

JOHN MACKAY,

Editor.



MRS. F. A. MACPHERSON.

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DR. F. A. MACPHERSON, LIVERPOOL.

AMONG the many members of the old Clan Chattan, who have attained prominent positions on the other side of the border, is Dr. Francis Alexander Macpherson of Liverpool, who is descended from the Pitmain branch of the clan. Relentlessly persecuted after "the day of dool" on "Scotland's last and saddest field," and their dwellings sacked and burnt down, by "the bloody Duke of Cumberland"—whose inhuman cruelties are almost unexampled in British history—Dr. Macpherson's ancestors, who, with their chief at their head, had taken an active part in the '45, were constrained to escape from the Macpherson country—those heathered hills

"That heave and roll endlessly north away
By Corryarrick and the Springs of Spey."

Finding refuge in Ireland, the family ultimately settled down in Londonderry, where, fully a century later, the subject of our sketch was born, namely, on 1st June, 1850. His great-grandfather, and also his grandfather were bred to the sea. The former after retiring from the service became the most famous instructor of navigation in his day—pupils being sent to him from all parts of the three kingdoms. While cruising in the North Sea in the beginning of this century Dr. Macpherson's grandfather was captured by eleven French men-of-war and carried prisoner to Dunkirk, but after two-and-a-half years detention he was liberated by exchange. He married Elizabeth McCaize, or McIan, of Londonderry—a great-grand-daughter of Captain Francis Wilson, an officer who was engaged in the defence of Derry at its siege in 1688-9. Francis Alexander Macpherson—the father of Dr. Macpherson—married, in 1844, Mary Kilgour Whyte, of Fingask, in Perthshire, thereby renewing the Scotch blood in his

descendants. Although he has now attained his eighty-fifth year, he is still hale and hearty.

Dr. Macpherson is one of a family of three sons and two daughters, of whom only he and a younger sister now survive. His elder brother, William John, died in January, 1867, in the course of a brilliant career at the University of Dublin, where he had taken a Hebrew prize, a second class in Classics, and a first in Catechetics—thus following in the footsteps of his uncle, the Rev. Samuel McCaig Macpherson, A.B., T.C.D., of Leekpatrick Church, Co. Tyrone. His younger brother, James Bruce Macpherson, studied Physic, and having, in 1878, obtained the degrees of the Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons of Edinburgh, became one of the House Surgeons of the Liverpool Dispensaries. He afterwards successfully practiced in Prescot, Lancashire, where he died in 1889.

Educated at Foyle College, Dr. Macpherson prosecuted his medical studies at Dublin, and, in 1876, took the diplomas of the Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons of Edinburgh. In the same year he was appointed Junior House Surgeon to the Liverpool Dispensaries, the oldest medical charity in that city. In the following year he became Senior House Surgeon to the North Dispensary, an office which he held for six-and-a-half years. On resigning that office he was elected Honorary Medical Officer of the same Institution. During his University curriculum of four-and-a-half years in Dublin he studied music under highly qualified masters and became a member of the amateur choir of St. Patrick's Cathedral.

In 1878 Dr. Macpherson composed and set to music a song entitled "The last good night," which subsequently became so popular and well known at Liverpool, Manchester, and Dublin Concerts. He also composed a Cathedral Service for five voices and some chants still in manuscript and unpublished. A meritorious singer himself he has taken a special interest in the throat and its diseases. To extend his experience in this direction he visited, in 1878, the Hospitals of Paris, and in 1880 those of Berlin. He was the first who advocated (through the columns of the

Liverpool Courier) the demolition of insanitary dwellings of the poor, and the re-construction of such dwellings on a satisfactory basis—a work since accomplished in many of our large cities on an extended scale, the result of which has been a very considerable decrease in the national death rate.

In 1883 Dr. Macpherson contributed a remarkable paper to the *British Medical Journal* giving from personal observation “some unrecorded effects of arsenic.” In the same year he was appointed a member of the Local Prize Committee of Trinity College, London. On 20th April, 1887, he married Florence, elder daughter of the venerable William F. Taylor, D.D., D.C.L., etc., Archdeacon of Warrington. Of that marriage there are two sons—Alexander

may be and his flourish in the land of their adoption, and continue to reflect so much credit on the old Clan Chattan, and the dear old bens and glens and corries of his forefathers!

“Oh, gladly in the times of old, I trod that glorious ground,
And the white dawn melted in the sun and red deer cack around.
I heard the black and red cock crow, and the bellowing of the deer.
I think these are the sweetest sounds that man at dawn can hear.

Oh, wildly as the bright day gleamed, I climbed the mountain breast,
And when I to my home returned, the sun was in the west.
’Twas health and strength, ’twas life and joy, to wander freely there,
To drink at the fresh mountain stream, to breathe the mountain air.”



Kingour Macpherson and Bruce Whyte Macpherson. A highly accomplished and cultured lady, Mrs. Macpherson is a member of the Liverpool Literary and Philosophical Society, and also of the Ex-libris Society of London.

Last year Dr. Macpherson was urged to stand for the City Council, in the Conservative interest, for the Everton division of Liverpool, but the arduous duties of an extensive professional practice absorb so much of his time that he felt constrained to decline the honour. All his spare time is devoted to historical and scientific studies, in which he takes the deepest interest. Long



Kinguss-e.

A. MACPHERSON.

BURNS' SONGS IN GAELIC.

(JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO JOHN.)

Iain Chaimbeil, tús ar n-còlais,
Bu bhòidheach, deas, do chruth;
Le d' aodann fhathail, uasal,
'S le d' chuainein dualach, dubh;
Ach 's maol an duigh do cheann,
'S tha do chiabh mar chobhar tràigh;
Ach 's caomh le m' chridh' do bhathais mhin,
Iain Chaimbeil, fhir mo ghràidh.

Gum b' ait ar céim a' dreachd
Le chéile ris a' bheinn;
'S gum b' aoibhinn 's gum bu ghràdhach
Na làithean 's chaitheadh leinn;
'S mar dhr sinn nì sinn fàrnadh
Le chéile stòs o'n bhràigh;
'S le chéile caidlidh sinn 's a' ghleann,
Iain Chaimbeil, fhir mo ghràidh.

EADAR. LE "I. B. O."

GAICK, KINGUSSIE.

"Cease a little while, O North wind ! Let me hear the voice of the lovely,"—OSSIAN.

Stern Solitude ! wherein dumb lifted hands
Of mountain monumental Age raise high
Silence, to Silence,—beneath Thy Lone Eye
Mused in Dreams, beneath Thy stilling wands
Of Truth, no visionary phantom stands
Adorning *self*, with bauble of the hour,
And sick world simony— O Mountain Pow'r !



LOCH-AN-T-SEILICH, GAICK FOREST.

Mirrored in waters of Thy Heatherlands
Which kiss the rills and shadows from Thy Throne,
Rapt,—in Thy still Nobility above—
Our human eyes yearn further than the known
Of earthly Boundary, since we but move
By Beauty where the silences are grown.
To lose ourselves in larger Life and Love

Kingussie.

JANIE E. B. MACPHERSON.

THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND's two boys, Lord Stafford and Lord Alistair Leveson Gower, began attendance in the infant room of Golspie Public School this month, under the tuition of Miss Sellar, infant mistress. This is an example which we hope will be imitated by other members of the Highland nobility.

THE GRAND BAZAAR which was held at Golspie recently, under the personal auspices of the Duchess of Sutherland, for the purpose of raising funds to place trained nurses in various parts of Sutherland, has resulted in the splendid sum of £1,100 being realised. It is a most worthy object, and Sutherland people must

feel greatly indebted to the Duchess for the great interest which she takes in their welfare, and her practical efforts on their behalf.

A DISTINGUISHED CAITHNESS STUDENT.—Miss Florence Mackay, eldest daughter of Captain James Mackay, F.S.A., Frowle, Trowbridge, and niece of Mr. Donald Mackay, J.P., Braemore, Dunbeath, who is being educated at the far-famed Cheltenham Ladies' College, has just passed the Oxford Senior Examination with distinction. In Botany she was seventh in the list for all England.



PART XIV.—(Continued from Vol. III., page 226).

THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE.—QUATRE BRAS,
WATERLOO.

WHILE this subsidiary attack was being made to prepare for the grand assault upon the British right, Napoleon directed Ney to marshal the Guard in two grand columns, the choice troops, which had never yet failed in snatching victory from opponents. They were the veterans of Austerlitz, Wagram, and many other fields, who had decided many of his previous victories. No force seemed capable of resisting them. They became a terror to every European army. They were regarded, like the legions of old Rome, invincible in battle. Like the Roman legions each division of the Imperial Guard was in itself a complete little army, with its cavalry and artillery. For the first time they were going to measure themselves with the "sons of perfidious Albion," whom they were certain of annihilating, and "chasing into the sea."

One of these grand columns was drawn up near Hougomont, supported by their cuirassiers. The other was formed in rear of La Belle Alliance. Reille was directed to bring all his troops to aid the first, and form on its left, while D'Erlon was to do the same with his troops on the right of the other. They were to advance in a slanting direction, north westward, and converge on the British right.

Meanwhile Wellington's eagle eye perceived the impending storm. He saw the marshalling of the Guard, and quickly judged where the attack was to fall. He directed Lord Hill, who commanded the right, to bring his troops

gradually into position, Adam's Light Brigade, Maitland's brigade of Guards, and Chasse's Dutch in support, while to their left, and more forward, guns in front, towards the crest of the ridge, and the whole available artillery to take post, inclining inwards, so as to expose the advancing columns of the enemy to a concentric fire. In the centre of this angular or crescent position he caused a battery of nine pounder guns to be placed to fire straight in front, while sixty other guns, including those on the flanks, were brought to bear on the enemy as he advanced, in front and flank. The infantry on each side of the central battery were formed four deep. The Guards on the right of the battery, flanked on their left by the 73rd Highlanders, 30th, 33rd, and 69th regiments, and on the right of the Guards towards Hougomont were the 52nd, 71st Highlanders, and two battalions of the 95th, Vivian's and Vandeleur's light cavalry, with Dornberg's German dragoons, and the remnant of Somerset's and Ponsonby's heavy cavalry, the glorious Union Brigade, were brought into line, closely in the rear, to be ready to make the most of any advantage that might present itself.

At about 7 p.m. Napoleon gave the order to advance. At first it seemed that he intended to lead the attack in person. Mounted on his white Persian charger he advanced in front, exclaiming, "The battle is won! we must fall upon the English position and throw them into the defiles. Allons! Le Garde en avant!" Having thus headed them for a few minutes, exposed to a terrific fire from the British guns, he suddenly halted with his staff and motioning with his hand, said, "Gentlemen, there is the road to Brussels," at the same moment he

turned aside under the swell of rising ground which sheltered him from the terrible bullets of the British artillery. Had Napoleon in this supreme crisis of his career advanced with his Guard and perished with them, his name would have gone down in history as the grandest figure in modern times. Fate willed it otherwise.

As these grand warriors proudly swept past Napoleon, confident of victory, confident in their prowess and power to carry all before them, they waved their bear-skin busbies, and, brandishing their arms, rent the air with enthusiastic cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" the

French rendering of the old Roman salutation of the gladiators to the Emperors. "Ave! Imperator. morituri, le salutant."

Wellington took his stand beside the Guards, watching the movements and advance of the enemy with impassive composure, while the French artillery rained shot and shell all around. He ordered the Guards to lie down in the road ditch in their front, to shelter themselves from the tremendous cannonade, telling them, "Be cool, my lads hard pounding this."

The formidable Imperial Guard moved majestically across the valley and up the slope.



CHARGE OF MAITLAND'S GUARDS.

It was now 7-15 p.m. The shadow of the mass before the level rays of the setting sun increased its awful impressiveness. The huge bear-skin caps of the Guard seemed a dark forest, and though it occasionally rocked under the awful fire of the British artillery, yet the shock was speedily recovered. Through the smoke and fire of the sharpshooters the dark plumes of the Grenadiers of the Guard were seen unceasingly approaching, Ney at their head, Drouet beside him, to whom Ney repeatedly said, they were about to gain a glorious victory. Ney's horse was shot under him; he then marched on foot in front—sword in hand.

General Friant was struck down by his side. Ney went on braving death at every step from the volleys poured upon his massive columns whose impulse seemed to be irresistible. The British guns tore their front and sides as they advanced, though the fire of the French sharpshooters on the flanks of the columns was so severe that many of the gunners were driven from their pieces.

The lofty bear-skins of the grenadiers of the Guard were now seen on the ridge. As they mounted the crest amidst the smoke, they presented the appearance of giants. They came on within fifty paces of the British

Guards lying concealed in the ditch when Wellington, standing by the side of Maitland, shouted, "Up Guards! make ready." Up rose the Guards, up rose the troops on the left of the battery, moved forward a few paces, and poured into the devoted column so close and well directed a volley that nearly the whole of the two front ranks of the Imperial Guard at once fell. A second volley had the same result. A rapid and well sustained file firing followed, which the French crowded in column, in vain strove to answer with effect. Just as this well sustained musketry fire was going on the artillerymen of Adam's brigade on the flank worked their guns with wonderful rapidity, pouring a perfect storm of grape and canister shot into the flank of the column, staggering it, and causing it to give ground and fall back

down the slope. Maitland immediately ordered the Guards to charge. On went these grand sons of Albion at the double, and loudly cheering, struck into the French mass, embarrassed and shattered, and rolled them down the slope to seek shelter near Hougoumont. When the charging Guards were half way down the slope Maitland saw the head of the other column coming up on the left. He instantly called "Halt," and retired his men to where they previously stood behind the ridge. No sooner was this effected than the second column advanced to the attack, with Reille's troops in support on its left. This dense mass came up the slope steadily and sternly, muskets on their shoulders, preceded by the usual light infantry as skirmishers. They advanced unshrinkingly, with loud cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" into the



RETREAT OF THE FRENCH FROM WATERLOO

cross fire of the British batteries. At the mere sound of the French cheers, a brigade of Dutch Belgians, stationed in rear of the Guards, gave way panic-stricken, and fell back in confusion on Vandeleur's horsemen, who closed their ranks, preventing the terrified "Braves" from going further. For a moment a feeling of anxiety, though not of fear, pervaded the British ranks. At this instant Wellington, who had all day his eye upon these poltroons, came up, rallied them, and led them back to the place so cowardly abandoned.

Now, again, were conspicuously seen the admirable effects of the arrangements and dispositions made by Wellington to meet the formidable attack of the Guard. The rapid discharges of the converging artillery on the

head and flank of the column were so severe that Reille pushed forward a large body of cavalry to silence them, which partially succeeded, but Wellington ordered some squadrons of the 23rd Hussars to march down the slope in rear of Adam's men, and charge them. This well timed movement succeeded. The French cavalry were driven away, their battalions in column were uncovered, their long flanks became exposed to Adam's artillery, which instantly opened upon them a fire so tremendous and rapid that the head of this body of men constantly pushed on by the mass in the rear, seemed for sometime never to advance, but melted away as it came into the scene of carnage.

(To be continued).



DONALD MACPHERSON

DONALD MACPHERSON, FALKIRK.

PRESIDENT, FALKIRK HIGHLAND ASSOCIATION.



WE have much pleasure in adding to our "Celtic Gallery" this month the portrait of Mr. Donald Macpherson, the genial postmaster of Falkirk. He belongs to a family (cadets of the Breakachie branch of the clan) which, after the last hope of the "happ-

less Stuart Line" was finally extinguished at

Culloden, settled in the Reay country, and laying aside the claymore and targe, devoted themselves to the peaceful pursuits of farming, which they cultivated with considerable success. Mr. Macpherson was born in Edinburgh, but was educated at the F. C. School, and Miller Institution, Thurso. He received his early training for the postal service in the Thurso office, under Mr. Macdonald, who soon recognised the ability and energy of his young assistant. In 1881, at the age of twenty-one, Mr. Macpherson was appointed to the postmastership of Kirkwall. On leaving Thurso he was presented by the Provost, in the name of the inhabitants, with a handsome gold watch, suitably inscribed, and a congratulatory address.

During his postmastership at Kirkwall, he instituted many reforms; postal facilities were



KINGUSSIE AND RUTHVEN CASTLE, BADENOCH.

extended, the telegraph business was trebled; and in this and many other respects Mr. Macpherson quickly gained the goodwill of the people. In 1885 he was induced to stand as a member for the Town Council and was elected; in 1888 he was returned at the head of the poll, and in 1891 his election was unopposed. To him is due the credit of the adoption by Kirkwall of the Free Libraries Act: and the library, which owes so much to

his efforts as Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, has proved a great success. He was also elected Governor of the Educational Trust.

In February 1894, Mr. Macpherson was promoted to a much more important sphere of usefulness—the postmastership of Falkirk. Before leaving Kirkwall he was made the recipient of a silver tea service and other valuable gifts by the Provost on behalf of the inhabitants. In this connection, it is enough to say that Mr.

Macpherson has amply justified the wisdom of his superiors in promoting him to this responsible appointment.

The Highland Association of Falkirk was fortunate in securing Mr. Macpherson as president, and under his guidance it is rapidly making its influence felt in the district.

As a clansman Mr. Macpherson is all enth-

usiasm. He is learned in clan lore, and is not averse to discussing the most minute questions of clan genealogy. To his clansmen and readers of the Highland press, he is familiarly known by his *nom-de-plume* "Craigdhu." At present he is enjoying a brief holiday in Norway, where we hope he may find health and pleasure.

EDITOR.

THE HEIR OF THE HOUSE OF STUART.

WHILE the interesting account of the '45 is being so ably told once more, in the pages of the *Celtic Monthly*, the portrait of the present heir of the Royal House of Stuart will no doubt be of interest to Highlanders, though perhaps some may be unaware of his descent. I take the following particulars from "The Legitimist," one of the principal Jacobite organs of the day. When the last descendant of King James II. died, the legitimate successors to all the rights of the Stuarts were the descendants of Princess Henrietta Maria, sister of James II. She married Philip, Duke of Orleans, and died in 1670, leaving two daughters. Mary, the eldest, married King Charles II. of Spain, but died without issue; her sister, Anne, married Amadeus, King of Sardinia, from whom descended Frances V., Duke of Modena, who married, in 1842, Aldegonde, daughter of Louis I., King of Bavaria, and died without issue; his younger brother, Ferdinand, Archduke

of Austria, married, in 1847, Elizabeth, daughter of the Archduke Joseph of Austria, and left at his death, in 1849, an only daughter, Maria Theresa, who (born in 1849 and married in 1868 to Louis, Prince of Bavaria, eldest son of Luitpold, Prince Regent of Bavaria) is now the unquestionable heiress of the House of Stuart. His Royal Highness Prince Rupert, the subject of this portrait, is her eldest son. He was born at Munich on the 18th May, 1869, and is an officer in the Bavarian army, where he is much beloved, and shows the promise of all that chivalry which was so exemplified in his illustrious ancestor, James IV. of Scotland.

Loyalty to the House of Stuart is as true to-day among many descendants of those who fought and died for "Bonnie Prince Charlie," as it was in the '45, and the Queen "over the water" is pledged by faithful adherents to an extent little dreamed of in these matter of fact days, while they look to the fulfilment of the old prophecy, quoted in the August number of the *Celtic Monthly*:

"The auld Stuarts
back again,
The auld Stuarts
back again,
Let Howlet Whigs
do what they can,
We'll hae the Stuarts
back again."



H.R.H. PRINCE RUPERT OF BAVARIA

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

THE following song is taken from Munro's FIDILH where it appears over the signature "Cruachan," the owner of which *nom de plume* was Lieutenant P. MacIntyre, Royal Marines, eldest son of the late Alexander MacIntyre of Camusnaberie, Lochaber, and cousin of the late Rev. John MacIntyre, LL.D., Kilmonivaig. He died, 30th June, 1855, aged 69.

The air here given is one of the variants of the music to which "*Mo rùn an diugh mar an dé thu*"—My love to-day as yesterday—was sung. Fraser of Knockie's Collection contains one version of the tune and Munro's FIDILH another. It would seem also that "*U' horò*

's na horò éile," the well-known and currently popular song, is sung to a variant of the same air. I venture to think the music as here given is as effective as any of the versions mentioned. It was published several years ago by Messrs. Paterson & Sons, Edinburgh, with pianoforte accompaniment, to words represented as having been translated from the original Gaelic by D. G. Macdonnell. The title of the song was "I'm thine for ever."

The translation here given is necessarily halting owing to the difficulty of the rhythm for which English words are not adapted; but it gives an idea of the sentiments of the original. C. M. P.

MAIRI ANNA—ANNIE'S MARY.

KEY F. *With feeling.*

VERSE.			
m : -m s : -d d : -s ₁ l ₁ .d : -	l : -l d ¹ : -l l : -s m.s : -		
Ghabh mi cead an diugh de m' leannan,	Ise 'falbh 'us mise 'fanachd ;		
Pairin : frae my lovely Mary	'S left me dowie a' thegither,		
l : -l d ¹ : -d d : -s ₁ l ₁ .d : -	m : -m l : -l s : -d r.d : -		
Dh'fhàg i mi mar nan air fannal,	'Caoidh a mhàth'r, O! Mhàiri Anna.		
Like the lambkin weak and wearie	Langin' for its fleecy mither.		
CHORUS.			
m : -m s : s m : -d r.d : -	m : -s d ¹ : -l l : s m.s : -		
Hùraibh òro, hùraibh éile,	Hùraibh ithill òro éile,		
l : -l d ¹ : -d d : -s ₁ l ₁ .d : -	m : -m l : -l s : -d r.d : -		
Hùraibh ithill, hùraibh éile	'S cian tha mi's mo ghaol o chèile.		
	Sair's my heart since gane is Mary.		

'S bòidheach geug 'na h-éideadh Samhraidh,
'S eòin nan speur a' seinn 'na meangaibh,
H-uile creutair éibhinn, seannail,
'S mis' leam féin a' caoidh na chail Mhàiri mi.

'S tiamhaidh leam a' choill 's na gleannain
Far am b' àbhaist duinn bhì 'teanail
Shòbhrach àillidh 's blàth nam meangan—
An diugh iad 'fas gun Mhàiri Anna.

'S binn a' chuthag 'seinn le caithream;
'S binn an smeòrach 'n ògan daraich;
'S binn an teud o'n mheur an tarraing;
Ach 's binne guth-beòil Màiri Anna.

Còmhalaunn, 's beusan banail;
Sùil tha caoinh, da cridh' mar sgathan;
'S n' bheil Gàidh' an gleann a' bharraich
Nach d' thug gràdh do Mhàiri Anna.

O! na 'n robh mi 'n riochd na b-eala,
An long 's na ghluais i 's luath gun 'n leanainn,
'S ghabhaim tàmh am bàrr a cranna
Shealltainn bhàn air Màiri Anna.

Ach ged rinn an cuan ar sgaradh,
'S ged theid bliantan cianail tharainn,
Gus an sgar o n' chom an t-anan
'S leat mo ghràdh, a Mhàiri Anna.

'Mang the leafy trees, what gladness!
Birds a' singin' blythe and merry.
No a note revealin' sadness—
Nane but mine, lamentin' Mary.

Down the glade I gaze in anguish;
Aft we wandered 'mang its flowers:
Quite unheeded now they languish—
Mary's far frae those sweet bowers

Sweet the cuckoo's note, and mellow;
Sweet the mavis' tuneft' ditty:
Mary's voice could beat kenn'd hollow;
She sings afar now—mair's the pity.

She was winsome, kind and tender;
Pure in heart, her e'e shone clearly;
Every livin' soul that kenn'd her
Lo'ed her weel, but I maist dearly.

O, gin I could strong and fast fly,
In her track I'd wing the cary,
Then alich upon the mast high
And look down on my sweet Mary.

Tho' I'm painted frae my dear ane,
Tho' the rolling waves us sever,
I'll be faithfu', never fear me:
I will lo'e my Mary ever.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.



TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—The *CELTIC MONTHLY* will be sent, post free, to any part of the United Kingdom, Canada, the United States, and all countries in the Postal Union—for one year, 4s.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

OCTOBER, 1895.

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

As we are anxious to make up our list of subscribers for Volume IV., which commences with this issue, we shall feel greatly obliged if our readers will kindly forward their annual subscription (4/- post free) at once, to the Editor, Mr. John Mackay, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

OUR NEXT ISSUE.

We will present our readers with life-like plate portraits of General Sir J. A. Ewart, Colonel, 93rd Sutherland Highlanders (held over from this issue); the late Mr. Hugh Davidson of Cantray, Inverness-shire; Mr. Hugh Bannerman, Southport; Mr. Malcolm MacGregor, Dunan, Strathgait; and Mr. Alexander Mackintosh, Hatfield; with biographical sketches. Next month the first instalment will appear of a very interesting series of illustrated articles on "Cluny and Lady Cluny of the 45 after Culloden," by Mr. Alex. Macpherson, Kincussie.

CELTIC MONTHLY, VOLUME III.—As our third Volume is now completed, and as we will only be able to supply a few complete bound copies, several of the monthly parts being already out of print, those who wish copies might kindly communicate with us without delay, to prevent disappointment. The price is 10/-, post free, and orders should be sent at once to the Editor.

VOLUMES I. AND II.—We are now able to offer two bound copies of the scarce Volume I., which can be had at 15/- each; copies of the volumes for 1894 (January to December) can be had, 10/-, post free—from the Editor.

"THE LAST MACDONALDS OF ISLA" is now published, and will be in the hands of subscribers in a few days. It is one of the most attractive volumes ever published on the Highlands, the plates being choice specimens of the printer's art. The volume

is most attractively bound. There are only a few copies for sale, price 10/-, post free. Next month the price will be increased to 15/-. Copies can be had from Mr. John Mackay, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

THE MOD.—We wish to remind our readers that the Mod is to be held in the Queen's Rooms, Glasgow, on Friday, 25th October. Mr. John Mackay, Hereford, President of *An Comann Gàidhealach*, will occupy the chair, and will be supported by prominent Highlanders from all parts of the kingdom. For list of competitions, etc., kindly refer to our advertising pages. A grand concert is to be held in the evening, at which the combined Gaelic choirs and prize winners will give their services. As only a limited number of tickets are to be issued for sale our readers had better apply at once. Prices are:—5/- (reserved and numbered seats); 3/-, 2/-, and a few at 1/- (standing room). Can be had from the Editor.

THE CLAN COLQUHOUN were represented in strong force at the Luss Games held recently. They were received by the chief, Sir James Colquhoun, Bart., who entertained them to luncheon, and thereafter took them in his launch up Loch Lomond to Ross-dhu, where they were shown over the castle and grounds. A most delightful day was spent, and the clan were naturally very much gratified at the hearty Highland welcome extended to them by their chief. The clan have good reason to be proud of their chief, for he not only takes a keen interest in his own clan, but in all matters of good report relating to the Highlands.

"SUTHERLAND AND THE REAY COUNTRY" is making steady progress, and we hope to be able to issue it soon. It promises to be the most interesting, and certainly the most profusely illustrated, work ever published in connection with any Highland county. Each subject is treated of by one of the best known authorities, so that the book may be accepted as authoritative. The price to subscribers is 5/-; and the *Édition de Luxe* 12/6. Subscribers' names should be sent to the publisher, Mr. John Mackay, Editor, *Celtic Monthly*, Glasgow.

MR. ALLISTER MACDONALD'S *Coinneach 'us Coille* (Songs and Poems in Gaelic) is now in the press, and will be published shortly at 3/- post free. Subscribers' names should be sent to Mr. Macdonald, 70 Tomnahurich Street, Inverness.

GLASGOW COWAL RESERVES *versus* AIRDRIE SHINTY CLUB. These clubs met at Moray Park, on Saturday 7th September, to play a return match. The game was well contested, but eventually the Cowal men won by five goals to *nil*. The junior Cowal team have now played four matches and won them all—taking 28 goals and only losing five.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE COWAL SHINTY CLUB was held in the Waterloo Rooms—Mr. John Mackay, Editor, *Celtic Monthly*, President, in the chair. The reports for the past year were very satisfactory. The following office-bearers were appointed—Hon. President, William Graham, Esq., North Erines; President, John Mackay, Editor, *Celtic Monthly*; Vice-President, Duncan Morrison; Captain, Thomas Scott; Vice-Captain, John MacInnis; Secretary, Hugh MacCorquodale, 100 Corn-wall Street; Treasurer, P. P. Campbell; and the usual committees. Sir James Colquhoun, Bart., of Luss, was added to the list of patrons.

THE LORDS OF LOCHABER.

T. D. MACDONALD.



PART VIII.—ALEXANDER V., 1498-1500—KILLED AT CARN-ALASTAIR—DONALD GLAS, 1500-40—HE JOINS DONALD DUBH VII.—CAMPAIGN IN BADENOCH—BURNING OF INVERNESS.

(Continued from Vol. III., page 233).

MUCH advanced in years when he was elected to replace Iain Aluinn at the head of the clan, Alexander V. of Keppoch's short rule was a comparatively uneventful one. From him came one of the earliest patronymics by which the heads of the clan were known, viz:—"Clann Alastair Mhic Aonghuis," so-called in order to distinguish them from the line of Iain Aluinn, the deposed chief, who, as has already been said, were known as "Sliochd a' bhrathair bu shine." He was killed, or rather assassinated at a place near the head of Lochleven, while out with a foraging party of his clan. His assassin, who lay in ambush and took the old chief unawares, is said to have been a Cameron, who was employed for the purpose. His clansmen erected a cairn to his memory, and hence the place has ever since been known as Carn-Alastair. He was married to a daughter of Donald Gallach MacDonald of Sleat, whose wife was a daughter of MacDonald of Isla, and of the Glenus, in Ireland, ancestor of the Earls of Antrim. On this lady's marriage with Donald Gallach she brought with her as a tocher to her husband some Irish clansmen, who were settled in Sleat at the time. Later on, when her daughter married Alexander of Keppoch some of these Irishmen were brought in the same manner

from Sleat to Lochaber, where they settled on Keppoch's lands. Some of their descendants are still about the Braes of Lochaber. Many of them adopted the name of MacDonald, but there are still a few bearing their original Irish cognomens of Burke, Boyle, Kelly, &c. Hence the frequent occurrence of these names at one time among the native population of Lochaber and the west coast of Inverness-shire. In Mackenzie's "History of the MacDonalds and Lords of the Isles," the best and most complete history of the clan as a whole that has been written, it is said that this Irish colony had the township of Ionar-Odhair allotted to them, but Mackenzie is not quite accurate in his account of the cause that brought them to Lochaber.

Short as was the rule of this chief, the absence of any notable event during the period is probably owing to the fact that about this time the King held his Court at Kintyre, from which he exercised a most beneficial influence over the West Highlands, the whole country, in fact, being in a comparatively tranquil state.

The author of the "Comhachag" says of this chief:—

"Alasdair eridhe nan gleann,
Gun thu bli ann 's mor a chreall,
'S tric a leag thu air an t-om
'N damh donn leis na coin ghlaiss,

Bratach Alasdair nan gleann,
A srol faramach ri crann,
Suathaintas soilleir Siol Chuinn
Nach do chuir suim 'an Clannuibh Ghall.

Dh'fhag mi e 's an fhrìdh so shìos,
 Am fear a b' ole dhomhsa, 'Bhas,
 'S tric a chuir e a thagradh an cruas
 'N an cluais an daimh chabraich an sas."

Alexander had two sons, (1) Donald, known as "Dombnull Glas," who succeeded him, and (2) Ranald Og, who predeceased his father.

Donald Glas is stated to have succeeded his father about the year 1500. He built the old Castle of Keppoch, on Tombeag,* and lived through a stirring and eventful career. Mackenzie says that he had his residence at Coille Dhiamhain, on Torran nan Ceap, within a mile of old Keppoch house. Shortly after his accession to the chiefship the ancient Lordship of Lochaber, which, along with that of the Isles, had been

finally forfeited from the House of MacDonald in the year 1493,† was made over to Alexander, Lord Gordon, eldest son of Huntly, by James IV. From this date forward the MacDonalds of Keppoch had to stand by themselves in maintaining, by the right of the sword, the lands of Keppoch and Garragach. The Lordship of the Isles was no more; the House of MacDonald was broken up into so many opposing factions; and the Lordship of Lochaber was in the hands of other than a MacDonald. The MacDonalds of Keppoch may be said to have been then, for the first time, forced to fight for their existence as a distinct and separate branch of the Clan Donald. The Clan Ranald and Sleat families were fighting



TOMBEAG—THE SITE OF KEPPOCH CASTLE

one another for the possession of the lands of Garmoran and Uist; the latter also laid claim to the ancient Lordship of the Isles and the Earldom of Ross, in opposition to the respective claims of the heirs of Alexander of Lochalsh, and of Donald Dubh, the grandson of John, the last who held legal right to the title. From this time may be dated the downfall of the MacDonalds from their position as the most powerful of all the Highland clans; and from it may also be dated the steady rise of the Campbells, who founded all the great power which they afterwards wielded, on the discomfiture of the Lords of the Isles. Other

clans, who were formerly the vassals of the island lords, now rivalled in extent of territory and power any one of the several branches into which the MacDonalds became divided. The Keppoch branch was, perhaps, the most isolated, holding their lands in the centre of the enemy's country, and in supreme defiance of all authority and legal right. Sleat, Clan Ranald, and Glengarry, each of them had their charters, but Keppoch had none. It was probably in realising the desperate position in which he was thus placed that Donald Glas

* Gregory's History. † In 1500, see Gregory's st

thought to secure his position by espousing the cause of Donald Dubh, thus building his hopes on the success of that cause. Donald Dubh had just escaped from his imprisonment in Inchonall Castle through a stratagem on the part of his kinsman, MacDonald of Glencoe. He at once raised his claim to the Lordship of the Isles, and, as was the wont of the island lords of old, when carrying war into the enemy's country, he made Lochaber his headquarters; and, the families of Sleat and Lochalsh having each their supporters, Donald Glas became the principal lieutenant of the son of Angus Og. Together they laid waste, with fire and sword, the lands of the Camerons and the Mackintoshes, in revenge for these latter, who were at one time vassals to the island lords, having transferred their allegiance to their former enemies. Huntly was despatched to Lochaber to prevent a general up-rising.† This was in 1501. In the following year a commission was given to Huntly, Lovat, and William Munro of Foulis, to proceed to Lochaber and let the king's land to "true men," and to expel at the same time all "broken men." The only ascertained result of this expedition was a grant of Mamore to Stewart of Appin. Mamore, which was part of Alastair Carrach's barony, had long ago become the property of Lochiel, it having been the marriage portion of one of Keppoch's daughters who was wedded to a former head of the Cameron clan. The grant to Stewart of Appin was made in the year 1503‡ But Keppoch was still at large. By this time Donald Dubh had won to his side almost all the former adherents of the Lords of the Isles, and in the same year as that in which the events just related took place, his standard was again unfurled in Lochaber. On this occasion he was again accompanied by Donald Glas of Keppoch. These incidents are thus described by Tytler:—"Although James (the king) received early intelligence of the meditated insurrection, and laboured by every method to dissolve the union amongst the confederated chiefs, it now burst forth with destructive fury. Badenoch was wasted with all the ferocity of Highland warfare; Inverness given to the flames; and so widely and rapidly did the contagion spread throughout the Isles, that it demanded the most prompt and decisive measures to arrest it."

† Reg. of Privy Seal, II., fo. 61.

‡ Reg. of Privy Seal, fo. 84.

(To be continued).

THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF GLASGOW is about to open the session and a number of interesting lectures have been arranged. The second volume of the Transactions is at present in the press.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

ECHOES OF GAELIC SONG.

SIR.—"Fionn's" paper on *Croth Chaillein* has wakened a sleeping chord in my memory. Sixty years ago, when I was a boy, we had a nurse, Christy Grey by name, every fibre of whose nature was alive with snatches of old Gaelic song. They came and went like the summer breeze. I have no remembrance of her singing any song from beginning to end. Her snatches of song seemed to me, even then, to be strangely mixed and fitful—the reflex of her own fitful, passing fancies. Here's a verse which oft recurred. I remember it as if it were but yesterday she sang it in her own clear, touching strains:—

"'Nochd gur trom lium mo chridhe,
'S tric snìdh air mo ghruaidhean."

These lines were always repeated and were followed by something which I think she herself did not understand. Anyhow I did not understand it then, nor do I understand it now.

"Ri bhi smuanachadh air mo leannan,
Air do 'n ghealtachd air fluair e."

This also was repeated, and something followed, even the sound of which I cannot now recall.

At other times, but in quite another connection, would come in something closely resembling the last verse given by "Fionn" of *Croth Chaillein*:—

"Cha chaidil, cha chaidil,
Cha chaidil mi nair,
Cha chaidil mi idir, &c., &c."

It seems to me that there is here a sort of law, or rather an habitual want of law—a regular irregularity—strangely governing the traditional handing down of Gaelic song through a succession of unlettered singers. Snatches of song are caught up according to the passing whim, and woven, *ex tempore*, into new combinations, many of which have thus passed into our written Gaelic literature. I have lighted on some striking examples of this in our printed variants of the "Ossianic" Ballads. A verse which the reciter does not understand, by reason perhaps of a word to him now obsolete, is ignorantly glossed, or slurred over in a meaningless way—to puzzle some future reciter, and set the scholarly critic to his blind work in the next age.

Some of these verses I have also found, strayed into new connections, and patched into, or upon, older or newer bottles.

D. M.

ORIGIN OF SOME HIGHLAND NAMES.

SIR.—I should be glad if some of your readers could give the clan origin of any or all of the following names, viz.:—Mowat of Caithness; Wans of Ross; Bannatyne of Bute; Gillilan of Mull; Spalding of Glen Shee; MacThomas of Glen Shee; Morrison of Outer Hebrides; Steel of Outer Hebrides. Also of the following—M'Tavish, M'Niven, M'Birnie, M'Caskill, M'Cubbin, M'Kelvie, M'Nee, M'Neillage, M'Phun, M'Glashan, Gilmore, and M'Cunn.

Yours truly, COWAL.

DR. A. H. F. CAMERON, WORCESTER.

WE have much pleasure in introducing to our readers in the person of Archibald Henry Foley Cameron, a distinguished member of the Clan Cameron, who, notwithstanding the fact that his branch of the family

has been resident in England since his ancestor, Dr. Thomas Cameron, commenced the practice of physic at Worcester in 1727, is nevertheless an ardent and sympathetic Highlander in heart, cherishing the history and traditions of his clan, and prizing highly his descent from the valiant Chieftains of the Cameron men.

Dr. Cameron is the only son of Archibald Cameron, a lawyer in Worcester, who died in 1846. After his father's death the family removed to the neighbourhood of Inverness, and in 1853 they acquired Lukefield in Glen Urquhart, which, however, Dr. Cameron sold in 1885. In 1865 Dr. Cameron settled as a medical practitioner in Liverpool, where he followed his profession with marked success for a period of twenty-five years, until his health giving way in 1890 he returned to his native County of Worcester, to enjoy a dignified rest after his long and arduous labours in Liverpool. When resident in Liverpool, in addition to purely professional work, he was largely interested in religious, educational, and political matters, besides contributing many papers to the leading Medical Journals. Dr. Cameron traces his genealogy to John, the fourth son of Ewen Cameron, the thirteenth chief, who was a great warrior and one of the most distinguished chiefs of his time. His fourth son, John, chose the church as his vocation, and while nearly all the rest of the clan were following their chiefs to the field, and largely adopting the profession of arms, the descendants of the Minister of Dunoon were following the peaceful callings of the learned professions and the Christian ministry. The line of genealogy is a most honourable one. John, the Minister of Dunoon in 1566, had, prior to the Reformation, adopted the Protestant faith. His son John, born about 1579, became Principal of the University of Glasgow, and the most famous Protestant divine of his day. A younger brother of the Principal, Thomas, settled in Glasgow, and married Margaret Boyd of Portancross, by whom he had issue Thomas, who married Jean Macaulay of Ardincaple, and had issue John, who became Minister of Kincardine, in Monteith, Perthshire. Refusing to take the oath of allegiance to King William at the Revolution, this John lost his parish. He had a son born to him in Edinburgh in 1704, who became a Snell exhibitor at Oxford. In 1679 John Snell, of Ayrshire, left the Manor of Upton, in Warwick-

shire, to support from five to twelve exhibitors, his object being the maintenance of Episcopacy in Scotland. When Episcopacy was abolished in Scotland, the trustees permitted the exhibitors to choose their own professions, and Dr. Thomas Cameron was the first who did not enter into holy orders. He commenced to practice at Worcester in 1727, and laboured there most assiduously with great reputation to himself and with benefit to those whom he attended. He was one of the earliest promoters of the Worcester Infirmary, to which he was elected Physician. As early as 1752 he was writing on small-pox and measles, and his discoveries are highly spoken of by contemporary writers. He was a keen Jacobite, and there were many kindred spirits in and around Worcester. It has been said that this Dr. Thomas first brought himself into prominence by fearlessly attending fever patients which the other medical men avoided. He was engaged to be married to a Miss Severn, who, shortly before the marriage was to be celebrated, fell ill with small-pox. He, however, married her from principle, and nursed her through dreadful sufferings with unremitting devotion. His dying wife suggested that her friend, Miss Plowden, of Plowden, might take her place and comfort him in his loss. Being a man of prompt resolution he acted at once on the strange advice, and a fortnight after his wife's death he married her friend, as she had suggested. When he went to the tailor to order a new coat for his wedding, he directed that the button-holes should be worked with white. "Not so soon after the death of your wife" remonstrated the tailor. "Zounds, can't I have my coat made as I like?" He had his way. He was a man of great originality and force of character, of whom many striking stories used to be told. It is stated of him that he was the first to introduce skates into Worcester. The people went out full of wondering curiosity to see a man walking and gliding on ice with "horns" on his feet; skates at that time having long curved points.

On one occasion while walking in the streets of Worcester he saw a scavenger throwing a shovelful of dirt into his cart in such a way as purposely to splash the white dress of a lady who was passing at the time. Dr. Cameron grasped the man by the waist band and pitched him into his own cart amid the mud and filth, telling him that was to teach him better manners.

He was followed, as Physician to the Infirmary, by his son Charles, who for many years occupied the first place as Consulting Physician in the county. He married Ann Ingram, of White Ladies, and left four sons, the second of whom, Archibald, was the father of the subject of our memoir. (Photos by T. Bennett & Sons.)

DR. T. CAMERON.

DR. C. CAMERON.



DR. A. H. F. CAMERON.

A. CAMERON

GHOID IAD BHUAM THU.

THE EDITOR, *Celtic Monthly*.

SIR.—As requested I now send you the song of *Ghoid iad bhuam thu*, and may mention briefly, for the information of your Gaelic readers, the occasion of my writing it, as it happens to be the last song of any kind that I have ever written in foreign lands. While returning to India last year from wanderings in Siam and Cochin China, I was on my way from Calcutta to Darjeeling in the Himalayas, to spend the few days of my leave that then remained unexpired. I missed my cash-box shortly after leaving Calcutta, and reached the mountain seat of Darjeeling almost penniless, as my money and many other articles were in this same box. The loss of the box consequently caused me great inconvenience, and I had some little trouble afterwards in procuring funds to bring me to my proper destination, some fifteen hundred miles away.

The matter was at once reported to the police, and a few days after my return I received a telegram saying that the police had recovered the box, but broken and with the contents taken out of it. Sorry though I was for the loss of its various contents, yet I was pleased to get my old companion back again; and as it had travelled far and wide with me on land and sea, I thought the least thing I could do was to sing a commemorative Gaelic song to its praise. And thus I sang the song of *Ghoid iad bhuam thu*, which I now submit for your readers' perusal, while the box itself remains safe in my possession.

Select verses from this song, as well as *Tir nam Beann-ard*, will be sung by Mr. Roderick MacLeod, the Inverness Gaelic singer, at the Annual Concert of the London Gaelic Society, in St. Martin's Town Hall, Trafalgar Square, on the 14th November. *Tir nam Beann-ard* will also be probably sung at the forthcoming *Mod* in Glasgow, by the Choir of the Glasgow Gaelic Musical Association, to whom the song is dedicated.

Yours &c.,

J. MACGREGOR,

Surgeon-Major.

Palace Hotel, Inverness.

AIR FÒNN:—"Mhàil dhubbh, ohù, ohò."

SEISD.

Ghoid iad bhuam thu, ghoid iad bhuam,
Ghoid iad bhuam thu aon uair,
Ach a chaidh gu suthain, buan,
Cha ghoid iad bhuamsa rithist thu.

'An Calcutta mhor nam buith
Thachair orm gu dearb' an cu,
A ghoid bhuam mo chuid gun diu
Cho tuirseach trom 's a bhithinnsa.

Ghoid iad bhuam thu, ghoid iad bhuam, &c.

Ghoid am mearlach dubh gun bhaigh,
Ghoid e bucas beag mo ghraidh,
'S dh-fhag e mise caoidh le craidh,
An t-aileagan bu ghinne leam.

Ghoid iad bhuam thu, ghoid iad bhuam, &c.

'S ioma seorsa bha nad bhroinn,
Do 'm bu bhoidheche dreach 'us loinn,
Nithibh neonach 's moran bhuinn,
A rinn mi cruinn a chruinneachadh.

Ghoid iad bhuam thu, ghoid iad bhuam, &c.

Marbhaig air an t-salchair bhreun,
'Bhris a' ghlas 'bha daingeann treun,
Glas nach fosgladh fear fodh 'n ghrein,
Na mhearlach breun ged bhitheadh e.

Ghoid iad bhuam thu, ghoid iad bhuam, &c.

Measg nam mearlach charach, chruaidh,
Riamh cha d-fhuairleadh fios no luaidh,
Air aon iuchar' bhreidh buaidh,
No dheanadh fuasgladh idir ort.

Ghoid iad bhuam thu, ghoid iad bhuam, &c.

'S ann bha 'n iuchar dh-fhosgladh tu
'Na mo phocaid achlais dluth,
'Nuair a bhuail 's a bhris an cu
A ghlas 'bha duinte, ceangailte.

Ghoid iad bhuam thu, ghoid iad bhuam, &c.

Null 's a nall thar cuan 'us tuinn,
'S ioma bliadhna shuibhail sinn,
'S tusa, ghraidh, cho aluinn, grunn,
Ri cumal cruinn mo litrichean.

Ghoid iad bhuam thu, ghoid iad bhuam, &c.

Ach mo chreach mo dheireadh thall,
Ghoideadh thu le bruid de Ghall,
'S dh-fhag thu mise caoidh do chall,
Gun fhios de 'n toll 's na chuir iad thu.

Ghoid iad bhuam thu, ghoid iad bhuam, &c.

'S boe'd nach b' urrain dhut toirt glaoth,
'Nuair a chaidh an trail nad ghaoh,
'S cha b' ann aon-chuid mall no maoth,
Ach grad rid thaobhsa bhithinnsa.

Ghoid iad bhuam thu, ghoid iad bhuam, &c.

Bhris am balgair mosach thu,
'S ghoid e 'n t-airgid bha nad bhrù,
'S thilg e bhuath thu air bheag diu,
Mar ni nach b' fhiu leis bruidhinn air.

Ghoid iad bhuam thu, ghoid iad bhuam, &c.

'S 'nuair a fhuair mi thu fadheoidh,
Brist 'us buailt air ioma doigh,
Dh-fhas mi cheart cho binn ri oigh,
Ri seinn deadh oran milis dhut.

Ghoid iad bhuam thu, ghoid iad bhuam, &c.

Seadh 's gu 'n caraich sinn gun dail
Taobh mo ghaol a bhris an trail,
'S triallaidh sinn a null thar sàl,
Gu tir mo ghraidh 's mo chridhesa.

Ghoid iad bhuam thu, ghoid iad bhuam, &c.

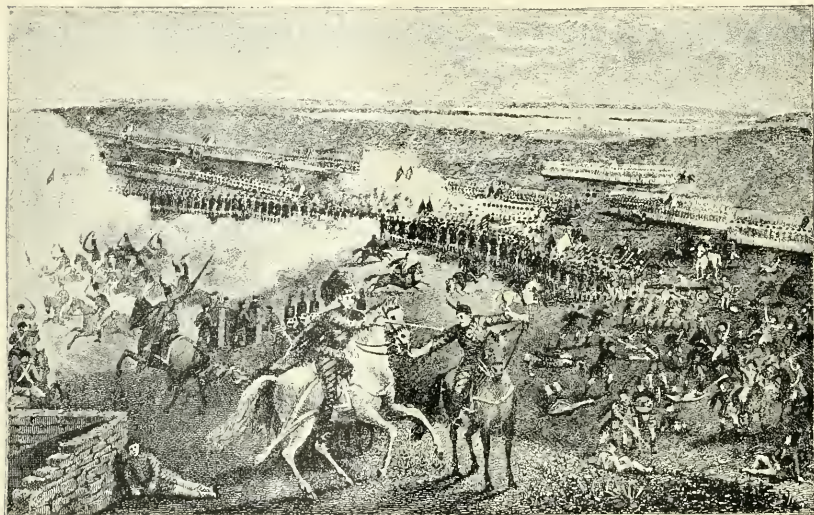
BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE.

By J. HAMILTON MITCHELL.

*(Continued from Vol. III., page 236).***BATTLE OF CULLODEN.**

THE climax of affairs was reached, when after many weeks of suffering and exhausted by the hardships which they had lately endured, the Highlanders, then reduced to 5000, were brought face to face with their enemies on the plains of Culloden, on the

16th April, 1746. Tired by the effects of a night march upon Nairn, they were roused from their slumbers and hastily mustered to oppose the heterogeneous mass of home and foreign mercenaries who constituted the troops of the Elector, and who were twice their number, and supported by heavy artillery. The elements now even seemed to oppose the cause of the unfortunate young Stuart, for immediately before the commencement of the action a heavy blast of rain and sleet beat directly on the faces of the Highlanders. The English artillery then began to play upon them with fearful effect, but, through an error in judgment, the

*From Painting by)***BATTLE OF CULLODEN.***(Captain Mackenzie.*

charge was not commenced for nearly an hour. At length the clansmen, unable longer to restrain themselves, rushed impetuously upon the foe, Lord George Murray leading them to the charge with indomitable courage. But all was of no avail. The front line of English poured forth an incessant fire of musketry, the cannon now loaded with grape-shot swept the field as with a hailstorm, and when the Highlanders reached the lines of the enemy they were enveloped in smoke and involved among the weapons. They rushed on, though not a man ever came in contact with the enemy; the last survivor perished as he reached the points of

the bayonets. All that courage, all that despair could do was done that day, and not till every bayonet was bent and bloody with strife, and the bodies of the gallant Highlanders were heaped in layers of three and four deep, did the battle cease:—

“There was no lack of bravery there,
No spare of blood or breath,
For, one to two, our foes we dared,
For freedom or for death.

The bitterness of grief is past,
Of terror and dismay;
The die was risked, and foully cast
Upon Culloden day.”

EFFECTS OF THE REBELLION.

Such was the last battle fought on British soil. Those who suffered defeat acquired more fame from that defeat than those who conquered, and the names of the vanquished have descended to posterity enshrined in a halo of glory and honour. The daring attempt of the young Prince to regain his ancestral rights has been made the subject of story, song, and ballad, and wherever Scotsmen are met the name of Charles Edward Stuart is fondly cherished and duly honoured. The question of whether the Rebellion was in itself justifiable has been often disputed. In justice to the Jacobites it may be said that when any form of government becomes destructive of life, liberty, and happiness, and more than all, to the national name of honour, it is the inherent right of the people to alter or subvert it by force of arms. On these grounds alone the Highlanders were amply justified in beginning and carrying through the civil war of 1745. They sought not to overturn the British Constitution, but only to drive from the throne, which he so unworthily occupied, a foreign interloper who was out of all sympathy with the wishes and aspirations of the people, and who was kept there solely by the assistance of whole armies of Dutch, Swiss, and Hessians; and to replace him by a Prince of their own blood, who was familiar with their habits and customs, whose interests were their interests, and who would be their friend as well as their sovereign. Nor, judged by its results, is the luckless expedition of Charles Edward to Scotland to be deplored, for, though it did not meet with the success which it merited, and was the means of ruin and disaster to so many noble families, the loss of thousands of brave and useful lives, yet it put an end for ever to the dynastical struggle which agitated Britain for more than half a century. It restored peace and social order into the Highlands, and blended Celt and Saxon into one prosperous and united people. Where is the Highlander of to-day who will not rejoice with Professor Aytoun that the clan system and patriarchal rule of the chiefs should have perished amid a blaze of glory and honour than have gradually dwindled into contempt—that it should have been extinguished in one brilliant though unsuccessful effort in the cause of right than have lingered on, the shadow of an old tradition? The unbought loyalty and allegiance of the Highlanders to the Prince cannot be too highly praised nor too much admired. To be the last of all the inhabitants of the British Isles to acknowledge an alien rule, and remain loyal to their ancient line of kings is a fact that

must always reflect to their credit, and enshrine their names with honour everlasting:—

"Hands that never failed their country,
Hearts that never baseness knew."

CHARLES AND THE HIGHLANDERS.

Charles lingered late on Culloden field in the hope that all was not lost, and it was only when the horse which he rode was dragged away by his immediate body-guard, that he quitted the scene of battle. Then for the following five months with a reward of £30,000 upon his head, was he a wanderer in the Western Isles, often at the mercy of beggars and outlaws, and undergoing all the fatigue and suffering incident to such a life. To the undying honour of the Highlanders, however, not one was found base enough to betray him; not one regretted having drawn the sword in his cause; and not one of them but would gladly have imperilled his life and fortune over again for the sake of their beloved Chevalier. "He went," says Lord Mahon, "but not with him departed his remembrance from the Highlanders. For years and years did his name continue enshrined in their hearts and familiar to their tongues, their plaintive ditties resounding with his exploits and inviting his return. Again in these strains, do they declare themselves ready to risk life and fortune for his cause; and even maternal fondness—the strongest perhaps of all human feelings—yields to the passionate devotion to Prince Charlie." Never did sentiments proceed more from the heart than those expressed in the plaintive song of "Will ye no come back again."—

"English bribes were a' in vain
Tho' puir and puirer we maun be,
Siller canna buy the heart
That clings aye to thine and thee.

They sought ye in the gloamin' hour,
They sought ye in the mornin' grey,
Though thirty thousand pounds they gie,
Yet there is nae that wad betray."

CONCLUSION.

Over the subsequent life of the unhappy Prince we draw the veil. It reveals a tale of melancholy interest—a circumstance often pointed out by those whose destiny has never subjected them to severe trials, as proof that he was never possessed of a magnanimous character. But the people who hold this view—and I myself have met many—would do well to remember that continued misfortune and disappointment had begun very early to impair his once noble mind, and that for long he was a wanderer in foreign lands, lost sight of by his friends and even by his father and brother. To be born with disputable pretensions, as Mr.

Chambers points out, is one of the greatest of misfortunes, and if Charles Edward eventually yielded to the frailties which inevitably ensure degradation, surely the magnitude of his sufferings may fairly be admitted as some palliation. His lot had been one to which few men have ever been exposed, but, if judged by his early life and behaviour during his brief expedition in Scotland, he will be found to have possessed all those qualities that go to make an amiable and popular ruler, and a great king. The man who induced Highland and Lowland gentlemen to join his cause; who led a victorious army into the very heart of a hostile country, and had the crown of the three kingdoms almost within his grasp; who in the dark days after Culloden bore his trials with an equanimity which lasted through them all; who cheered his comrades in hours of danger; and who displayed powers of physical endurance hardly equalled by his companions, must have possessed qualities far above those of the ordinary standard. Throughout his brief military career Charles Edward Stuart proved himself a Prince of marked abilities, a brave soldier, a born general, and a true patriot. Till the last his heart was in the glens of Scotland and with the Highlanders; nothing clouded the happiness of his declining years more than the remembrance of the brave and noble lives which were sacrificed on his behalf—a sentiment to which Burns has beautifully and touchingly given expression in “The Chevalier’s Lament.”—

“The deed that I dar’d, could it merit their malice!
A king and a father to place on his throne!
His right are these hills, his right are these valleys,
Where the wild beasts find shelter, tho’ I can
find none!

But ’tis not *my* sufferings, thus wretched forlorn!
My brave gallant friends, ’tis *your* ruin I mourn;
Your faith proved so loyal in bot bloody trial—
Alas I can make it no better return!”

He died on the 30th January, 1788, in the arms of the Master of Nairn, and beneath the marble of St. Peter’s Cathedral, Rome, the bones of Charles Edward Stuart have long since crumbled to dust. There also, stands a monument erected by desire of George IV.—a generous and graceful tribute to royalty in misfortune—on which is inscribed three empty titles not found on the roll of British kings—James III., Charles III., and Henry IX. The last of these unfortunate Princes died in 1807, and with him ended “the hapless Stuart line.”—

“No more for their cause shall the trumpets be
blown,
Nor their followers crowd to the field;
Their hopes were all wreck’d when Culloden was
won,

And the fate of their destiny seal’d.
Cold, cold is that heart which could stand o’er his
grave,
Nor think of their fate with a sigh,
That the glory of kings, like a wreck from the wave,
Here lone and deserted must lie.”

[THE END.]

[NOTE.—Having recently visited Prince Charlie’s Monument at Glenfinnan, I was much surprised and sorry to find it in a lamentable state of decay. Not only is the western portion of the surrounding wall completely broken down, but the masonry at the base of the tower is fast falling away. Surely such a state of affairs should not be allowed to exist! A very trifling sum would repair all the damage, and it would reflect both honour and credit on the superior of the ground to see that this, the only monument in Scotland to the young Chevalier, is not permitted to further crumble into ruin.—J. H. M.]

REVIEWS.

THE MINSTRELSY OF SCOTLAND, 200 Scottish songs adapted to their traditional airs, by Alfred Moffat. London: Augener & Coy. This is a handsome collection of songs arranged for the voice, with pianoforte accompaniment, and supplemented with historical notes. Until within recent years such collections seldom or never included examples of Highland minstrelsy, but now, thanks to the patriotism of a few—Highland music has forced itself on public favour and is now receiving that attention to which it is justly entitled, and so we are pleased to note that the present collection not only contains a number of Highland airs set to Lowland songs, but about a score of genuine Gaelic melodies with singable English translations of the original words. The most of these have been taken from “Fionn’s” *Celtic Lyre*, which of itself is a guarantee of their genuineness, while others are taken from Mr. L. MacBean’s “Songs of the Highlands,” and a few from our own columns. The historical notes are valuable and in many cases exceedingly interesting, while the setting of the airs is simple but effective. The work is wonderfully moderate in price, and should find its way into the hands of all who can appreciate a genuine collection of characteristic Scottish songs. Mr. Moffat is to be congratulated on the thorough manner in which he has performed his self-imposed task, and we trust his labours will be appreciated as they deserve.

MR. ALEXANDER MACKENZIE has issued a new and enlarged edition of his *Guide to Inverness and the Highlands*, a book that should be in the hands of every one who wishes to possess a reliable guide book, and learn something of the history and antiquities of the places visited. We know nothing to compare with it—it is a marvellous shillings worth. The value of the book is very much enhanced by a series of process plates giving views of the principal places of interest in the North. Mackenzie’s *Guide* can be had at any of the railway bookstalls or the leading booksellers, and if you intend visiting the “Land of the Gael” do not forget to provide yourself with a copy.

REV. WILLIAM MACKENZIE'S FIRST SERMON IN TONGUE.

ON the Church of Tongue becoming vacant about the middle of last century, Rev. William Mackenzie, who had charge of the mission station at Achness, near the head of Strathnaver—then thickly populated but now alas! a wilderness—was asked to occupy the pulpit on a certain Sabbath. Here was a good chance for the talented but as yet unordained minister. Admiral Donald Mackay, then factor of the Reay estate, was regularly in his place in the family pew, and although not the patron of the “living” his influence meant a good deal. A few “laborious days and sleepless nights” were passed, and at last the manuscript was ready, and the Sabbath came. There were no roads, but the steep hills which lay between the young aspirant and the coveted kirk were no barrier. Donning his best suit, and finally placing the MS. sermon in his tall hat—then often performing the double function of head-gear and pocket—the hopeful minister grasped his staff and “took the hills.” All went well until he reached the narrow straits which join Loch Loyal with Loch Craggy. Here he attempted to wade, but just as he was in the middle of the stream he stumbled, and as either his head was too small for his hat, or his hat too large for his head, the former fell off, and after swimming down

the lake for a short distance met a watery grave. It was rather awkward to want the hat, but what about the sermon? the product of so many anxious thoughts, for which much “midnight oil,” or rather tallow candles, were ungrudgingly wasted. Poor Mackenzie never before appeared in a pulpit without the aid of his MS., and how could he that day stand before Admiral Mackay? Less deceitful men would have found some excuse and returned home, but on Mackenzie came, and as was afterwards remarked “many a soul had to bless God that he did come.” As he pursued his journey he tried to recall his sermon, but not a single thought of it would enter his mind. He was perplexed, but resolved to call on William Ross of Deanside, of whose sincere and ardent piety he often heard, though he never saw the man. On entering William’s house he related to the venerable patriarch all that happened. William, though probably not very fond of “paper ministers,” sincerely sympathized with the young man, and after meditating a while said:—“My young lad, I don’t know what to say to you, but I think you should go to the church, and I’ll go to the barn (then the place of prayer). You may give out the psalm, and go on with your prayer, and if you’ll see me enter the church you may go on with your sermon also.” Mr Mackenzie went on to church, and entered the pulpit. The big families of Melness and Skeray were in the big seat to his right, the Ribigills and Kinlochs were to his left, and before him in that ancient seat of oak* sat Admiral Mackay. However, he gave out the psalm—rather a long one. He began to pray, and though his intonations were longer than usual he was about to exhaust his vocabulary of sentences suitable for such an occasion, when the door opened and in stepped the venerable and plaided William Ross. A chapter was read, a text was selected, and a sermon was preached, and till this day the people of the Reay country will exclaim after hearing a good sermon, that “Mr William’s could hardly be better!” Needless to say Mr. Mackenzie never afterwards “invited a crow nibbling at a potato,” as the “paper ministers” have since been likened to. He was inducted in Tongue in 1769, and laboured with “sound judgment, zeal and success” till his death in 1834. Both his son and grandson succeeded him.



* For Pictures of the Ancient Church of Tongue and Lord Reay’s Pew, see *Celtic Monthly*, Vol. II., 1894.

CLANN NAN GAIDHEAL.

THE following verses are composed to the well-known and rousing air of "*Tha tigh 'nn fodham òiridh*." This song was originally composed to one of the Chiefs of the Clan Ranald, the famous *Ailean Muideartach*. Boswell, the biographer of Johnson, boasted that he could sing one verse of this ditty. Like other popular airs several rhymers tried their hand at composing words to "*Tha tigh 'nn fodham òiridh*," but none of them are of outstanding merit. Nor do I claim any superiority for my own humble efforts in the following verses. Only, they may be fully as smooth and singable as any of the others, and perhaps somewhat more in accordance with the spirit and sentiment of our present-day Highlanders.

SEISD:—

Tha tigh 'nn fodham, fodham, fodham,
Tha tigh 'nn fodham, fodham, fodham,
Clann nan Gàidheal a tigh 'nn fodham,
'S foghainteachd an euchdan.

Sìol nan sonn 's nan euraidhean,
'Bha 'n tìr an fhraoich a' tuineachadh,
A dhion a cliù gu b-urramach,
'S nach fhuilgeadh an eucòir.

An cliù 's an ùir sin mealamaid,
'S an t-saors 's daor a cheamaich iad,
'S a chaoibh a' strì gun fhannachadh
A leantuinn air an ceum-san.

'Us ged' tha 'n àl air tanachadh,
'Us muir 'us tìr 'g an dealachadh,
Tha càirdeas blàth 'g an teannachadh
Le carthantas ri chèile.

Cha diobair iad an fearalachd,
No rìoghalachd an seanairean,
'S an gaol do thìr an athraichean,
Ged 'sgaradh iad bho chèile.

O, gu ma buan 'us maireannach,
'Ehios cliù nam fùran chaitheamach,
'Us fhad bhios grian 'us gealach ann
Bidh aithris air an euchdan!

N. MACLEOD.

THEID MI NULL THAR AN ATLANTIC.

SEISD—

Théid mi null thar an *Atlantic*,
Théid mi null, 's gur ann am dhèibh,
Théid mi sheòladh air na cuantaibh
Gu mo luaidh-sa, *Hattie* òg.

Tha mo chridhe-s' an Ur-Albainn,*
Tìr nan garbh-choill 's nan òb,
Far am beil mo leamnan uasal,
An té shuaire' a rinn mo leòn.

Ged 'tha iomadh caileag àluinn
Eadar Gearrloch 'us Fermòit—
Air fad Albainn agus Èirinn—
'S tu-sa m' èibhneas thar gach òigh.

Bha mi duilich 'bhi ga d' fhàgail,
Bha mi, 'ghràidh, a sìleadh dhèoir,
'S bha mo chridhe faisg air sgàineadh
'N uair a ràinig mi air bòrd.

Fad dà sheachdain air a chuan domh
Bha mi luaineach gun do phòig,
Ach a nis' gur buileach truagh mi
O'n 's fhad uam thu, *Hattie* òg.

Gu ma luath a thig an latha,
'Us an t-soitheach 'bhios fo sheòl,
A bheir mise null air astar
'Dh 'ionnsaidh' chailinn leam is bóidheil'.

'S tric ga d' fhaicinn mi am brudair,
'S tric 'nam shuain mi 'toirt dhuil phòg,
Ach 's a' mhadaoinn 's fhada uait mi,—
Och, mo thruaigh', tha mi 'Fermòit.

* Nova Scotia. † Fermoy, County Cork.

R. FRASER MACKENZIE.

A CELTIC LIBRARY FOR ABERDEEN UNIVERSITY.

IN concert with the University authorities, the Aberdeen Highland Association, which is now in such a flourishing condition, has issued an appeal for funds to acquire a very valuable Celtic Library which is at present available for this, the most Highland of our Scottish Universities. A well-known collector, whose name is familiar to readers of the *Celtic Monthly*, in order to have his books in the safe keeping of the University for the use of successive generations of Celtic students, has offered his collection to the University for the amount which it has cost him to bring them together, during more than fifty years of careful and discriminating book-hunting. If broken up and dispersed in the usual way, this large and well chosen collection of Celtic books might be expected to sell for three or four hundred pounds; but the University can now acquire them for one hundred guineas. Besides a complete set of almost every original work ever printed in Scotch Gaelic, this collection is specially rich in early Irish works, in the old literature of Cornwall and Brittany, and in such books in old French as would be invaluable to Celtic students entering on original research as to the origin of the Celtic people and the early development of their respective forms of the old Celtic tongue. Mr. Andrew Carnegie has already given £20, and further subscriptions may be sent to Hugh Macdonald, Esq., 123½ Union Street, Aberdeen, the Secretary of the Association.

* THE CLAN MACKAY SOCIETY commences its eighth session by a meeting in Edinburgh on 17th October. The last session was the most successful, financially and numerically, for several years past.



GENERAL SIR JOHN A. EWART K.C.B.

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**GENERAL SIR JOHN ALEXANDER
EWART, K.C.B.**

GENERAL SIR JOHN EWART, the present Colonel of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, was born on 11th June, 1821, in H.M. 67th Regiment, of which his father, the late Lieutenant-General John Frederick Ewart, C.B., was at that time the Lieutenant-Colonel. He was educated at the Royal Military College of Sandhurst, and in May, 1838, passed out at the head of the list, obtaining at the same time the prize for general merit and good conduct, and also a special certificate signed by the Board of Examination.

General Sir George Murray, G.C.B., who was then the Colonel of the 42nd Royal Highlanders, applied for his appointment to that regiment, but there being no vacancy, he was on the 27th July, 1838, gazetted to an Ensigncy, without purchase, in the 35th Royal Sussex Regiment, the depot of which was stationed at Stirling Castle, where he joined. In 1840 he embarked for the Island of Mauritius, serving in that colony until 1843, and again from 1846 till 1848, in which year he became a Captain and exchanged to the 93rd Sutherland Highlanders. Whilst in the 35th he for sometime commanded the light company, and was for several years captain of the cricket eleven.

On September 30th, 1848, he joined the 93rd Highlanders at Stirling Castle, the regiment which had just returned from Canada, being quartered at Stirling, Perth, and Dundee. After remaining for four years in Scotland it was moved to England, and in February, 1854, received sudden orders to embark for Malta, together with three battalions of the Guards and several other regiments. War with Russia having been declared, it proceeded on to Turkey, landing at Gallipoli on 11th April,

1854, and at Varna on the 15th June, for the purpose of assisting the Turks then besieged at Silistria by the Russians: the latter, however, on hearing of the arrival of the British and French troops, at once raised the siege and retired. The invasion of the Crimea was then decided on, and on the 7th September the combined expedition sailed, a sight which will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

The British infantry had been formed into five divisions, the 1st, which was commanded by H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, consisting of three battalions of Guards and the three Highland regiments (42nd, 79th, and 93rd). On the 14th September the landing of the troops was effected about eight miles south of Eupatoria, and on the 19th the allies consisting of 27,000 British, 23,000 French, and 8,000 Turks commenced their march towards Sebastopol.

The Battle of Alma took place on the 20th September, the Russians occupying a very strong position on the heights beyond the river, strengthened by two earth-works, both heavily armed. The light division under Lieutenant-General Sir George Brown, assisted by a portion of the 2nd division, endeavoured to storm the principal field-work, but were unfortunately driven back by the heavy fire. The Guards and Highlanders then advanced in line, the former capturing the field-work and the latter storming the heights to its right. At 5 o'clock the fighting was all over and the Russians in full retreat, the loss of the 93rd being 1 officer (Ensign Abercromby) killed and 52 non-commissioned officers and men killed or wounded. In this battle Sir John Ewart, who was at the time a captain, had the scabbard of his claymore broken by a rifle ball. He was subsequently present at the Battles of Balaclava and Inkerman, and throughout the Siege of Sebastopol, accompanying the 93rd on the expedition to Kertch and Yenikale, and being present with them at the two assaults upon Sebastopol, made 18th June and 8th September, 1855. The Highland regiments were not present at Inkerman, being at that

date employed in the defence of Balaclava, but Sir John Ewart, who had passed through the Staff College, having been appointed a Deputy Assistant Quarter-Master General was present at that battle on horseback, and was riding with Lord Raglan and the staff when a shell burst in their midst, killing the horses of Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon, A.Q.M.G., and Captain Somerset, A.D.C., and mortally wounding General Strangways, who commanded the British artillery.

On the termination of the war Sir John Ewart, who had previously been promoted to the rank of Major, was made a Brevet Lieutenant-

Colonel, and was one of four officers of the 93rd who received the French Legion of Honour and Turkish Order of the Medjidie, and one of three officers of the 93rd who received the Piedmontese Silver Medal inscribed with the words "Al valore militare," he having served throughout the entire campaign without being absent from his duty for a single day. He was for some little time in command of the regiment during the siege, in consequence of the absence of the other three field-officers.

Whilst acting as a D.A.Q.M.G. he executed a survey of the whole of the country between Balaclava and the Russian defences, being



CRAIGCLOUGH—SEAT OF GENERAL SIR J. A. EWART, K.C.B.

repeatedly under fire whilst so employed, and was with the 93rd when they did duty for two months in the trenches after their return from Kertch.

Sir John remained in the Crimea until the very last, and on returning to England in July, 1856, after peace had been proclaimed, was stationed at Aldershot and Dover until June, 1857, when the regiment was placed under orders for China, forming part of an expedition sent for the purpose of attacking Canton. On arrival at the Cape of Good Hope the destination of the 93rd was suddenly changed to

India, in consequence of the breaking out of the great mutiny of the native troops, and on reaching Calcutta the regiment was pushed on hurriedly to Cawnpore, with a view to the rescue of the ladies and children besieged in the residency of Lucknow, for although Havelock and Outram had fought their way with the 78th Highlanders and one or two other regiments into Lucknow in the month of September, they were unable to make the rescue complete and became themselves also besieged.

On November 2nd Sir John was engaged

with two companies of the 93rd in an attack upon the fortified village of Bunterah, and on the 5th was second in command of a force sent to convey provisions and ammunition to the Alumbagh, where Havelock had left his sick, and baggage under a strong guard; this was successfully accomplished after being again engaged with the enemy.

On the 14th Sir Colin Campbell having arrived, the relieving force consisting of about 4,000 men advanced from the Alumbagh and captured the Dilkusha and Martiniere, the Fort of Julahabad having been taken possession of on the previous day, when Sir John Ewart commanded the brigade of infantry sent to attack it. He was also given command of the rear guard consisting of three squadrons of cavalry, a troop of horse artillery, and 500 infantry, detailed to protect the whole of the baggage and provisions during Sir Colin's advance on the 14th. This he effected without the loss of a single cart, after beating off the enemy.

The storming of the Secunderbagh took place on the 16th November, when Sir John Ewart (then Major and Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel) commanded the seven companies of the 93rd which took part in it, the remaining three being engaged under Lieutenant-Colonel Leith-Hay in the capture of a village and the King's stables. There were no ladders, but a small breach having been made in the wall of the building by one of the heavy guns an entrance was effected, the hole, however, being only large enough to admit one at a time. The enemy were taken by surprise, but those who got in first had to fight for their lives, and Lieutenant-Colonel Ewart had his bonnet shot off his head by a volley fired at a distance of only ten yards, afterwards receiving two sword cuts in a personal encounter with two native officers who were defending a colour which he succeeded in capturing. The main entrance gate and a large window protected by iron bars having been at last forced, the rest of the stormers rushed in, and in a short time about 2,000 of the rebels lay dead, no quarter being given on account of the horrible barbarities perpetrated at Cawnpore, by order of the scoundrel, Nana Sahib.

The Shah Nujeeb and other buildings were then stormed and taken, and the relief of the Residency effected, the women, children, sick and wounded, being all withdrawn on the night of the 19th, and the troops under Havelock and Outram, together with Sir Colin's force, retiring to the Martiniere on the night of the 22nd.

To the great grief of everyone Sir Henry Havelock died on the 24th November, and Sir Colin Campbell then decided to leave Outram

with 4,000 men in front of Lucknow, whilst he himself escorted the women, children, sick, and wounded to Cawnpore. The 93rd accompanied him, starting on the 27th, the force of 3,000 men having to protect an enormous number of helpless creatures, whom it was necessary to carry and get across the Ganges as soon as possible.

General Wyndham had been left in command at Cawnpore, as that place was threatened by the mutineers of the Gwalior Contingent, who had effected a junction with some of the soldiers of Nana Sahib, and now endeavoured to gain possession of the bridge of boats so as to prevent the re-crossing of Sir Colin; and on the very day the latter marched from Lucknow made a fierce and determined attack upon Cawnpore, driving Wyndham into the small fort.

Campbell had halted for the night at Bunnce, but in consequence of the heavy firing heard in the direction of Cawnpore, he made a forced march of about forty miles on the 28th, and just managed to arrive in time to save the bridge, the 93rd being the first regiment sent across under cover of the heavy guns belonging to the Naval Brigade.

On the night of the 29th the women, children, and invalids were all got safely across the Ganges, and Sir Colin disposed his force the best way he could to protect them until reinforcements should arrive from Allahabad. It was in the performance of this duty that Sir John Ewart lost his left arm by a cannon shot on the 1st December, not far from the spot where his cousin, Colonel John Ewart, who commanded the 1st Bengal Native Infantry which mutinied, had been foully murdered, together with his wife and little girl, in the month of July.

When Ewart's left arm was shot away his right arm was in a sling from his wound at Lucknow, and he continued for some weeks in a very sad state, his life having at one time been given over. Possessing a strong constitution he eventually recovered, and after leaving Cawnpore was sent to England on sick leave. The death of poor Adrian Hope at the attack upon the fort of Rohya gave him his regimental Lieutenant-Colonelcy, and the mutiny having been completely put down he exchanged with Colonel Stisted of the 78th Highlanders, then on its passage home from India. He had been appointed a Companion of the Bath, and in April, 1859, was further rewarded for his services by being made an Aide-de-Camp to the Queen, with the rank of Full-Colonel in the army, a promotion which put him over the heads of about a hundred Lieutenant-Colonels.

He continued in command of the Ross-shire Buffs until October, 1864, and in the year 1872

was promoted to the rank of Major-General, shortly afterwards receiving the reward of £100 per annum, granted for distinguished services.

After the Relief of Lucknow he was strongly recommended by Brigadier-General the Hon. Adrian Hope, who commanded the Highland Brigade, for the Victoria Cross, the names of three other officers of the 93rd being also sent in at the same time, but Sir Coliu Campbell, who had become Full-Colonel of the regiment, declined to award more than one Cross, being probably afraid that he would be accused of favouring the Sutherland Highlanders. He therefore gave orders that the officers should assemble and select the recipient. A mess meeting was held with the following result:—

Captain W. D. Stewart,	-	18	Votes.
Lieut.-Colonel J. A. Ewart,	16	„	
Captain W. A. Cooper,	-	5	„

One of the medical officers who was unable to attend the meeting stated that he should have voted for Ewart, who therefore only lost the Victoria Cross by one vote. Had he represented the matter he would, doubtless, have been given the much-coveted decoration, but he has all along refused to do so, as he considers that he was no braver than the rest of his brother-officers, and merely did his duty.

In the month of March, 1877, Sir John Ewart was appointed to the command of the Allahabad division, extending from Cawnpore to Segowlie on the Nepal frontier, a distance of about five hundred miles. This appointment he held until the 30th November, 1879, when in consequence of his promotion to the rank of Lieutenant-General he had to leave India.

On the 12th January, 1884, he became a Full General on the active list, having previously been appointed Colonel of the Duke of Edinburgh's Wiltshire Regiment. The Colonelcy of the 92nd Gordon Highlanders falling vacant he was on the 12th March, 1884, transferred to that regiment, and on the 30th June, 1895, he was again transferred to the Colonelcy of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, which consists of the old 91st and 93rd. On the occasion of Her Majesty's Jubilee he was made a K.C.B. Sir John Ewart belongs to an old Border family, which in the 15th century moved into the Stewartry of Kirkcubright. His residence, Craigclouch, is situated in Eskdale, about two miles from Langholm, and he is a Justice of the Peace for the County of Dumfries. He married in the year 1858 Frances, eldest daughter of John Spencer Stone, of Calliugwood Hall, and two of his sons are Captains in the 79th Cameron Highlanders, another having been for some time in the Black Watch. He has therefore been closely connected with the

five old kilted regiments, 42nd, 78th, 79th, 92nd, and 93rd.

Hereford.

JOHN MACKAY.

THE SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS IN HINDOOSTAN.

“CABER FEIDH.”

THE STORMING OF BANGALORE.

Few were the words their leader spake, as he
glanced along the line,
He saw in the looks of his Highland men the fever
of battle shine.
High o'er the dizzy heights the Fort* of Tippoo
Sahib gleamed,
Whose ramparts circled round with light, far o'er
the city streamed;
Muskets and pointed bayonets' sheen, and the rattle
of burnished guns,
Shewed where the storming party lay, the pick of
Scotia's sons;
Darker and darker fell the shades across the Pettah
wall,
The northern warriors eager strained to hear the
signal call;
The pipers' fingers mutely played the march of
'Caber Feidh,'
For well they knew the kilted lads would lead the
upward way,
Three guns in quick succession rung,
'To arms,' the Seaforth gallants sprung.

Out they rushed from the covered way in a sheet
of deadly fire,
The hurrying troops upon the breach mount higher
still and higher;
Proudly the feather bonnets waved, and the silver
antlered head
Bright on the stalwart shoulders glanced, where
first the Seaforths lead;
With wild huzzas of conquering men who never yet
have failed,
Sure footed as the mountain stag the swaying
ladders scaled.
The cheering sound of beating drums, the soldiers'
shout of joy,
Triumphant swept the ramparts round and Tippoo's
power destroy.
Down went the alien flag, a strip of crimson silk
was there,
The colours of the lion rampant floating free on air:
The foremost up the breach that day,
The hardy sons of 'Caber Feidh.'

SAVENDROOG.

O'er the giddy heights of Savendroog the kilt and
sporan swung,
The first to dare the steep descent by jagged peaks
o'er hung;
The first the dread ascent to gain, three hundred
feet in face,
Climbing the perilous rock by dint of tufts of
slippery grass;
Then burst the belching batteries forth, where shot
and shell betrayed

Within the fort the dusky hordes, by British pluck
dismayed.
"Britons strike home," then charged the host,
heroic ardour burned
Within each breast, whose muskets sheen no dusky
warrior turned;
Where danger's post was carried first, the Seaforth's
last were seen,
And 'Caber Feidh' the pipers played for the lads
in tartan green.
No life was lost, e'en death refrained,
To mar the glorious victory gained.

THE GATES OF OUTRA-DURGUM.

Not ended yet the Seaforth's task, before them
Outra-durgum lay,

Tho' scarce two suns had set to rest in the arms of
dying day.
No need to wait for granted leave† the soldiers
rushed the wall,
Tho' fast the gate, the Celtic fire doomed that the
fort should fall;
The ladders with the pioneers dashed over quick
as thought;
The second wall, the second gate, the dauntless
Seaforths fought,
Forcing with shoulders squared a way, thro' bolts
and bars they burst,
Until the narrowing pathway stemmed th' advancing
bayonet thrust;
Too late the Colonel's order sent the dangerous
slopes to leave,



THE SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS SCALING THE HEIGHTS AT SAVENDROOG.

The seeming check the Highland blood, the High-
land wit relieve;§
Hand over hand the ladders came, five walls to
escalade,
'Then forward lads,' no danger yet the Seaforth
lads dismayed,
Two companies of Highland men alone the fortress
took,
Which, to his lowest depths the fame of Tippoo
Sahib shook.
Dauntless still in valour shone the kilted lads in
fight,
That last decisive victory gained,** thro' the long
and weary night

Pierce white sheets of lurid flame, muskets and
rockets rent
The holy calm of eastern night, o'er heated battle
bent;
Disturbed, the echoing hills sent back each shout of
mad delight,
As o'er the nullah rushed the foe, pursued by
Highland might.
Nine time the gallant Seaforths charged, successful
'gainst the foe,
And twice the swollen river crossed in flush of
heavy flow;
The current claimed its victims there, of gallant
men and true.

But forward still their comrades went, and forced a
passage thro',
And victory held the laurel wreath above the noble
slain,
Where early morn the tartan kissed for some one's
sake again.

What they have done in years gone by should need
arise to claim,
The steady arm, the dauntless heart, would conquer
just the same.
Witness the march to Candahar, the desperate
Afghan war,
Where many a gallant Seaforth lad, from home
is sleeping far;
Anai height, whose records tell the deeds of daring
done,
Where gallant Sellars'†† bravery the cross of valour
won.
Look to the keen eyes' sparkle, as the ranks go
sweeping by,
That speaks the Highland heart within, to conquer
or to die.
With the Scottish colours flying, from the pipers as
they play
The march that leads to victory the men of
'Caber Feidh.'

* The Pellah of Bangalore.

† Lieutenant Duncan of the 71st pulled down the flag
and put his own sash in its place.

‡ Lieutenant MacInnes applied for leave to storm the
first gate: Captain Scott deemed the enterprise
unpracticable, but the soldiers hearing the request
made, and not doubting of consent being given,
rushed towards the wall followed by MacInnes.

§ Lieutenant MacPherson forced his way through the
crowd, causing the ladders to be handed over the
soldiers' heads, before the Colonel's order could be
delivered.

** Serisgapatam.

†† Sergeant Sellars, 1st Battalion Seaforths.

London.

ALICE C. MACDONELL.

CLAN CHATTAN ASSOCIATION.—The first monthly meeting this season of the Clan Chattan Association was held on 17th October in the Blythswood Rooms—Mr. William Mackintosh in the chair, and among those present were Messrs. W. G. Davidson, Secretary, W. Lambert Shaw, Vice-President, D. P. Menzies, F.S.A., Scot., A. J. Fergusson, C.A., Clan Secretaries, and others. The large hall was filled. The chairman mentioned that between forty and fifty new members joined during the past year, and that the annual gathering would be held about the middle of December, when the Chief and Mrs. Mackintosh, and the young Chief as well, were expected. Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh gave an address on "The History of the Clan Chattan." The clan, he said, went back before historic times. The clan extended, and it was the clan built up under the Mackintoshes whom they and history knew as the Clan Chattan, the real historic Clan Chattan, who had distinguished themselves in every age from that period. The learned lecturer then discussed Chum Macpherson's claims to the chieftainship of the clan, which he strongly opposed, holding that Mackintosh was the rightful chief of the clan. Songs were contributed by Mr. Gillespie and others, and a pleasant evening was spent.

ANGUS MACKINTOSH, HATFIELD.



MR. ANGUS MACKINTOSH was born at Dore, Inverness-shire. His paternal ancestors were, until 1829, for generations tenants of the Chiefs of Mackintosh in Strathnairn and at Duntelchaig. On the maternal side he comes of a family of Sutherlandshire Gunns, several members of which, including his grandfather, were soldiers about the beginning of the century. He has also Fraser, MacDonald, and MacGillivray blood in his veins. Some of his ancestors fought at Culloden for Prince Charlie—one of them, Hugh Fraser of Glendoe, narrowly escaping the fate of many other Jacobites—the scaffold. Fraser was taken while hiding in Corryarrack, after the battle, by three of Cumberland's soldiers, but on the way to Fort Augustus succeeded in suddenly and deftly throwing his captors over a precipice and making his escape. Mr. Mackintosh's great-grandmother on the day of Culloden was amongst those who supplied the fugitive Highlanders with food, by the waters of the Nairn.

In early life Mr. Mackintosh underwent a course of training in forestry in the extensive woods of the Duke of Sutherland, and has since been head forester for Lord Digby in the King's Co., Ireland, Sir Arthur Stepney, Bart., South Wales, and the Earl of Yarborough, in Lincolnshire. He is at present employed as Overseer on the Brookman's Estate, Herts. Three years of his early life were spent in the United States of America, and he has had some experience of life on the ranches of Colorado and Texas. In the past he has been a contributor to the pages of the *Journal of Forestry*, and in 1883 won the Scottish Arboricultural Society's Silver Medal for an essay on "The Ash Bark Beetle and how to get rid of it." He is an enthusiastic member of the Clan Chattan Association.



ANGUS MACKINTOSH.



HUGH DAVIDSON.

THE LATE HUGH DAVIDSON, OF
CANTRAY, INVERNESS-SHIRE.



*Captain Hugh Davidson
of Cantray*

THE Davidsons of Cantray have, for some time, held a very good position in the Counties of Inverness and Nairn. The first of this family, Mr. David Davidson, was a specimen of that typical Scot who, crossing the Borders, returns to found a family. Mr. Davidson after being engaged in London as a merchant broker, returned to his native Strath Nairn, where he acquired with other lands the properties of the old family of Dallas of that ilk, afterwards of Cantray, and of the Roses of Clava, Cadets of Kilravock.

He married Mary Cuthbert of Castlehill, a family long holding the position of Free Barons in Scotland, and having Cadets of high rank such as the Marquises of Seignelay and Barons Colbert in France, besides Bishops and Abbés. Mr. Davidson was succeeded early in the present century by his son, also David, who had the honour of Knighthood conferred upon him by the Prince Regent. Sir David was unfortunately rather extravagant, and some of his father's estates, other than Cantray and Clava, had to be sold. Sir David married Margaret Rose, of the long descended family of Rose of Kilravock, head of all the numerous Roses in Britain and the Colonies. By this marriage the Davidsons greatly strengthened their social position, for Lady Davidson was not only of good rank, but clever, kind hearted, popular, and hospitable. One of her daughters married first Sir Robert Grant, brother of Lord Glenelg, and second Lord Jocelyn Percy, brother of the Duke of Northumberland. Sir David was succeeded by his eldest son, David,

who did not long survive his majority when he was succeeded by his brother, Hugh, a handsome, popular, sporting, and hunting laird, who married Miss Grogan, an Irish lady. This Hugh, the fourth Cantray, was succeeded by his eldest son, also Hugh, fifth Cantray, a youth of much promise, whose talents were much strengthened by considerable travel. He took a leading part in County business, and in virtue of his abilities was selected at a comparatively early age to fill the important office of Convener of the County of Inverness.

He will also be remembered as a great improver of land, who not only did a deal himself, but encouraged substantially his tenants in the reclamation of hill and other uncultivated lands. The buildings on his estate were considered models in the district. The present Cantray entered the army at an early age, and continues in active service, notwithstanding his accession to the estate, a very good example to those in position.

Inverness.

C. FRASER-MACKINTOSH.

IAIN MACLEAN, OR A MIDNIGHT
MYSTERY.

IN a recent number of this magazine we gave a short life sketch of Gille Calum (Malcolm) MacLean; since then we have had some talks with his grandson from whom we learned the following incident which has been handed down from father to son for three generations. In order to make it understandable it is necessary to give a description of the houses then occupied by the working class. These were built very much on the same principle as the thatched huts still seen in the Highlands, but with this disadvantage, which survives in some of the outer islands to the present day, that, while the family occupied one end of the house, the cattle belonging to them occupied the other: so that, in going in and out at the door, a member of the family had to depend on the good nature of the cattle for his safety. Notwithstanding this, their presence in the homestead was considered a safeguard for the following reason. It was generally believed that, when any great evil menaced a household, these dumb creatures were instinctively made aware of it, and gave warning to the family of the approaching danger by assuming an unusually aggressive attitude, while producing sounds expressive of the greatest fear. A trace of this superstition still exists in the West Highlands where, if a dog is heard to howl piteously round a house at night, it is looked upon as a sure sign of impending misfortune. On the other hand, if

a cricket suddenly makes itself heard in a household, it is received with joy as a sure presage of unusual good fortune.

Many years ago a young man, called Iain MacLean, lived with his parents in a house of the above description. From early infancy he had been afflicted with a peculiar defect in his eyesight: all objects appeared double to him. Although he could easily find his way along a plain familiar path in day time, if night came on, or if he found himself at cross-roads, he became confused and had to stand still, as, instead of seeing two roads to choose from, his imperfect vision showed him four; so that, if he was missing from home for any unusual length of time, his mother, who always went in search of him, generally found him sitting at the cross-roads, entangled in a labyrinth of imaginary paths. He had, however, two very faithful friends by whom he was often accompanied; one, a young man in the neighbourhood, to whom he was much attached; the other, his old dog "Fraochan," in whose company he always felt safe: this animal was so wonderfully sagacious that, on many occasions, when his master would have lost his way in the dark, he took hold of his coat and pulled him along in the right direction.

And now comes the strange part of our short story. One night, after the MacLean family had retired to rest, Iain was awakened about midnight by a loud knock at the door; he got up, and was trying to find his way to the door, when the extraordinary behaviour of his four-footed friends—usually so quiet—arrested him. Each animal assumed its own particular attitude of attack, in order, as it seemed, to prevent his getting out. His horse especially, being nearest the door, kicked so furiously as to make it impossible for him to open it: even his faithful "Fraochan" turned against him, and helped to bar his passage by growling fiercely. Iain's parents became greatly alarmed: their superstitious fears being aroused, they assured him the cattle wanted to give warning of some great danger outside, and advised him strongly not to open the door on any account. Acting on their advice, but much against his will, Iain went back to bed, and slept heavily for about an hour, when he was again wakened by a second knock. He got up, but, in trying to find his way to the door, the same scene as before was enacted: the cattle fiercely resisted his approach. Being again beaten back, Iain retired to rest, and was just beginning to lose consciousness in sleep when a third knock came to the door, and a low mournful wail fell on the still night air, while a clear voice rang out, "*Iain! Iain! erich! tha do charaid ga mharbhadh*" ("Iain! Iain! arise! thy friend is being slain"). In the greatest

distress Iain got up and dressed quickly. Right or wrong he determined to be out this time, so, seizing such weapons as he could lay hands on, he attacked the animals on either side vigorously, but in vain—they proved too many for him—and he had to sit down in despair waiting as patiently as possible for daylight, when he and his father went out to try and discover the cause of the midnight mystery. This time the horse and "Fraochan" let them pass unmolested. On opening the door, they found heavy snow had fallen during the night, but to their surprise could see no trace of foot-marks having come to the door, although there certainly were traces of foot-prints leaving it. These they followed closely and found that they took an even course through ditch, hedge, and dyke, without deviation: it almost seemed as if the being they belonged to had the supernatural power of finding his way through all obstacles. The snow was so deep in some parts as to render the path almost impossible, so, Iain called his old dog "Fraochan," and, pointing to the foot-prints, told him to follow them, while he and his father returned to the house. Some time passed, and they were just beginning to forget about "Fraochan" and his mission, when Iain felt his coat pulled vigorously from behind; turning round he found his faithful dog there in a great state of excitement. He knew by his movements that he wanted him to follow, which he did. After wandering about for some time, Iain's guide led him to a mound of snow, beneath which he found enshrined the dead body of his friend.

Iain was in great grief at the thought of having been prevented from going to his friend's relief. His parents, however, took a different view of the matter, and regarded it as a merciful interposition of Providence in his behalf. Very probably, if Iain had gone out in the blinding snow-storm, his defective eyesight would have played him false, and he might have lost his way, or shared the fate of his unfortunate companion, whose mysterious death still remains an unsolved problem.

A few years later Iain married, and became the father of Gille Calum MacLean, whose singular career we have already briefly sketched.

Strontian, Loch Sunart

MRS. D. MACLEAN.

CLAN DONNACHAIDH SOCIETY.—A meeting of this clan is to be held in the Atholl Arms Hotel, Blair Atholl, on Friday Evening, 25th October, at 6-30 p.m. Mr. Edgar W. Robertson of Auchleeks will preside. It is also proposed to arrange a drive through part of the clan country.

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

THE following rousing Jacobite song was composed by the famous bard Alexander MacDonald, known as *Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair*, who left all and followed Prince Charlie. He was among those who welcomed the Prince on his landing at Moidart, and he was with him when he raised his standard at Glenfinnan. He held a commission in the Prince's army, and after the defeat at Culloden, he and his brother Angus had for a time to conceal themselves in

the woods and caves of Kinloch nan Uamh above Borradaie, in the Arisaig district. He was the author of the first Gaelic Vocabulary, which was published in 1741. The first edition of his poems was published in Edinburgh in 1751. The English words given with the music are in full sympathy with the spirit of the original, and are from the pen of Rev. W. M. Whyte, Echt, Aberdeen.

FIONN.

THA E 'TIGHINN—CHARL E'S COMING.

KEY B $\flat$ *Firmly, with marked time.*

{ s₁ | d : - : r | m : - : - | s₁ : - : s₁ | l₁ : s₁ : - | d : - : r | m : - : m | s₁ : - : s₁ | l₁ : - : - }

SEISO—O, hì - ri - ri! tha e 'tighinn, Hì - ri - ri, 'n rìgh tha bhuainn :
CHORUS—Hurrah, hurrah! Charlie's coming, Royal Charlie, long a - way!

{ d : - : l₁ | s₁ : - : s₁ | l₁ : - : d | r : m : - | s : - : f.f | m : - : r | d : - : l₁ | s₁ : - : - } *Fine.*
Faigh-eam-aid ar n-airm's ur n-éideadh, 'S breacan an - fhéil - idh an euaich.
Draw the broadsword, don the tartan; Clansmen, rouse ye for the fray!

{ m : - : m.f | s : s : - | m : - : r | d : d : - | r : d : r | m : m : - | r : d : s₁ | l₁ : - : - }

RANN 'Séibhinn leam fhéin, tha e tighinn, Mac an rìgh dhlùghich tha bhuainn;
VERSE—Hark the summons! Charlie's coming, Heir of Scotland's right - ful King!

{ m : - : f | s : - : s | m : - : r | d : r : - | m : m : r | d : - : r | d : - : l₁ | s₁ : - : } *D.C.*
Slios mor rioghail da'n tig armachd, Claidheamh 'us tar - gaid nan dual.
Gather, loyal clansmen gather; Broadsword gird and tar - get sling!

Samhuil an Fhaoilich a ceoltas,
Fuaradh-froise 's fadadh-cruaidh;
Lann thana 'na laimh gu coisgait,
Sgoilteadh chorp mar choire' air cluain.

Tormhan do phlòba 's do bhraiteach',
Chuireadh spioraid bras 's an t-slugh;
Dh' éireadh ar n-àrdan 's ar n-aieine
'S chuirteadh air a' phrasgan ruaig.

Tàirmeineach a' bhomb 's a' ebanain,
Sgoilteadh e'n talamh le chruas;
Fhreagradh dha gach beinn 's gach bealach,
'S bhodhradh a mhac-tall' ar cluas.

Gur maig do 'n éideadh 's an là sin,
Còta gnàd e'n mbàdar ruadh;
Ad bhileach dhubh 'us coicéid imt',
Sgoiltear i mar chàl mu 'n cluais.

Triumph on his forehead flashes,
In his eye the glint of steel,
Sword in hand he comes to battle—
Up ye clansmen brave and leal!

Sound the pibroch, wave your banners;
Hearts be strong and spirits high!
Rouse ye heroes, prove your mettle;
Coward souls have they who fly.

Let the cannons' awful thunder
Shake the earth with battle-sound,
Till the echoes of his welcome
Peal from crag and mountain round.

Woe betide the rebel red-coats
When he comes from o'er the seas.
When old Scotland's Royal standard
Shakes its colours to the breeze!

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.



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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

NOVEMBER, 1895.

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OUR NEXT ISSUE.

We will present our readers with life-like plate portraits of Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Robertson, London; Messrs. Malcolm MacGregor, Dunan; Robert Gunn Mackay, London; and Hugh Macdonald, Secretary, Aberdeen Highland Society; also a portrait and sketch of the late Mr. Hector Gallie, St. Helens, a native of Edderton. Many of our readers will be glad to learn that we intend giving shortly a series of interesting articles by Mr. Hugh Colquhoun-Hamilton, M.A., LL.B., and other contributors, on "The Clan Colquhoun"—its chiefs, traditions, etc. Through the courtesy of Sir James Colquhoun, Bart., the distinguished Chief of the Clan, we have arranged to give engravings of portraits of the Clan Chiefs from the originals at Rossshin, as well as pictures of places and objects of Clan interest in the Colquhoun country.

Our January issue will take the form of a "Grand Christmas Number," which we hope to make the most attractive we have yet published.

"THE LAST MACDONALDS OF ISLA" is already practically out of print. This beautiful work received most favourable reviews in the leading papers throughout the country, and was described as one of the most attractive books ever published in connection with the Highlands. We feel, however, that much of the success of the publication was due to the reputation of its learned author, whose works are always sought after, and it is no doubt a source of gratification to Mr. C. Fraser-Mackintosh to know that his latest volume was almost sold out on the day of publication.

THE CLAN CHATTAN.—Our readers will doubtless be pleased to learn that we intend shortly giving a series of interesting histories of the various septa of the Clan Chattan, from the pen of Mr. C. Fraser-Mackintosh. The first article of the series will deal with the MacGillivrays, after which the Davidsons,

Shaws, Farquharsons, Macbeans, Gows, Macphails, Crerars, Nobles, Gillespies, Clarks, Gillies, Macqueens, and Cattanachs will each receive separate attention. The articles will be suitably illustrated.

CELTIC MONTHLY, VOLUME III.—As our third Volume is now completed, and as we are only able to supply a few complete bound copies, several of the monthly parts being already out of print, those who wish copies might kindly communicate with us without delay, to prevent disappointment. The price is 10/-, post free, and orders should be sent at once to the Editor.

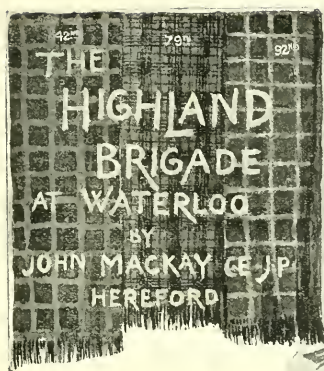
VOLUMES I. AND II.—We are now able to offer two bound copies of the scarce Volume I., which can be had at 15/- each; copies of the volumes for 1894 (January to December) can be had, 10/-, post free—from the Editor, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

CLAN MACKAY SOCIETY.—There was a large attendance of members at the council meeting which was held on the 14th Oct., Mr. Alex. Mackay, Charing Cross, Vice-President, in the chair. It was arranged to give Mr. John Mackay, Hereford, a "Clan Reception" on the occasion of his visit to Glasgow on the 25th, to preside at the Mòd. The gathering promises to be one of the most enthusiastic ever held in connection with the Clan Mackay, every member being desirous of attending, as an expression of his regard to a clansman, who is not only one of the most distinguished representatives of the clan name, but perhaps the most popular Highlander of the present day. "Hereford's" welcome by his clansmen will be a memorable one.

The council thereafter considered an application for relief, and a grant was made. The treasurer stated that the past year had been the most successful financially since the society started, the total funds now amounting to nearly £900. A booklet is to be published shortly, giving a full list of members.

THE LATE MR. ALEXANDER MACKAY, TROWBRIDGE.

It is our painful duty this month to record the death of Mr. Alexander Mackay, of Holt Manor, Wilts, one of the most distinguished and respected of the Mackay clan. Mr. Mackay's death will be lamented in every part of the globe where his clansmen, and natives of Caithness, are to be found. Although he took a deep interest in matters relating to the Highlands, he had a special warm regard for his own clan, and to this munificence, along with that of Mr. Mackay, Hereford, and other notable clansmen, we owe the founding of the bursary in connection with the Clan Mackay Society. He was Ex-President of the Society. A portrait and sketch of his life will be found in the *Celtic Monthly* for October, 1894. The *Wiltshire Times* says that his funeral was "accompanied by a remarkable display, evidencing the deep feeling of respect entertained by the residents in the town and neighbourhood towards the deceased gentleman—the ceremony being attended by gentlemen representing practically all the public bodies and institutions in the district." The Clan Society at its recent meeting recorded its sincere sympathy with the bereaved widow and family.



PART XV.—(Continued from page 6).

THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE, QUATRE BRAS,
WATERLOO.

WITH undaunted courage the heroic Imperial Guard came on through the terrific storm, and reached the top of the ridge in front of the right of Maitland's Guards and the central battery, which opened on them an awful, terrific, fire of grape and canister shot. The Guards then took up the firing and advanced. The French cheered and moved forward. The British in silence poured on them terrible volleys, and again the front ranks of the column went down like grass before the scythe. At this decisive moment Wellington ordered Adam's infantry brigade to advance against the flank, and with admirable prescience soon after directed Vivian with his cavalry brigade to descend the slope in rear of Adam's men, between the Imperial Guard and Hougomont, and Vandeleur to follow him with his cavalry regiments.

The effect of this attack at once in front and flank was decisive. Napoleon, in his despatch written the day after the battle, ascribed to it the loss of the day. In the meantime, Colonel Colborne (afterwards Lord Seaton), seeing the left of the French exposed, without waiting for an order from either Adam or Wellington, advanced his gallant 52nd and swiftly and steadily converging inwards, threw in such furious volleys on the rear left flank that the Imperial Guard swerved away to the right in great disorder. Adam, seeing Colborne coming up with the 52nd, rode up to him and asked what he was going to do. "Drive these

fellows off" was the curt reply of the gallant Colborne. By this brilliant advance the column of the Guard was separated from Reille, who was moving up to its support. Adam pursued the broken remains of the Guard at the bayonet's point, and all rallying was impossible. Then arose in the French ranks the cry "Tont est perdu ! la Garde est repoussée" (all is lost ! the Guard is repulsed), and the enormous mass was driven headlong down the slope to the Charleroi road, carrying away with it the whole of D'Erion's corps which was on its right flank, spreading disorder through the whole of Napoleon's right centre.

The moment of victory had now arrived. When the last column of the Imperial Guard was falling back in disorder down the slope, with their flanks reeling under the terrible fire brought to bear upon it, Wellington perceived the Prussian standards near Planchenoit on the French right, fierce fighting going on all round that village and on the heights above it, he rightly judged that Blücher had arrived in great force. He instantly ordered the whole line to advance in the formation in which they stood. Riding to the front, with hat in hand high raised in the air, he waved on his men. Like an electric shock the heart stirring command was taken up all along the line. Confidence revived, wounds were forgotten, one feeling of exultation filled every soldier's breast. Colours, tattered and torn were raised aloft and waved by excited hands, bagpipes, drums, trumpets sent forth heart-stirring sounds, stragglers ran forward to fill depleted ranks, even such of the wounded as could walk hurried forward to share in the glorious triumph. With bounding steps the whole line pressed forward as one

man, at the command of their great and grand chief. The last rays of the setting sun glanced on the arms of the surviving thousands, who with loud cheers streamed over the crest of the hill they so gallantly held during the long hours of mortal strife.

It was now 8-30 p.m. The scene was closing, and the curtain was about to fall on the terrible drama played on the field of Waterloo.

The French were thunderstruck when they beheld the whole British line majestically advancing, and driving before it the last column of the Imperial Guard. They had been told, and believed, that the British infantry were destroyed, and now seeing them advancing in

such strength, despair seized them, and at once concluded all was lost. Horse, foot, and artillery breaking their ranks, began to flee tumultuously towards the rear. The British cavalry, still four thousand strong, poured in every direction down the slope, cutting down every one who resisted, and driving before them the mass of fugitives who strove to keep their ranks, or arrest their impetuous progress.

The "Old Guard," nevertheless, still stood firm. The two battalions who formed the rear of the last attacking column, had not suffered much from the terrific fire which had proved so fatal to those in front and flank, and instead of moving away in disorder to the right before the



WELLINGTON ORDERED THE WHOLE LINE TO ADVANCE.

fire of Adam's brigade, they detached themselves, and retired in good order to their comrades in the rear. The battalions of the Guard left in reserve, in perfect array of squares, unscathed and fresh, supported by a strong body of Cuirassiers on both flanks, with artillery in the interstices, presented not only a formidable body to cover the rallying of the defeated Guard, but formed the head of a column that might have succeeded in restoring the battle. Wellington was near at hand, his men, and especially at this moment, his cavalry, flushed and animated with the dawn of victory, redoubled their efforts. The admirable presci-

ence of their Chief was now conspicuously seen in having ordered forward his two brigades of light cavalry at the time of Adam's attack on the flank of the "Guard." Vivian reached the hollow of the valley at the time the "Guard" was falling back in disorder down the slope, and Napoleon, after personally rallying the broken battalions of the Guard who formed the first column of attack, arranged them in squares on rising ground commanding the Charleroi road. At the same time he pushed forward some light horse to check Vivian, but they were quickly overthrown. Upon this the fearless Cuirassiers advanced and formed in front of

the "Old Guard," but wearied with previous efforts, and discouraged by the repulse of the Guard, they could not withstand the vehement onset of the British horsemen.

Vivian charged in echelon of regiments, and with the 10th dispersed and drove away the French cavalry in the front and left of the "Old Guard." No sooner was this effected than the gallant veteran, galloping to his left, led on the 18th against another body of French cavalry on the right of the Guard. In this he was assisted by the 1st German legion. In a few minutes the dazzling helmets of Cuirassiers, and pennoned spears of Lancers were seen scattered in disorder and flying in every direction.

Meanwhile Wellington moved forward in support of Vivian the 2nd German legion, who successfully charged a body of cuirassiers on the right of the 10th, but being in turn assailed by fresh cuirassiers, they were thrown in disorder; quickly rallying, however, they soon afterwards drove the French horsemen off that part of the field.

These cavalry charges laid bare the squares of the Guard, but the artillery of the Guard in the intervals, opened a heavy fire upon the British horsemen. Vivian, in spite of this fire, excited by the fury of battle, dashed ahead, and before any infantry could arrive on his left, captured twenty-four guns.



ENTRY OF THE ALLIED ARMIES INTO PARIS.

At this moment, seeing Hanoverian redcoats coming up, he attacked the squares. Such was the vehemence of his men that one squadron of the 10th, reforming after the capture of the guns, charged one of the squares with unparalleled impetuosity, but were beaten off after a brave struggle by the fire of the Guard. Nevertheless, the shock caused the square to fall back, continually cut at by the relentless hussars, till it was lost in the crowd of fugitives.

Vandeleur's brigade, coming up at this time, charged the enemy on Vivian's right, overthrew a body of French formed in square endeavouring to stay the pursuit and restore the battle, captured the only battery remaining on the

French left, and pushing on, somewhat in advance of Vivian, he now headed the pursuit.

General Gourmand (campaign of 1815), one of Napoleon's staff, ascribes the loss of the battle to this grand cavalry charge. "The sun had set, nothing was despaired of, when two brigades of the enemy's cavalry penetrated between La Haye-Sainte and Reille's corps. They might have been stopped by the four squares of the Guard, but seeing the great disorder prevailing on the right they turned. These three thousand cavalry prevented all rallying. The confusion only increased."

(To be continued).

HUGH BANNERMAN, SOUTHPORT.



MR. HUGH BANNERMAN, of Southport, was born at Helmsdale, Sutherlandshire, being the third son of the late James Bannerman, merchant, of that place. Like many of the young lads from the north he left home in early life,

going in 1851 to Ireland where he entered a large drapery establishment as an apprentice. In 1860 he removed to Liverpool, where he became a partner in the then well-known firm of Sutherland & Co., Silk Mercers, etc., Bond Street. A dissolution of partnership in 1870 led to the opening of a similar business in the fashionable watering-place of Southport, under the style of Sutherland & Bannerman. Mr. Bannerman is now sole partner of this business, which is carried on in Lord Street, in premises of an exceedingly handsome and commodious character.

Mr. Bannerman is of a rather retiring disposition, taking little part in public matters, though he was one of the pioneers of Presbyterianism in Southport, and still takes an active part in the affairs of the Presbyterian Church there. His ancestors were, for generations, settled as tacksmen at Dalbainy, on the lovely Strath of Kildonan, his grandfather, after having lost a leg in the service of King and country, being one of the victims of the Sutherland Clearances. Although settled so far away from the land of his sires, he remains a staunch Highlander, and has always kept a warm corner in his heart for Sutherlandshire—indeed nothing gives him greater pleasure than paying an annual visit to his native village, where his two sisters reside.

EDITOR.

CLUNY AND LADY CLUNY OF THE '45, AFTER CULLODEN.

By ALEXANDER MACPHERSON, KINGUSSIE.

"My master was a Chief renowned,
In manhood's active prime;
My Lady was for ev'ry worth
Unequalled in her time.

Her father was a wily Lord,
Well skilled in dangerous art
(But truth, and love, and goodness filled
His daughter's gentle heart)."

SO runs a portion of a touching ballad, composed by Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, towards the end of last century, with "no exaggeration, no alteration of fact, and very little poetical decoration," narrating the afflictions

of Cluny of the '45 and his devoted wife subsequent to the Battle of Culloden, from the mouth of a faithful and grief-stricken Highland retainer, who had been for upwards of fifty years in the service of the Cluny family. In some letters addressed by Lady Cluny's father, the celebrated Simon, Lord Lovat, to Lochiel of the time, and contributed by the present Lochiel to the "Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness," there is an amusing account given of Cluny's courtship. Cluny had apparently been a welcome guest at Beaufort on more than one occasion previously, but on the occasion of his first visit, with "matrimonial intent," Lovat sends an express to Lochiel to acquaint him "That your cousin Cluny Macpherson came here, and after staying some days, he desired to speak to me by myself, which I very easily granted. After some compliments, he very civilly proposed to marry my daughter Jenyie, who is with me. I was truly a little surprised; I told him all the obliging things I could think, and told him that I would never let my daughter marry any man if he was of the first rank of Scotland, beyond her own inclinations. So that he must speak to herself before I give him any other answer than that I was obliged to him. But the house being very throng with strangers, he could not get spoke to her, though he stayed a week here. I advised him to make his visit a visit of friendship, since he had not been here of a long time, and not to speak to her till he should make one other visit."

Lovat thus concludes his letter:—

"One of my great motives for giving ear to this affair is the view that I have that it might unite the Camerons, Macphersons, and the Frasers as one man, and that such method might be fallen upon them as might keep them unite for this age that nothing would alter. But this desire will never make me agree to any proposition against my daughter's inclination, or contrary to a reasonable settlement."

The ardent lover persevered, and on his making the "one other visit" recommended by Lord Lovat, which took place shortly afterwards, Cluny found an opportunity of "popping the question" to "Jenyie," and was blushing accepted. On that occasion Lovat writes further to Lochiel:—

"Your cousin Cluny has been here these three weeks past, and I do assure you that I am obliged to suffer a great many battles for him. The M'Intoshes, who are madly angry at this match, endeavour to get all those they converse with to cry out against me for making of it, and those who don't love that the Macphersons should be greater than they are, or that my family should be stronger than it is, make it their business to cry out against it. . . . The more I know your cousin Cluny the more I love him for a thorough good-natur'd, even-temper'd, honest gentlemen."

In a letter from Lovat to the Duke of Gordon, dated Beaufort, 13th August, 1742, the marriage is thus alluded to:—



HUGH BANNERMAN

"As your Grace and the worthy Dutches were so civil to my daughter, I think it my duty to acquaint your Grace that her aunt, the Lady Seatwell, having come here on the Tuesday after your Grace went away, my daughter was married next day to the Laird of Cluny, and they both behaved to the satisfaction of all who were present, and as they are both good-natur'd, and of an even-temper, I hope they will be very happy. They had the honour to succeed your Grace in the lucky velvet bed, which I hope will have good effect."

Alluding to a subsequent visit by Cluny and his wife and their infant daughter to Beaufort, Lovat says:

"I was mightily desirous that Cluny should leave his daughter with me, who is the finest child I ever saw. But after he first consented to it, he then resiled and carryed her off, which vexed me very much, notwithstanding that Dr. Fraser of Achnagairn gave his positive advice to Cluny not to carry away his child in the winter time. But he acted the absolute chief, and carried the poor infant away in a credill a-horseback. Before twenty gentlemen I openly washed my hands from any harm that would happen to the child by carrying her away in this season. But Cluny took the blame upon himself, and there I left it. However, they had such fine weather, that I hope the child will arrive at Cluny in good health." [The child



CREAG DHUBH CHLANN CHATAIN AND LOCH OVIE.

happily survived the perilous journey in the dead of winter 'in a credill a-horseback,' and lived to become the wife of Colonel Duncan Macpherson, of Bleaton. She died on 6th November, 1808, in the sixty-sixth year of her age, and her remains, along with those of her husband, peacefully rest in the old churchyard of Kingussie.] "But I cannot think that a house whose walls was not finished two months ago can be very wholesome either for the child or for the mother. But it seems that Cluny is resolved to wear the Britches and the Petty Coats too, so that I am afraid my child will not comb a grey head in that country. However, we must submit and resign all things to Providence."

In a letter to Lord Lovat, dated 12th October, 1712, the Duke of Gordon speaks of Cluny's "good fortune in being espoused to a lady of so much real worth and accomplishments, as everybody knows she is endowed with." Writing to Cluny on 15th September, 1745, with the view of allaying Lady Cluny's "gloomy apprehensions" as to the result of the Rising in favour of Prince

* "Creag Dhubb Chlann Chatain" is the old slogan or war-cry of the Macphersons. A cave in the face of the rock was one of the retreats of Cluny of the 45 after Culloden.

Charlie, her father, Lord Lovat, characterises her as "of such sympathising temper, even to a remoter relative than her own child, that at this time she cannot be made easy."

"Come, listen to another song,
Should make your heart beat high,
Bring crimson to your forehead,
And the lustre to your eye;
It is a song of olden time;
Of days long since gone by,
And of a baron stout and bold
As e'er wore sword on thigh!
Like a brave old Scottish cavalier,
All of the olden time!"

He had his castle in the North,
Hard by the thundering Spey;
And a thousand vassals dwelt around,
All of his kindred they.
And not a man of all that clan
Had ever ceased to pray
For the Royal race they loved so well,
Though exiled far away
From the steadfast Scottish cavaliers,
All of the olden time!"

The happiness anticipated by Lord Lovat for the young couple at the time of the marriage was, alas! of short duration. About three years afterwards Prince Charlie landed in the Highlands, and raised his standard at Glenfinnan. Cluny had, about six weeks previously, been offered and accepted the command of a company in Lord Loudon's Highlanders, but he was in reality a strong partisan of the Stuart dynasty. While hesitating, we are told, between duty and inclination, his devoted wife, although a staunch Jacobite, earnestly dissuaded him from joining the Prince, assuring him that nothing could end well which began by breaking his oath to Government. But when the Stuarts "claimed their own"—

"And when the tidings southward came,
That Highland bosoms all aflame,
Glengarry, Keppoch, loved Lochiel
To their true Prince, for wee or weal,
Were plighting troth, and thronging round
His standard reared on Scottish ground—
Glenfinnan by the lone Loch Shiel!"—

Cluny and his clansmen could not resist the appeal to join the standard of the "King of the Highlanders," regarding him, as they did, as the true heir to the Throne. Sad and bitter enough was the fate which ultimately overtook Cluny and his wife in consequence of his enthusiastic devotion to the Stuart cause.

(To be continued).

THE CLAN GREGOR SOCIETY.—The usual autumn meeting of Council of the Clan Gregor Society was held recently in the Religious Institution Rooms, and it was well attended by directors from the Edinburgh, Perth, and Glasgow districts. Mr. Atholl Macgregor, Eastwood, Dunkeld, the President of the Society, occupied the chair. The ordinary business falling to be attended to at this time was transacted, several new members were admitted, and a sum of £52 allotted as bursaries to young men and women of the clan, besides various grants made to necessitous and deserving members of the clan. The Society shows evidence of continued prosperity in all its branches.

THE CLAN CHATTAN.—A well-attended meeting of representative clansmen from Glasgow, Edinburgh, Dundee, Badenoch, and other places, was held on Saturday, 28th September, in the offices of Mr. Thomas Macpherson, Solicitor, Perth, for the purpose of considering the best means of organising the Clan Chattan at home and abroad. Provost Macpherson, Kingussie, presided, and amongst those present were Mr. Neil Cluny Macpherson, Glasgow; Mr. C. W. E. Macpherson, C.A., Edinburgh; Mr. John Macpherson, Chief Constable of Perthshire; Rev. Ranald Macpherson, Lochee; Mr. George Macpherson, Phonness, Edinburgh; Mr. Donald Macpherson, Postmaster, Falkirk; Mr. H. Macpherson, Writer, Glasgow; Mr. D. Macpherson, Edinburgh; and Mr. D. Macpherson, Teacher, Glasgow. Apologies for absence were intimated from Mr. John Macpherson-Grant, yr. of Ballindalloch; Colonel Macpherson of Glenruim; Captain J. Farquharson Macpherson, Edinburgh; Mr. John Shaw, S.S.C., Edinburgh; Mr. John Macpherson, Solicitor, St. Andrews; and Messrs. Noble, Davidson, Gillespie, and Gillies, Glasgow. After discussion it was unanimously resolved to proceed with the formation of an organisation to be called the Clan Chattan, with Cluny Macpherson of Cluny as Chief, and a central executive in Glasgow, with representative executive committees in Edinburgh, Dundee, Inverness, Aberdeen, Badenoch, etc. As a number of those present had been at the great Clan Chattan gathering at Cluny Castle in May last, the Provost, on behalf of Cluny Macpherson, took the opportunity of handing them the medals struck in commemoration of that interesting event. A vote of thanks was passed to the Provost for presiding. The meeting, it may be stated, was the outcome of the Clan Chattan gathering at Cluny Castle, and it is to be hoped that the Clan Chattan, with a full representation of all its septs, will be strongly organised. The medal is of artistic design, and bears on the front the clan emblem "a cat rampant," while on a scroll is inscribed the motto, "Creag Dhubh Chlann Chatain." On the reverse side is the following inscription:—"To commemorate the visit of the Clan Chattan to Cluny Castle to tender their allegiance and loyalty to Cluny Macpherson, the chief and head of their clan, 23rd May, 1895."

SUTHERLANDSHIRE ASSOCIATION, EDINBURGH.—The monthly meeting of this Association was held in No. 5 St. Andrew Square, on the evening of Friday, 4th ult, Alexander Mackay, Esq., LL.D., in the chair. There was a good attendance of members present. Mr. Alexander Mackay of 20

St. Andrew Square, read his third paper on "Reminiscences and Recollections," which was much appreciated. Mr. John Mackay of 47 Thistle Street, an old member of the Association, was made a life member.

THE LORDS OF LOCHABER.

T. D. MACDONALD



PART IX.—DEATH OF DONALD GLAS—RANALD MOR VII., 1540-47—BLAR-NAN-LEINE—EXECUTION OF KEPPOCH AND LOCHIEL AT ELGIN—THE KEPPOCH CURSE.

(Continued from page 13).

THE whole array of the kingdom north of the Clyde and Forth was called out, and "the Earls of Argyle, Huntly, Crawford, and Marshall, with Lord Lovat and other Barons, were appointed to lead an army against the islanders; the castles and strongholds in the hands of the King were fortified and garrisoned." But it took nearly two years to overcome Donald Dubh and his clansmen, the King having had to lead the Royal Army in person; while the Royal Navy, under the command of Sir Andrew Wood and Robert Barton was sent to harass the supporters of MacDonald in the Isles. Donald Dubh was ultimately taken prisoner, and committed to the Castle of Edinburgh, where he remained until his second escape, nearly forty years afterwards. Thus ended one of the many desperate but futile attempts of the MacDonalds to recover their once vice-regal sway in the isles. Critical as the position of Keppoch undoubtedly was, before the insurrection of Donald Dubh, it must have been far more so when that insurrection, upon which he had built his hopes, when

"All was done that men could do,
And all was done in vain."

The power hitherto enjoyed by the Lords of

the Isles was now invested in the Earls of Argyle and Huntly.

Donald Glas died about the year 1540. He was married to a daughter of Cameron of Lochiel, and had issue, a son, Ranald, or Raonull Mor, who succeeded him.

From this chief, Ranald Mor VII. of Keppoch, was taken the patronymic by which the clan have ever since been known, viz:—"Clann Raonuill na Ceapach," the Clan Ranald of Keppoch.* He took an active part in support of John Moidartach's claim to the captaincy of Clan Ranald.† He and Ewen Allanson of Lochiel and their respective followers accompanied John Moidartach when he laid waste the districts of Abertarf and Stratherrick, belonging to Lord Lovat; and the lands of Urquhart and Glenmoriston, the property of the Grants. The Earl of Huntly, in his then capacity as lieutenant-general of all the Highlands and of the Orkneys and Shetland, "lost no time in raising a large army in the north, with which, in May, 1544, attended by the Mackintoshes, the Grants, and the Frasers, he marched into Lochaber against the Clan Cameron and the Clan Ranald, whose principal captains were Ewen Allanson (of Lochiel), Ronald McConeilglas (of Keppoch), and John Moydart." These, having wasted and plundered the Fraser and the Grant countries, had also taken absolute possession of them, and intended

* See Pres. Forbes's Mem., 1744.

† The "Clan Ranald" and the "Clan Ranald of Keppoch," it will be observed, are not the same,

to enjoy and possess them for all time coming."* But by the mediation of the Earl of Argyle they dislodged themselves immediately upon the appearance of Huntly, and retired to their own territories in the west. It was while returning to his own country, after parting with Huntly on this occasion, that Lord Lovat was intercepted at the head of Loch Lochy by John Moidartach and five hundred of the Clan Ranald, Keppoch, and Cameron clansmen, when took place one of the most desperate and most fiercely fought battles recorded in the history of Highland warfare. With Lord Lovat was his son, the Master of Lovat, and also Ranald Galda, Lord Lovat's nephew, and rightful heir to the Chiefship of Clan Ranald.

He, however, was deposed by the clan in favour of John Moidartach. Hence the broils here referred to. The wings of the Clan Ranald force were commanded by Ranald Mor of Keppoch and Ewen Allanson of Lochiel. Either side had the other intervening between it and its own country. It was thus a case of win or die. It was in the month of July, and the day being exceedingly hot, the combatants stripped to their shirts, and fought until there were less than half-a-dozen Frasers left to tell of the fate that befell their comrades. Lord Lovat, the Master of Lovat, Ranald Galda, and over three hundred of the Clan Fraser were left dead on the field. The slaughter on the other side was also enormous, but victory was also theirs, and



FORT-WILLIAM FROM CORRACH, LOCHABER.

the ultimate result of the conflict was that John Moidartach acquired undisputed possession of the captaincy of the Clan Ranald, and transmitted it to his descendants. This battle is known in the Gaelic as "Blàr-nan-leine," the Battle of the Shirts. It is also called the Battle of Kinlochlochy.

As soon as news of the disaster was brought to the Earl of Huntly, he again returned with an army, entered Lochaber, and laid waste the country. But the chief actors whom he sought to punish kept out of his reach, and no sooner had he returned to his own country than Keppoch and Lochiel were again on the war-path. They maintained a guerilla warfare for over two years, and were only subdued then

through the instrumentality of William Mackintosh, captain of the Clan Chattan, by whom they are said to have been betrayed. They were apprehended and imprisoned in the Castle of Ruthven, Badenoch; and were tried for high treason at Elgin, by a jury of landed gentry, found guilty, beheaded, and their heads set on the gates of the town. This was in the year 1547.† One tradition says that a son of Ranald Mor was also apprehended, tried, and executed at the same time, but the family tradition has it that this son was murdered by

* Keltie's History.

† Lesley, p. 185; Gordon's Earldom of Sutherland, p. 110; and M.S.S. of the Camerons.

Mackintosh. Ranald Mor's wife was a sister of Mackintosh, and there is a family tradition that she implored vengeance from heaven on her unnatural brother, and prayed that a son should not succeed his father, or an heir be born to the estate for a period of three hundred years. "This," says the tradition, "has been literally fulfilled in the succession of the chiefs of Clan Chattan. Until the late Alexander Mackintosh was born, almost exactly on the completion of the three hundred years, it was always side branches that succeeded." A strong family likeness is observable between this "curse of Keppoch" and the curse of Glencoe, which is supposed to be hanging over the House of Breadalbane.

The author of the "Comhachag" says of Ranald Mor;

"Raonull Mac Dhomhnuill Ghlais,
Fear a fhuair foghlum gu deas ;
Deagh Mhac Dhomhnuill a Ghnìl Ghais,
Nì 'm beo neach Gharraig leis."

He was, as has already been stated, married to a daughter of Mackintosh. By her he had issue:—

- (1) Alasdair Boloimne, who succeeded him.
- (2) Ranald, who succeeded his brother.
- (3) Another son, who, according to the tradition referred to, was killed through the instrumentality of Mackintosh.
- (4) John Dubh, a natural son, whose descendants were known as "Sliochd Iain Duibh," the "Black Tribe." Of this branch are the Dalchosnie MacDonalds, the present Invernis MacDonalids, and several others, of whom later on.

(To be continued).

OIDHCHE SHAMHNA.

HALLOWEEN FROM A CELTIC POINT OF VIEW.

By FIONN.

THE Celtic year was originally divided into two seasons, Winter and Summer known as *grian* and *sam*, as in Welsh still, and afterwards extended to *Geanhradh* and *Samhradh*. The termination *ra* or *radh* was equal to the *er* in Summer and Winter, and probably meant hood or tide (summer-tide) i.e. a period or season. It may be here noted that *samra* is year in Sanskrit. As Mr. MacBain remarks—"The Celtic, or rather Gaelic Festivals, of a distinctive kind, are three in number; *Bealltuinn* (1st May), *Lunastuinn* (1st August), and *Samhuinn* (1st November). Why

these festivals should be a month later than the solar periods in each case, is doubtful, but it is clear that these periods suit the climatic changes of the seasons in the north better than the earlier, though truer, solar periods." With reference to this, Professor Rhys† says "The Celtic year was more thermometric than astronomical, and the Lughnasad was, so to say, its summer solstice, whereas the longest day was, so far as I have been able to discover, of no special account."

Samhuinn means summer-end, old Irish *Samh-fhuin* = summer-end—*fuin* being a word for ending or setting.‡ *Oidhche Shamhna* (31st October) or Halloween is therefore the great festival which celebrated the end of the Celtic year, for *An t-Samhuinn* (1st November) was New Year's Day—and we find that in the Isle of Man, where Manx is still spoken, the Mummies went round on that day singing "To-night is New Year's Night."

Samhuinn like the other great festival *Bealltuinn* or Beltane, was sacred to the gods of light and of earth. And so we find bonfires blazing on the height, while round the hearth a plentiful supply of cakes, as well as nuts and apples, are discussed. Our national poet Burns has left us a graphic picture of *Oidhche Shamhna* and its ceremonies in his poem "Halloween," and anyone who has taken part in a Halloween gathering in the Highlands cannot but think that Ayrshire, where the poet gathered his information, must have been much more Celtic then than now—as almost every form of divination referred to by the poet is practised in many parts of the Highlands at the present time. In crofter communities where the hill grazing are held in common *Samhuinn* or Halloween is an important data—as at this time each tenant's "soming" is adjusted. In confirmation of this I cannot do better than quote from Mr. Carmichael's interesting paper,§ which appears in the appendix to the Report of the Highlands and Islands Commission (1881) —

"The young of most animals are changed to a new name on the first day of winter. The foal becomes a *loth* or *lothay*, filly, the lamb becomes an *othaisg*. For these things and for most if not indeed for all things of this nature 'the old people' had rhymes to assist the memory. These rhymes are invariably expressive and pithy, although now becoming obsolete. The calf changes to a stirk —

"Oidhche Shamhna theirear ganhna ris na laogh,
La 'Mheathain theirear aighean ri na dheigh."

At Halloween the calf is called a stirk aye,
At Saint John's the stirk becomes a quey.

The young are separated from their mothers, and the new name is applied to them at Hallowmas, Gaelic *Samhuinn*."

* Celtic Mythology and Religion, by Alexander MacBain, M.A., Inverness, 1885.

† The Herbert Lectures, 1886—(Lectures on the Origin and Growth of Religion as illustrated by Celtic Heathendom)—page 419.

‡ O'Donovan's preface to *The Book of Rights*, (Leabhar na G-ceart) pp. xlviii.-lvi.

§ *Grazing and Agrestic Customs of the Outer Hebrides*, by Alexander Carmichael.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

THE CLAN CHISHOLM STANDARD-BEARER AT CULLODEN.

"MO RUN GEAL OG."

To the Editor of the *Celtic Monthly*.

SIR—Imagine my surprise at Mr. Angus Mackintosh's version of the story of the far-famed and brave William Chisholm—i.e. "*Fear-Iuinis-nan-ceann*" in Strathglass. Having seen the stone slab referred to by Mr. Mackintosh, and knowing that the late Mr. Alexander Fraser, Mauld, erected it, I concur in all he said about Mr. Fraser.

But evidently Mr. Angus Mackintosh is not aware that William Chisholm was the standard-bearer for the Clan Chisholm at Culloden.

Here let me quote what an independent writer of eminence (in his line) said of "*Fear-Iuinis-nan-ceann*" and his most amiable and talented spouse, Christina Fergusson. I allude to John M'Kenzie, Editor and Collector of "*The Beauties of Gaelic Poetry*." On page 374 he says:—

"Christina Fergusson, the authoress of the above elegiac production, was a native of the Parish of Contin, Ross-shire, where her father was a blacksmith—chiefly employed in making dirks and other implements of war. She was married to a brave man of the name of William Chisholm, a native of Strathglass, and a near kinsman of the Chief of that name. On the memorable day of Culloden, William was flag-bearer or banner-man of the clan; and most assuredly the task of preserving the "*Bratach Choinneach*" from the disgrace of being struck down could not have fallen into better hands. He fought long and manfully, and even after the retreat became general, he rallied and led his clansmen again and again to the charge, but in vain. A body of the Chisholms ultimately sought shelter in a barn which was soon surrounded by hundreds of the red-coats, who panted for blood. At this awful conjuncture William literally cut his way through the government forces. He then stood in the barn door, and with his trusty blade high raised and in proud defiance, guarded the place. In vain did their spears and bayonets aim their thrusts at his fearless breast—he hewed down all who came within reach of his sword, and kept a semi-circle of eight feet clear for himself in the teeth of his desperate enemies. At length he was shot by some Englishmen who climbed up to the top of the barn from behind, where he fell as a hero would wish to fall, with seven bullets lodged in his body.

His wife forthwith composed the foregoing

beautiful and heart-touching lament, which is altogether worthy of an affectionate woman. She is so full of the idea of her noble-souled husband that her own personal hardships and privations find no place in the catalogue of her miseries—they have but one great radical source, the death of her beloved. Neither does she pour invective on the depopulators of her country—no! these were too insignificant to draw her mind for a moment from her peerless William Chisholm. With great taste too she devotes to the Prince one solitary expression of sympathetic condolence:

"Who now shall wield the burnish'd steel,
Or fill the throne he ought to fill!"

and then, with the wings and wail of a mateless dove, flutters over the mangled carcass of her husband, and depicts his matchless person and soul in language that would melt the sternest heart to sympathy. There are several passages of great beauty, pathos, and sublimity in the song, and apart from the interesting circumstances that called it forth, it possesses all the essential properties or attributes of a first-rate production. The air is original."

I have quoted Mr. M'Kenzie as an independent authority only, but I am prepared (if need be) to give the names of four men and two women who remembered the stirring incidents of the "'45 and '46." For the first twenty years of my life I lived next door to the son of one of the men who accompanied William Chisholm when he went to Contin to marry Miss Christina Fergusson, the armourer's daughter. In relating his father's account of the reception the party had and the wedding festivities, it seemed to me the Fergussons were in easy circumstances. In conclusion, let me beg to assure the poet, Mr. Angus Mackintosh, that it is far from my thoughts to find fault with him for having written an able comment on erroneous information.

I remain, faithfully yours,

Inverness.

COLIN CHISHOLM.

THE CLAN MACLEAN—Sir Fitzroy D. Maclean, Bart., Chief of the Clan, and Lady Maclean, gave a reception to the members of the association in the Bath Hotel, Glasgow, on Thursday Evening, 17th October, which was well attended, many clansmen wearing the Highland dress. Advantage was taken of the occasion to present Mr. John Maclean, Mitchell Street, Vice-President, with a handsome gold watch, bearing a suitable inscription, in acknowledgment of his valuable service to the society. The chief made the presentation, and stated that to Mr. Maclean was largely due the great success which had attended the association since its formation.

THE FOURTH ANNUAL GATHERING OF THE CLAN was held on the following evening in the Waterloo Rooms. The platform and hall were crowded with members and friends, and the proceedings passed off with entire success. The chief presided, and in his address said he was happy to give a very good report of the clan association. Their members were increasing daily. The Maclean Trust was now in operation, and would probably yield £600 a year, to be applied for educational bursaries to boys and girls from seven to fourteen years of age, those who had passed the fifth standard, as well as for those at Universities. Addresses were also delivered by Mr. C. Fraser-Mackintosh and others.



P. B. ROBERTSON



MRS. P. B. ROBERTSON.

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P. B. ROBERTSON, LONDON.



MR. P. B. ROBERTSON was born at Insch, Aberdeenshire, on 20th April, 1861, and his early years were spent at Methlick, on the Earl of Aberdeen's estate. He is therefore a thorough "Aberdonian," and feels proud of the fact. He was for some time pupil teacher in Methlick Public School, but he resigned his appointment in 1875, when he went to Buckie, Banffshire, where he served his apprenticeship to the general drapery trade, after which, in 1880, he went to London to push his fortune. Mr. Robertson was endowed with a splendid physique (he stands six feet in height) and excellent good sense, and having secured an appointment with the well-known Scotch wholesale clothing firm of Messrs. M'Pherson & Glen, the value of his services was soon recognised by his employers. Two years later, hoping to find a larger sphere for his energies, Mr. Robertson commenced business on his own account in Norwood, as a clothier and general outfitter. Here he prospered very well, but meeting with a severe accident in the cricket field, he was advised by his medical

attendant to dispose of his business and seek a more active outdoor life as the surest means of recovering his health. He acted upon this advice and again entered the service of his former employers, who were very pleased to secure such a valued servant as their representative, and the change of occupation soon had the desired effect. As a business man his career has been eminently successful, and he attributes this entirely to his total abstinence, hard work, and honesty of purpose.

The subject of our sketch has always been a keen politician, and has engaged in a great deal of social and religious work. He was a member of the executive of the Liberal and Radical Association of Norwood, and a warm admirer of Mr. Gladstone. Indeed so strongly pronounced were his political opinions that his friends of the other party did not lose an opportunity of enjoying a joke at his expense. Mr. Robertson himself relates rather a good story of how, during the heat of a parliamentary contest, he came down early one Sunday morning and found the whole front of his shop (that of the radical Mr. Robertson!) covered with great orange tory placards, advising the "free and independent electors" to vote for the Conservative Candidate! Mr. Robertson was cruel enough to spoil the attractive display by the application of soap and water.

There are few more patriotic Scotsmen in London than Mr. Robertson. Among his London friends he is sometimes jocularly referred to as the "aggressive Scot," as he is so quick to resent any slight put upon his native country or his countrymen. The "Scotsman from home" is always a warm admirer of our national poet, Robert Burns, whose Celtic descent and Celtic sympathies have endeared his memory among Highlanders and Lowlanders alike. Mr. Robertson was for several years President of the "Robert Burns Norwood Scottish Association," and in 1885 he was made the recipient of a very fine life-size bust of the bard, executed by the late Mr. Bool of the Crystal Palace. He is also interested in volunteering, and is an honorary member of

the famous crack corps, the London Scottish. In all Highland matters this notable member of the ancient Clan Donnachaidh takes a keen interest, and he enjoys nothing better than to spend an evening with his fellow Scots, discussing "youth's bright days, when they roamed among the heather."

Mr. Robertson in 1886 married Miss Plant, a very estimable and accomplished lady, and they have four children, two girls and two boys. It may be also mentioned that Mr. and Mrs. Robertson are members of Devonshire Square Baptist Church, the pastor of which is a "brither Scot," Rev. G. P. Mackay, and they take a very active part in the various organizations in connection therewith. We wish them long life and happiness. EDITOR.

PRIZE POEM.

MOCH-THRATH.

LE "CUISEAG."†

Ga 'n d' dhirich mi suas feadh bhrùach 'us bhàdan,
'N uair ghluais mi maduinn an dè,
Bha crònna cho binne aig uillt a' gheannain,
Ri inleachd callant' nan teud;
Bu ghile na neòil na còimhreach canaich,
Na 'n cleòchdain tarsuing troimh 'n speur,
Am breachdadh a' cràs' mar sgùileag ainneir,
'Toirt maldachd maise do 'n ghrèin.

Bha gorm-uchd a' chuain gun ghluasad tuinne,
Gun fhuaim, gun phlub air a' tràigh,
'Dealbh-tharruing ann fèin a' reir a' chuma,—
Gach creutair luraich ga shùimh,
Le 'sgiathan a' sgaol mu 'n t-saoghal againn,
Cha 'n fhàid gu 'm breanaich mi 'mheud,
'S a' chùir bha cho rèidh fo 'm léirsinn agam,
'S i sleuchdte 'm faileas nan nèamh.

Builgeadh o 'n iasg 's e bhian ri cladaich,
'Us fiamh a' lannair 's an t-shùil',
Gach achadh fo dhèis 's an sprèidh air mhachair,
O 'n d' eisd mi langan nam bà.
Coill nan dos dlùth a' brìchdadh toraidh,
A' lùb na mogail gu lùr;
Rifeid 's gach geug bu sheisdeir caithrean,
A' gleus' air meanganaibh àrd'.

Bha còmhach nan cluan am buadhan cinneis,
'S na h-uain a' ruitheis mu 'n chàrn,
Bu dealrach an dhrìachd air tùis nam bileag,
Sud cùirnein sìleadh an àigh,
An seillein le miadh gu dian a' solar,
A' mhian a' broilleach nam blàth,
Luth's aiteal a' sgèith ri sèirèin 's srannain,
'N a' leum 'meag fhailleanan tlàth.

Tha 'm pailteas an stòir Rìgh mòr nam Flaitheas,
Gu sìobh a' chunail gun èis,
Tha fonn agus cuan le 'n cuail de mhaitheas,
A' cruachadh thairis gu léir.
Cha d' fhàid a' chrìon-chuimh dhùibhidh falaanah,
Tha mheir aice gu feum,

'Nis, e' uim' gu 'n bheil dìth air mìltean leanabh,
'N a' ionmhaigh bheannaichte fèin?

O'n thugadh an saoghal saor do 'n duine,
Sud aobhar tuilleadh de nàir',
Gu fùl'geadh co-rian do bhiasdan gionach,
A' bhìadh a' thilleadh o 'n phàisd'.
No leanabanaibh maoth às aogmhaibh arain,
Gun aoidh aig cagail gun bhliaths,
'S an athair bochd, fann, 's e crom 'n a' fhallus,
'Cuir saill mi-fhallain air càch.

Fhìr leis an b' àill an càin aithris,
Gur fàgail Mathais mar tha,
'S toibheam do chaint, 'us cam do bharail,
Nach dall do thagairt an dràid?
Tha 'chuibheal ud ch' mar n' nach buin da,
Mur h-inleachd duin' i—cha 'n fheir;
Cha chuir i 'n car cruinn le 'chuibhleabh uile,
A' chaoidh, 's gach buill' aice càrr.

"Seirèin."—A low humming sound.

"S'bhine na 'n seillean an bhuach, sèirèin an leanabh na shuain."
† This Poem received the First Prize at the recent *Mod*.
The author is MR. JOHN MACFARREN, Glasgow,—author of *An t-Eileanach*.

CLAN NEWS.

CLAN MACKAY SOCIETY.—The Reception accorded to Mr. John Mackay, Hereford, by his clansmen on the occasion of his recent visit to Glasgow to preside at the *Mod*, was a remarkable function in many ways. The large hall was unable to hold the large turn out, and the whole proceedings were most enthusiastic. "The Grand Old Man" of the Mackay clan received an ovation from his clansmen and clanswomen which showed the great respect which they entertained for him as a clansman and a Highlander.—During the session which has just closed nine life members have joined the Society.—Inspector Murdoch Mackay, Glasgow, a native of Skerry (in Lord Reay's country), a Councillor of the Society, has been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant.

CLAN GRANT SOCIETY.—A very enjoyable Smoking Concert was held in the Alexandra Hotel, on 8th ult., Mr. James Grant, President, in the chair. The Grants were out in strong force.

CLAN MACDONALD SOCIETY.—The Annual Social Gathering of this Society takes place in the Waterloo Rooms on 6th December, under the presidency of the Right Honourable J. H. A. MacDonald, C.B. (Lord Kingsburgh). A Smoking Concert was held in the Bath Hotel on 24th ult., Mr. Graeme A. MacLavery in the chair, which was well attended.

CLAN DONNACHAIDH.—The Annual Meeting was held at Blair-Atholl—Mr. E. W. Robertson of Auchleeks in the chair. Seventy new members joined during the past year, and the credit balance is now £120.

CLAN MACMILLAN SOCIETY.—The Annual Social Gathering was held in the Berkeley Hall, on 19th ult.—Rev. Hugh MacMillan, D.D., in the chair. There was a large attendance of members and friends, and the proceedings were of the most enjoyable nature. Mr. Donald MacMillan (the designer of "Breacaiseilgmhichillennabail"), the genial President of the Society, addressed the meeting, and other speeches were delivered. The Society is in a very flourishing condition.



PART XVI.—(Continued from page 33).

THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE, QUATRE BRAS,
WATERLOO.

WELLINGTON in person led the advance of the infantry. Seeing how his gallant light cavalry were acting, led by Vivian and Vandeleur, and directed by Lord Uxbridge, "the British Murat," he galloped to the head of Adam's brigade, moving steadily forward four deep in pursuit of the foe, and seeing numbers of the fugitives crowding off towards the rear and around the squares of the "Old Guard," he ordered Adam to attack them, and being near the gallant Colonel of the 52nd, whom he so well knew, said, "Go on, Colborne, go on, they won't stand, give them no time to rally." Approaching the squares of the Guard they were received and greeted by a hot fire. The shot flew thick and fast about the ears of all. General Campbell, who saw the danger Wellington was exposed to, said "this is no place for you, you had better move off." "I will," quietly said the Duke, "when I see these fellows off." The Guard impressed with the steady advance of the light brigade, did soon move steadily away. A battery of six guns severely galled the advancing British infantry. A flank company made a rush upon it, and quickly captured the guns. The main body of the army now came up, and with loud shouts captured the guns which the Union brigade had been unable to take away when they made the brilliant and glorious charge in the early afternoon.

As may well be imagined Napoleon witnessed this concluding scene with feelings which it is impossible to describe. When he saw his "Old Guard" recoiling before the British cavalry he turned pale, observing to his Belgian guide, "they are mingled together." Returning to a small elevation in the rear, upon which were some guns, he directed their fire upon the advancing British infantry. One of their discharges struck the brilliant Uxbridge, by Wellington's side, and carried off his leg. These guns were quickly taken. Napoleon, seeing all was lost, turned to General Bertrand saying, "Tout est fini, sauvons nous" (all is over now, let us save ourselves), and was soon out of harm's way.

The British cavalry and infantry stoutly pushed the French before them till they came up with the Guard in square. They were called upon to surrender and lay down their arms. The reply was, "The Guard dies, but never surrenders," but assailed on both flanks by Vivian and Vandeleur, and by Adam's and Halkett's troops in the rear, which was overwhelmed by a mass of fugitives preventing them from forming, they were pierced through and through in all directions, cut down, or made prisoners with their generals, Duhesme, Lobau, and Cambroune. All resistance to the British troops was over. It was now "Sauve qui peut." All order vanished, the disorder was irremediable, a dreadful carnage ensued. The great road to Charleroi was choked with equipage, and cumbered with the dead and dying, while the fields as far as the eye could see were covered with a host of helpless fugitives. Discipline and courage

were forgotten, and Napoleon's splendid army of the morning was now a total and complete wreck—a terror stricken multitude. Napoleon's own words best describe it—"It was a complete rout."

Meanwhile a desperate battle was still being maintained on the right around Planchenoit. All the Prussian forces had arrived on the scene of action with Marshal 'Vorwarts' at their head, who attacked the French opposing them, in front and on both flanks. The French Guard fought with a courage and bravery worthy of its best days, but were obliged to recede, fighting step by step, sometimes in square to resist cavalry, then deploying to resist infantry. They were at last surrounded,

and reduced to a few hundreds, when their brave General Pelet called out to them "A moi, chasseurs! Savons l'aigle, on mourons autour d'elle" (Hither chasseurs! let us save the eagle, or die round it). The brave fellows quickly rallied round their undaunted leader, and closing their ranks, succeeded in cutting their way through the Prussians with their eagle untouched, though not a fourth of them survived the glorious conflict. All was now over on the right. The whole of the French opposing the Prussians were one mass of inextricable confusion, which was swept away by the torrent which streamed in resistless force over the whole field.

Blucher now called his superior officers to



CHARGE OF THE BRITISH HUSSARS

him, and gave them orders to send the last horse and the last man in pursuit of the enemy. Never had such a rout been witnessed in modern war. Wellington, on his side, rode constantly with his advanced forces regardless of all and every danger. When urged by the officers around him not to expose himself so much, his reply was, "Never mind, let them fire away, the battle is won." Noble sentiment, he had done his best, he saved the honour of his army, the honour of his country, and grandly enhanced the glory of both. Now he felt life of no value, having dared and done so much, and gained one of the most decisive battles ever fought.

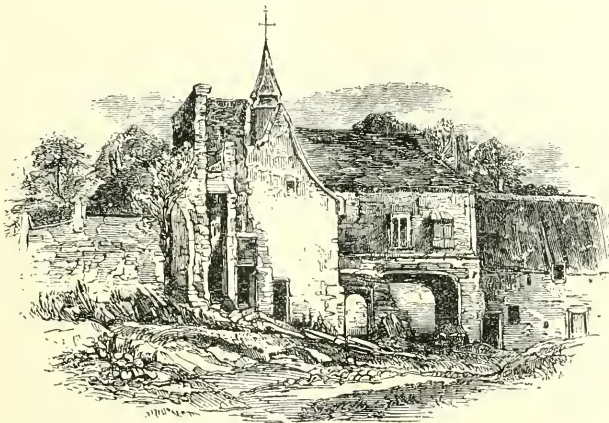
Having continued the pursuit to near Genappe, and seeing by the little light left at 9-30 p.m. that the French army flying before him were in no condition to rally, he stayed the pursuit, which was gradually relaxing. He saw that his troops were worn out with fatigue, and ordered the infantry to bivouac for the night round the farm-houses of Caillon, and the light cavalry a mile or two further on, abandoning the work of death to the fresher and more sanguinary Prussians.

Wellington and Blucher met near Genappe at a village called "Maison du Roi," about a mile beyond La Belle Alliance, and mutually saluted each other as victors. The British

General represented to Blücher that his men were so exhausted with fighting all day that they were hardly able to continue the pursuit. "Leave that to me," replied the gallant Prussian commander, "I will send every horse, man and gun after the enemy," and he did. Zeithen continued the pursuit all night without ever resting. Seven times the wearied French, ready to drop down with sheer exhaustion, tried to form bivouacs, seven times they were roused by the dreaded sound of the Prussian trumpets and obliged to continue their flight. Nothing could surpass the desperate and relentless animosity of the Prussians towards the French. Repose and plunder were sacrificed to revenge. The memory of former defeats, insult, and oppression, now produced dread-

ful retaliation, and overpowered every feeling of humanity. The "woe to the vanquished" was pronounced, thousands besides those who perished on the field fell that night beneath the Prussian lance and sabre, and so entirely had the defeat at Waterloo extinguished the spirit and destroyed the discipline of the remnant of Napoleon's army, that the wild hurrah of the pursuers, or the very blast of a Prussian trumpet became the signal for terror and flight.

Wellington returned at midnight to his quarters in the village at Waterloo, across the crimson field which that day consummated his military glory. It is said that he was deeply affected as by the pale moonlight he unwillingly surveyed the terrible scene of slaughter he



RUINS OF HOGOMONT AFTER THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

passed by, and that he bitterly lamented a victory achieved at the expense of the lives of many personal friends, many brave officers, and thousands of his gallant soldiery.

When the sun rose next morning it revealed an awfully tremendous spectacle of carnage. Humanity shuddered at the view. Mortal suffering in all its variety was frightfully exhibited. The dead lay there in thousands—with them human pain and agony were over, but with them a vast multitude of maimed, wretched men were intermingled, mutilated by wounds, and tortured by thirst and hunger. Nor was war's misery confined to man. Thousands of wounded horses were strewn over the field of slaughter. Some quietly lay on the ground cropping the grass within their reach,

some with deep moaning expressed their sufferings, while others maddened with pain "jerked their arched heels at their dead masters, killing them twice." On the small area of two square miles there lay upwards of 50,000 men and horses dead, dying, and wounded. In many places the dead lay four deep upon each other, marking the spot which a British square had occupied; outside, lancer and cuirassier with their horses lay thickly on the ground. Further on might be traced the spot where the cavalry of France and Britain had encountered, chasseur and hussar were intermingled, the heavy Norman horse of the Guard were interposed with the grey charger that carried Albyn's chivalry. Here and there the Highlander and tirailleur lay side by side, and the

heavy dragoon with Erin's badge on his helmet was grappled in death with the Polish lancer.

On the crest of the ridge where the ground was cumbered with dead, and trodden fetlock deep in mud and gore by the frequent charges of rival cavalry, the thickly strewn corpses of the Guard pointed out the spot where the last effort of Napoleon had been defeated. Here, in column, that favourite corps on whom his last hope rested, had been annihilated. The advance and repulse of the Guard was traceable by the mass of fallen Frenchmen. In the hollow below, the last struggle of France was made. Here the British left, the fighting fifth division, in which were the 42nd, 78th, and 92nd Highlanders, had converged upon the French centre at the close of the day, and here it was that the British bayonets had closed the awful contest.

Waterloo was one of the decisive battles of the world—the overthrow of Napoleon and of the military power of France. Waterloo was so complete that the subsequent events of the brief campaign have little interest. A French historian justly said, "This defeat left nothing undecided in future events, for victory had given judgment." The victory of Waterloo gave Europe peace and rest for nearly forty years, till the Emperors Nicolas and Louis Napoleon, from motives of ambition, again let loose the dogs of war in 1854, and led to the unification of Italy, and the overthrow of the second empire in France.

(To be continued).

REVIEW.

SONGS OF THE NORTH, GATHERED TOGETHER FROM THE HIGHLANDS AND THE LOWLANDS OF SCOTLAND, edited by Harold Boulton, music arranged by Malcolm Lawson. London: J. B. Cramer & Co., Regent Street.

To those who love our old Scottish melodies a second volume of "The Songs of the North" cannot be otherwise than welcome. The first volume has afforded us the means of spending many a pleasant evening, and it was a sincere delight to receive this handsome and interesting instalment. The great success which attended the publication of the first volume certainly justified the issue of a second series, and the editors are to be congratulated upon the excellence of the present work. Altogether fifty songs are given, and of these we are glad to find that about half the number are Gaelic melodies, with translations, or set to new words. The selection is a good one, and gives a fairly adequate idea of the variety and beauty of our Gaelic minstrelsy. There are love songs, laments, herding, carding, fairy and war songs, while the humorous side is excellently represented by "Breigein Binnneach" (John the Braggart) and Rob Donn Mackay's inimitable satire on the "pitiful, work-a-day carpenter man" who his "false love stole." Both these latter airs are

new to most Highlanders, and will be all the more welcome on that account. Having said so much in praise of the Gaelic portion of the work, we can say no less in regard to the Lowland songs. Several of those given are quite new to us, and we are delighted to make their acquaintance. Some of them are very beautiful, and cannot fail to become popular for concert purposes. In concluding this short notice of this valuable work, we heartily recommend it to our readers, for they will find in this varied collection ample material for many an evening's enjoyment. The volume is certainly a valuable contribution to our Scottish minstrelsy, and the printing and binding are handsome, and leave nothing to be desired. There is amply room for a third series, and if the editors are anxious to procure fresh material we will be happy to place at their disposal the music of a large number of Mackay country songs of great beauty, which have never been published, and which we feel sure will be welcomed by all who love our Gaelic melodies.

THE "RED AND WHITE" BOOK OF MENZIES.—This beautiful work which has just been published, contains an immense amount of curious information, much of which is new to most readers. The history of the ancient Clan Menzies is exhaustively dealt with, and there are 46 full page illustrations, including portraits of chiefs, historic reliques, clan arms and tartans, etc. The author, Mr. D. P. Menzies, F.S.A., Scot., deserves great praise for the service he has done his clan in collecting its records, and publishing them in such a handsome form.

CLAN NEWS.

CLAN MACKINNON SOCIETY.—The session was opened on 20th ult. by Mr. Robert Mackinnon, Vice-President, reading a paper on "A night on board a Trawler on the North Sea;" and there is to be a Musical Entertainment on 18th December. The Social Gathering takes place in the Berkeley Halls, on 14th February, Major Francis A. Mackinnon, Presiding.

CLAN CAMPBELL SOCIETY.—A Concert and Dance were held on 12th ult., Ex-Bailie Malcolm Campbell, President, in the chair, and there was a good attendance. The chairman suggested that a special effort should be made to increase the membership, as it was not what it should be.—It is intended to hold the Annual Gathering about the end of January.

CLAN MACLEAN SOCIETY.—MacLeans everywhere will be glad to learn that Mr. Magnus MacLean, M.A., Lecturer on Physics, Glasgow University, has had the degree of D.Sc. (Doctor of Science) conferred on him by his *Alma Mater*. There is no more popular teacher at the University than Dr. MacLean. He is equally popular in Highland circles, and was recently President of the Glasgow Gaelic Society, and is Vice-President of the Clan Society. The Doctor is a native of *Eilean a' Cheò*.

THE CLAN CAMERON have arranged to hold their Annual Social Gathering in the Waterloo Rooms, on 19th inst., Lochiel in the chair. Sir Charles Cameron, M.D., Dublin, Lundavra, Dr. MacMartin Cameron, Newton Stewart, Dr. Cameron, Fettercairn, and other notable clansmen at a distance are expected to be present.



HUGH MACDONALD.

COUNCILLOR HUGH MACDONALD, ABERDEEN.



WE have much pleasure in adding to our "Celtic Gallery" this month the portrait of a representative Highlander in Aberdeen, Councillor Hugh Macdonald, the Secretary

and Treasurer of the Aberdeen Highland Association

Mr. Macdonald's career is one of which the Clan and Gaels generally may well be proud. Born at Rogart, Sutherlandshire, the eldest of a family of three sons, he received a sound education in the parish school there under the able schoolmaster, the late Mr. William Macdonald, F.E.I.S. At the age of sixteen he left the paternal roof for the south. For a time he was engaged in a commercial office, but he early had aspirations towards a profession. After a brief period of private study he entered the University of Aberdeen, passing through the usual law course at Marischal College, completed his curriculum with honours. Meanwhile Mr. Macdonald served an apprenticeship in one of the oldest law offices in Aberdeen, and having passed as a Solicitor rapidly rose to the highest position in the establishment. In pursuit of a larger field Mr. Macdonald thereafter commenced the practice of his profession on his own account in Aberdeen, and has been eminently successful, his genial and gentlemanly bearing winning the respect of all classes.

Mr. Macdonald not only takes a leading rank among those of his profession, but he is also a man of many sided and remarkable activity. A fluent and effective speaker, he was elected in 1891 President of the Aberdeen Juridical Society for a term, in succession to Professor J. Dove Wilson, LL.D., regius Professor of Law. Yielding to a strong invitation by representative citizens Mr. Macdonald in the same year stood for the Town Council, and was returned unopposed. Last year he was again returned unopposed, and is the present Chairman of the Bills and Law Committee of the Town Council. Mr. Macdonald has just refused a place in the magistracy owing to his professional engagements. On the institution of the Burgh Committee on Secondary Education Mr. Macdonald was appointed Secretary. He was also appointed Secretary of the Aberdeen Art Gallery and Industrial Museum—an office formerly held by the Town Clerk of Aberdeen.

In the discharge of all these varied duties Mr. Macdonald gives abundant evidence of the thorough earnestness and energy he brings into all his work. In politics Mr. Macdonald is a Liberal. He is an ardent Free Churchman, being an office-bearer in Queen's Cross Free Church, Aberdeen. Mr. Macdonald's next younger brother is the Rev. Angus M. Macdonald, M.A., Free Church, Towie, Aberdeenshire, who won the first Bursary of the Rogart Educational Association. His youngest brother is in business in Wales.

In no respect has Mr. Macdonald's organizing ability and energy been more remarkably displayed than in his services on behalf of the Aberdeen Highland Association. Instituted twenty-one years ago, the Association was at one time active, but eventually lapsed into languor and decay, till last year Mr. Macdonald assumed the difficult task of resuscitating it. Having formed a council of sixteen, with the Most Honourable the Marquis of Huntly as Chief, and three such excellent Highlanders as Dr. Alexander Macgregor, Dean of Guild Macdonald, and Sheriff Robertson as Chieftains, the resuscitated Association was inaugurated in March last, and so satisfactory has been the progress since that it has been arranged to award two bursaries to Highland students at Aberdeen University. The Association is also in course of procuring a Celtic Library, and the establishment of a Highland Institute Building is being considered. Not only have county gentlemen and representative citizens come forward in support of the good work of the Association, but the students at the University have also joined with them, the President of the University Celtic Society being one of the Members of Council.

Mrs. Macdonald is a descendant of a Ross-shire family. Their family are one boy and three girls.

Hereford.

JOHN MACKAY.

GAELIC CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR CARDS.

We are glad to learn that the success which attended the introduction of these novelties last year has caused Mr. Whyte to secure quite a variety for the present season. They all bear Celtic designs, with appropriate Gaelic mottoes, while the cards themselves are works of art equal to any that are manufactured in or out of Germany. As there is likely to be a large demand, early application should be made to

MR. HENRY WHYTE,
4 BRIDGE STREET, GLASGOW.

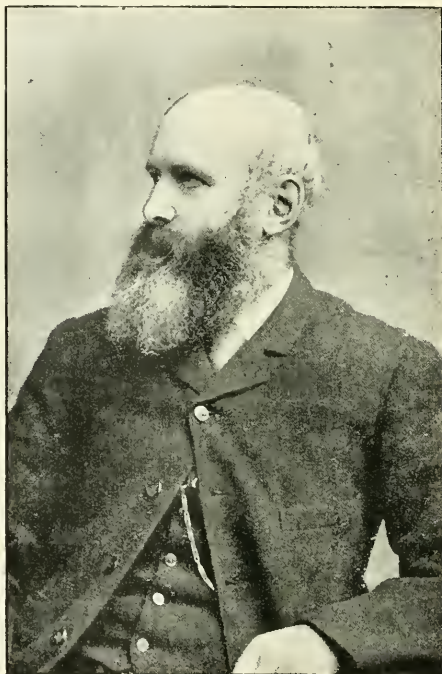
THE LATE HECTOR F. GALLIE, ST. HELENS.

MR. HECTOR GALLIE was born at Edderton, Ross shire, on October 5th, 1840, and was educated at the Parish School and at the Royal Academy of Tain. With a keen aptitude for study he was in his youth also a leading spirit in all out-door exercises, and thus early evinced a strong tendency to sports of every description, and particularly the gun. Whilst quite a boy he was the parish champion shot at the Target Shooting Meeting, annually held on Old New Year's Day. In 1857 he left the Academy and was apprenticed to the drapery business in the shop of Mr. William Murray, Tain. A few years later he got an appointment in a similar business with the firm of Kelley, Peake, & Barry, Manchester. Shortly after he formed the acquaintance of his countryman, Ivey Mackie, who was then the Mayor of Manchester. Having recognised Mr. Gallie's business quality he recommended him to Mr. Cartright, the glass bottle manufacturer at Warrington. After a few years' experience there he removed to St. Helens to fill an engagement with Messrs. Dixon, Caunnington, & Shaw. Soon after this he commenced business for himself as a wine and spirit merchant, and his careful attention to business, and courtesy and consideration for the wants of others, soon stamped him as a successful man in his adopted town. In 1865

Mr. Gallie married Elizabeth, only daughter of Mr. Peter Lightfoot, of St. Helens, and two sons and four daughters were left in December, 1894, to mourn his loss at the early age of fifty-five. Two years before his death he was seized with brain paralysis, and gradually but surely his mental faculties left him, but his early Highland love remained, for although the memory of recent events seemed gone the incidents of his boyhood were always fresh, and a question in his beloved Gaelic language

would elicit at once a prompt answer. Mr. Gallie was indeed attached to his native Highland home, and no September ever passed without seeing him with dog and gun and friend in some part of its moor or field. An affectionate husband and father, a staid and thoughtful citizen, a shrewd and successful business man, quiet and retiring in his habits and temperament, Hector Fraser Gallie has left behind him an example that cannot fail to stimulate to success those who like himself are ambitious enough to desire to leave a good name as true architects of their own fortune.

There are many Ross-shire men scattered in all parts of the globe who have by their own efforts made an excellent position for themselves, and done credit to their native county, but of these there are none who cherished a greater love for the old place and the old people than the subject of this memoir.



OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

HERE is no Highland dance older or better known than *Gille Calum*, or the Sword Dance. It is said that this *Gille Calum* was no less a personage than *Calum a' Chinn mhóir* (Malcolm Canmore). This monarch provoked the displeasure of the Highlanders by removing the court of the Scots from Dunstaffnage Castle, its ancient seat in Argyllshire, and establishing it at Dunfermline; further, by marrying the Saxon Princess, Margaret, which led to the change of the court language from Gaelic to English, further to his having added to the coinage a very small coin, the bodle, or two pennies Scots, equal in

value to the third part of our halfpenny. It was called in Gaelic *bonn-a-sia*, or coin of six, being the sixth part of a shilling Scots, which was so small as to be contemptible in the eyes of his Highland subjects. The term penny and halfpenny, or bawbee, are used in the translation only for want of a better; they give no idea of the value of the old Scottish money.

The set of the Melody now given is taken from "THE THISTLE," a Miscellany of Scottish Song by Mr. Colin Brown, Ewing Lecturer on Music, Anderson's College, Glasgow, and published a few years ago by Messrs. W. Collins, Sons, & Co., Glasgow and London. FROM.

GILLE-CALUM—THE SWORD DANCE.

KEY A. *Lively, with marked time.*

s, s, - : t, , s,	d : l, f,	s, s, - : t, , s,	r : t, , s,	l, f, - : f, , r	d : l, f,	s, s, - : t, , r	d, l, : r	<i>Fine, ^</i>
s, s, - : t, , r	f : l, f,	s, s, - : t, , r	s, l : s, r	f, , s : f, , r	d, f, - : l, f,	s, s, - : t, , r	d, l, : r	<i>D.C. ^</i>

Gille-Calum dà pheighinn,
Gille-Calum dà pheighinn,
Dà pheighinn, dà pheighinn,
Gille-Calum bonn-a-sia.

Gheibhinn leannan gun dad idir,
Gheibhinn leannan gun dad idir,
Gun dad idir, gun dad idir,
'S rogha 's tagha air bonn a-sia.
Gille-Calum, &c.

Gheibhinn bean air dà pheighinn,
Gheibhinn bean air dà pheighinn,
Dà pheighinn, dà pheighinn,
'S té nach fhiach air bonn-a-sia.
Gille-Calum, &c.

Gillie-Callum, twa pennies. (a bodle.)
Gillie-Callum, twa pennies,
Twa pennies, twa pennies,
Gillie-Callum, ae bawbee

I can get a lass for naething, (a sweetheart),
I can get a lass for naething,
Lass for naething, lass for naething,
My pick and wale for ae bawbee.
Gillie-Callum, &c.

I can get a wife for tuppence,
I can get a wife for tuppence,
Wife for tuppence, wife for tuppence,
A useless one for ae bawbee.
Gillie-Callum, &c.

GAELIC MOD AT GLASGOW—PRIZE LIST.

Best Original Gaelic Poem—1, John Macfadyen, Glasgow, £5 5s.; 2, Neil Ross, Glendale, £1 1s.

Best English Translation of Gaelic Poetry—1, Rev. W. M. Whyte, £cht, £2; 2, A. Stewart, Glenlyon, £1.
Gaelic Prose—1, Neil Ross, Glendale, £3; 2, John Macfadyen, Glasgow, £1.

Gaelic Recitation—1, Neil Ross, Glendale, £2; 2, A. Stewart, Glenlyon, £1.

Gaelic Reading—1, Miss Margaret H. Maceachran, Oban, £2; 2, Arch. Mann, Oban, £1.

Choral Singing—Juniors—Milton School Choir, Glasgow, and Balgarvie School, Lismore, equal, £3 each.

Solo Singing—Juniors (Female)—1, Joan Little, Oban, £1 1s.; Dora Black, commended.

Solo Singing for Boys—Vincent Wilson, Lismore, £1 1s.

Solo Singing—Seniors (Ladies)—1, Miss Cathie Macneill Robb, Glasgow, Gold Medal and £1; 2, Annie Carmichael, Glasgow, £2; 3, Lizzie Mackenzie, Inverness, £1. Gentlemen—1, Angus Brown, Glasgow, Gold Medal and £1; 2, W. A. Spence, Oban, £2; 3, J. E. Cameron, Inverness, £1.

Choir Singing—Seniors—1, Oban Gaelic Choir and Choir of Northern Institute of the Blind, Inverness, equal, £8 15s. each; 2, Glenoe Choir, £3 10s.

Solo, with Clarsach accompaniment—1, Miss Emily Macdonald, Cathcart, £7; 2, Miss M. A. Mackenzie, Oban, £3.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.



TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—The *CELTIC MONTHLY* will be sent, post free, to any part of the United Kingdom, Canada, the United States, and all countries in the Postal Union—for one year, 4s.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

DECEMBER, 1895.

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

THOSE subscribers who have not yet forwarded their contributions for Volume IV. (which are now overdue) might kindly do so at once, as we are anxious to complete the list as soon as possible. Subscriptions for the year (4/- post free) should be sent to Mr. John Mackay, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

GRAND CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

Our next issue will take the form of a Grand Christmas Number, and will contain interesting illustrated contributions, in prose and verse, appropriate for the season. A double front plate will be given containing a portrait of Mr. Malcolm MacGregor, representative of the ancient family of Dunan, Perthshire, and an interesting genealogical tree, showing the descent of the branch. The family crest and clan tartan will also be reproduced on the plate. Plate portraits and biographical sketches will also be given of Lieut.-Col. John MacInnes, of Glendaruel, and Mr. Frank Adam, of Java, whose valuable work on "Clan Septs" will shortly appear. The Christmas Number will be very handsomely illustrated, and we anticipate for it a very hearty reception from Highlanders at home and abroad.

CELTIC MONTHLY, VOLUME III.—As our third Volume is now completed, and as we are only able to supply a few complete bound copies, several of the monthly parts being already out of print, those who wish copies might kindly communicate with us without delay, to prevent disappointment. The price is 10/-, post free, and orders should be sent at once to the Editor.

VOLUMES I. AND II.—We are now able to offer for sale one copy of the scarce Volume I., and two copies of Volume II.—apply Editor, *Celtic Monthly*, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

We understand Mr. Allister Macdonald's *Coinneach 'us Coille* (Songs and Poems in Gaelic) will be published immediately, price 3/- post free. Subscribers' names should be sent to Mr. Macdonald, 70 Tonnahurich Street, Inverness.

SUTHERLAND AND THE REAY COUNTRY.—Sutherlanders at home and abroad will, doubtless, be glad to learn that a special chapter has been contributed to this forthcoming work on the Sutherland Rifle Volunteers, by Quarter-Master J. Morrison of Golspie, in which a complete history of this splendid regiment is given, from its inception to the present day. We are indebted to Colonel Duncan Menzies of Blarich for a series of interesting photographs of the battalion, the officers, pipe band, groups of officers and men of Sutherland and Caithness companies, Robert Mackay, Queen's Prizeman, etc., all of which are being engraved for the book. The volume is published at 5/- and 12/6 (large paper edition), and intending subscribers should send their names to the Editor, *Celtic Monthly*, at once.

Her Majesty the Queen and H.R.H. Princess Beatrice have recently honored Messrs. A. & J. Macnaughton, Pitlochry, with substantial orders for their Woollen Manufactures.

For List of Prize Winners at the Gaelic Mòd see page 49.

APPEAL BY THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.

SUTHERLAND BENEFIT NURSING ASSOCIATION.

SIR—I should be most grateful for space in your periodical for the publication of this short letter, which may attract the attention of Highlanders in Great Britain or in distant lands.

Some there may be, who recollect weeks or years happily spent in Sutherland, and these will be glad to learn that in the scattered parishes of that county we are establishing nurses to relieve the suffering and the sickness of the poor.

These nurses are cottage women, who are sent from their own parishes to be trained near London, and who develop much intelligence and usefulness under such training. It is these cottage nurses who meet the real need of the people. For their services a small fee is asked in proportion to the patient, and which is paid to the Treasurer of the Sutherland Benefit Nursing Association at Golspie. The nurses themselves are paid a fixed salary by the Association, and under no circumstances whatever accept fees or gratuities. But these fees do not in any way attempt to cover expenses. The sum of nearly £400 a year is required to keep sufficient nurses up to a high level, and I therefore plead with your readers for annual subscriptions, however small, which may be sent in to me at Trentham, Stoke-on-Trent, and will be gratefully acknowledged. Bankers' forms can be sent to any who wish for them, and further information if desired.

I remain, Sir, yours faithfully,

MILLICENT SUTHERLAND.

THE LORDS OF LOCHABER.

T.D. MACDONALD.



PART X.—ALASDAIR BOLOINNE VIII., 1547-59—
THE BATTLE OF BOLOINNE—RANALD IX—
HE ASSISTS THE KING, AND IS RECEIVED INTO
ROYAL FAVOUR—ALASDAIR-NAN CLEAS X.—
“THE CHIEFTAIN’S CANDLESTICKS.”

(Continued from page 39).

CHIEF ALASDAIR VIII., of Keppoch, succeeded his father about the year 1547. Two years afterwards he fought a battle against the Camerons at a place called Boloinne, a little above Keppoch House, at the back of Mull Roy, where he received wounds, from which he never recovered, after greatly distinguishing himself in the fight. The Camerons were defeated, and their chief, Lochiel, slain. Alasdair being unable to follow, his half-brother, John Dubh, led the victorious MacDonells after the flying Camerons. From this battle he got the name of Alasdair Boloinne, by which he was ever afterwards known. He must have suffered long from his wounds, for it was some years after the battle that he is said to have gone to Kingussie to be treated for their effects by a famous botanist said to be resident there at the time. He died while in the hands of the botanist, in the year 1559. The family tradition says that his wounds were poisoned by his would-be doctor, who was bribed by Alasdair's enemies to do so. He was buried in Kingussie. Tradition credits him as being no less distinguished as a sportsman than he was as a warrior. The author of the “Comhachag,” who lived at the same time, says of him:—

“Alasdair Mac Raonuill Mhor,
’S tric a mharbh ’s a bheinn na feidh,
’S a leanadh fad air an toir;
Mo dhoigh gur e ’n Domhnallach treun.”

He died unmarried, and was succeeded by his brother Ranald.

Although Ranald IX., of Keppoch, only succeeded his brother in the year 1559, he was for several years previous to this date the real head of the clan, Alasdair, the nominal chief, being a sufferer from the effects of the wounds he received at the Battle of Boloinne. During all those years Ranald was a strong adherent of the King, and took an active part at the head of the clan, quelling disturbances under the Royal banner of James V. It is extremely improbable that a Keppoch chief would have taken a course such as this, one so opposed to the line of conduct adopted by his predecessors, were there not some understanding of favours to come between them. Indeed, we have evidence that there was some such understanding. Nor did the death of the King, resulting from grief over the defeat of his army on the occasion of the unfortunate rout of Solway Moss, put an end to the promises of Royal favour. Shortly before the assassination of the Regent Murray, Mackintosh of Mackintosh was made to promise that he would grant to Keppoch such titles to the lands occupied by himself and his clan as would seem fair and just to him—the Regent*. But the death of

* Records of Privy Council *ad tempus*. Gregory page 208.

the King in the first instance, and the assassination of the Regent in the second, put an end to all the hopes that might have been entertained by Keppoch for so desirable a settlement in this direction. Ranaid is accredited with having given his children a liberal education. He died about the year 1564. By his wife, a daughter of Stewart of Appin, he had issue:—1.—Alasdair, who succeeded him; 2.—Donald; 3.—Angus; 4.—a daughter, who married MacFarlane of Lus.

Alasdair X., of Keppoch, is said to have been in Rome finishing his education at the time of his father's death, and this probably

accounts for his succession being commonly dated from the year 1678, fourteen years after the event. He was famous in his day, and in his country as a performer of miracles. It would seem that part of the education he received at Rome was a knowledge of arts akin to the "three card" and other "sleight of hand" tricks of to-day, a knowledge which would have been beyond the understanding of his uninitiated countrymen, and which could easily account for the marvellous powers attributed to him. It was owing to his having been an adept in this way that he came to be known as "Alasdair-nan Cleas" (Alexander of



ANOICH MIOR FROM ROY BRIDGE, LOCHABER.

the tricks). Alasdair-nan-Cleas was considered one of the most accomplished men of his day. A great friendship is said to have existed between himself and his brother-in-law, MacFarlane of Lus. They used often to visit one another, and Keppoch House, during his time, is said to have been the scene of many a feast graced by the presence of guests from the north and south of the kingdom. In this connection there is a story told of Alasdair which was beautifully illustrated in a picture, exhibited in the Royal Academy some years ago, entitled "The Chieftain's Candlesticks." While on his way home from Spain he made a

short stay in England, as the guest of an English baron who had been a companion of his during his college days at Rome. The visit was celebrated by a banquet given in Alasdair's honour, at which there was a gorgeous display of silver plate. Six massive silver candlesticks, of rare workmanship, used on the occasion, became the subject of conversation. The Englishman laughingly challenged Alasdair to produce candlesticks as valuable from among the treasures of his mountain home. Keppoch's Highland pride was roused, and he accepted the challenge, promising to forfeit three times their value if he did not



ROBERT GUNN MACKAY.

produce an equal number that would far surpass them in beauty and value. Some time after the Englishman paid a return visit to Keppoch, and he was received at the entrance of the Highland Chief's home by twelve stalwart clansmen, dressed in their picturesque native garb, and holding flaming pine torches, lighting the way to the banqueting hall. "These," said Keppoch, "are my priceless candlesticks, and all the wealth of England could not buy them." The English baron was fain to acknowledge his wager lost. The story has also been made the subject of a spirited poem by Miss Alice C. MacDonell, a living representative of the Keppoch clan, who has happily inherited all the Highland patriotic instincts of her famous ancestry. She is one of the official bards of the Clan MacDonald Society.

(To be continued).

ROBERT GUNN MACKAY, LONDON.

VICE-PRESIDENT, CLAN MACKAY SOCIETY.



THAS often been remarked in our hearing how many young men from the far north of Scotland migrate to London, and prosper there. The subject of our sketch left his native parish of Berriedale, Caithness, when only

seventeen years of age, and in London Town found ample scope for his energy and talent. Mr. Mackay's father, Mr. Murdoch Mackay, was teacher of the Free Church School for the long period of over fifty years. On his arrival in London our youthful clansmen entered the office of Messrs. S. Mark & Co., the well-known firm of wine merchants and shippers, Finsbury, where after several years of hard application to business he became manager, and shortly afterwards was assumed as junior partner. For the last fourteen years Mr. Mackay has been senior partner of this large and flourishing business.

Although he has been many years away from his native place our clansman never forgets that he is a Highlander. He naturally takes a keen interest in the Clan Mackay Society, of which he is a Vice-President, and a life member. To all funds for the furtherance of its objects he has always been a generous contributor. He is also a life member of the London Caithness Association, and a leading member of the Burns Club and other Scottish national institutions.

EDITOR.

CLUNY AND LADY CLUNY OF THE '45, AFTER CULLODEN.

By ALEXANDER MACPHERSON, KINGUSSIE.

II.

"Many a night of mute despair
Saw he the welkin lurid red
With the death-fires baleful glare,
From Badenoch o'er Lochaber spread
Far west to Ardnamurchan Head;
And heard dim voices of lament
From the far-off mountains sent,
Homeless wives and famished bairns,
Crying 'mid the misty cairns,
For their sires that slaughtered lay
By the smouldering sheilings far away."

IN a letter dated 22nd June, 1750, Lochgarry informed Prince Charlie that, having gone to Scotland the preceding winter to visit his wife and family, he had seen Cluny, whom he found the same person he always believed him—"a true, worthy, good man, and, in a word, a man of loyalty and honour."

So keen was the desire of the Government to capture Cluny that a reward of £1000, in addition to the command of a company, was offered for his apprehension, and a detachment of the Royal forces was for a lengthened period stationed in the district for the express purpose of capturing him, dead or alive. With undaunted courage and marvellous fertility of resource in the way of escaping from his pursuers, he for nine long weary years wandered without home or shelter, winter as well as summer, in the mountain fastnesses of Badenoch, taking refuge in caves among the rocks, and enduring the most terrible hardships, which his wife to a large extent shared with him. So watchful and alert were his clansmen in ascertaining and apprising their "outlawed chief" of the movements of the enemy that during that long period he succeeded, with many almost miraculous escapes, in eluding the incessant vigilance and activity of his pursuers.

In a manuscript in the Cluny Charter Chest, relating to the Cluny family, and of what Cluny of the '45 did and suffered for Prince Charlie, which appears to have been written in France in 1760, the writer of which is not known, it is narrated that after Culloden both Cluny and his family were exposed

"to the most horrid miseries, in perpetual danger of falling into the hands of the troops, of whom there were many detachments night and day in search of him with positive orders to bring him in dead or alive, and great rewards were promised to anyone who should discover the place of his retreat, and at length, finding no other means to make themselves easie in regard to him, the officers of

the troupes caused proposals of accomodation to be conveyed him, which his loyalty made him always reject with disdain.

"He lived wandering in the mountains, lying in the woods, in the caves, and in the rocks, amongst the wild beasts, his fellow inhabitants of those savage places, receiving provisions by some of the most affectionate of his own clan, who found means in the night from time to time to steal away from the soldiers to succour ; he struggled thus for nine years consecutively without almost ever setting his foot within a house, without fire, in the hard winters in the North of Scotland; not changing his place of refuge, but in the night time, and always afoot, it being impossible to conceal a horse in his places of retreat, during which time his wife daily suffered

all sorts of hard usage and reproaches from the troupes.

"Perhaps it will be thought that this recital is exaggerated : nevertheless, his fellow-countrymen and even his enemies know that it comes much short of what he really suffered, and the extraordinary accidents that he has escaped in the course of these nine years would be subject for a whole volume."

As Mrs. Grant of Laggan has put it :—

"In gloomy caves he past the day,
And by the taper's light
Consumed the lonely studious hours,
And hoped the coming night.



ENTRANCE HALL, CLUNY CASTLE, INVERNESS-SHIRE.

Then when the world in slumber lay,
Through midnight darkness stole,
And in my lady's faithful breast
Reposed his sorrowing soul.

Or fondly gazing while he slept,
Hung o'er his infant son :
And lingering blest th' unconscious babe
Till glimmering dawn begun.

Or, when the livelong winter night
Had lulled the spies of pow'r,

'Midst faithful friends, a gleam of joy
Shone on the social hour.

With eager search the watchful bands
His secret haunts explored,
And many a faithful vassal knew
The caves that hid their lord.

At last, with sad reluctant sighs,
He left the British strand :
And sore my lady wept to leave
Her darling son on land."

Loyal and devoted to the very last to the ill-fated Stuarts, notwithstanding his unexampled sufferings in the cause, Cluny, in consequence of a special request contained in an autograph letter from Prince Charlie, in the beginning of May, 1755, contrived to escape to France, arriving there in the beginning of June of that year, when he met the Prince and duly accounted for all the effects which had been left in his hands. Pining in his lonely exile for the companionship of his loving wife, and giving expression to that desire in a letter she received from him, she braved what in those days was the long and perilous journey "o'er land and sea," and with their young daughter joined him in France in 1757, remaining with him till the end.

So faithful did his clansmen and tenants prove, that when his estates were forfeited soon after Culloden, they not only paid their rents to the Government—who subsequently held the estates—but year after year "another rent" to Cluny as well, down to the date of his death:—

"And when at last war-guns were hushed,
And backed to wasted farms they fared,
With bitter memories, spirits crushed,
The few whom sword and famine spared
Saw the old order banished, saw
The old clan-ties asunder torn.
For their chief's care, a factor's scorn
And iron rule of Saxon law.
One rent to him constrained to bring
'The German lairdie,' called a king.
They o'er the sea in secret sent,
To their own chief another rent
In his far place of banishment."

The following curious and amusing letter is supposed to have been written to Lady Cluny by a friend under the assumed name of "Donald Hatebreeks." It is addressed on the cover, "To the Honble. Lady Worthy at her Hermitage," and is dated "Tartanhall, August 5, 1751."

"Madam.—Your doing me the honour of making such respectable mention of me in your letter to the young Gentleman, who will put this into your Hands, calls for a grateful acknowledgment, which I heartily wish it were in my power to make suitable to my Inclination. Then, indeed, should your Ladyship's present Hermitage be turned into a Palace.

"The other day I had a letter from London, dated July 27, in which is the following paragraph:

"'Two days ago this great City was alarmed with the Accounts of the Death of its Glorious Deliverer the Great Duke of C—d. The Report proved premature; but they say his Heinous is far gone in a Lethargy and cannot live long.'

"Let him tumble to the other World when he will, his funeral pomp will not be attended with many Tears, as it will be no hard matter to find a Successor to a Butcher, though it will be difficult enough to pitch upon one to equal him in Guts and yet to have no Bowels! Nothing can paint the

Vanity and Fickleness of this world more to the Life than the Fate of William the Cruel. These very animals who lately exalted him to Adoration itself will be the persons to rejoice most at his Death, for upon the Death of his Brother they opened with full mouth upon their once Darling Willie, and made no Bones to declare their fears that he had given a Dose to poor Feckie.* In a Word, their Language and Clamour were such that One was apt to think Hell was let loose upon the Demigod himself! Their Venom they could not contain, such a panic were they seized with, lest he should step into more power and then make his own beloved Adorers feel what others had felt before them. From this we see there are some certain critical periods of Time that will force Truth out of the hidden Recesses of villainous Breasts even against Inclination.

"I have my end, if this poor scribble happens to add in the least to your Ladyship's Entertainment.

"My warmest wishes attend your nearest and dearest Friend.† May he live and be happy in enjoying all he wishes and all he wants; for to him and all his concerns I heartily pray for all Things good and happy.—I have the honour to subscribe myself, madam, your Ladyship's much obliged and very humble servant,

"DONALD HATEBREEKS.

"Tartanhall, August 5th, 1751."

* His brother, Frederick, Prince of Wales, who died a short time previously.

† Her husband—Cluny of the '45.

(To be continued).

THE BIG SMITH OF POLMAILY.

A LEGEND OF GLEN-URQUHART.

THE great legendary hero of Glen-Urquhart is an Gobha Mor*—the Big Smith, or Armourer, of Polmally. The Smith and his seven sons were noted for their enormous strength. They were also as skilful in the armourer's art as any who ever struck anvil with hammer; and no weapons were to be found in Scotland to equal their cold-iron swords (claidheanhan fuar-iarunn)—much prized weapons in the making of which the iron was heated and shaped by heavy and rapid hammer-blows, without the agency of fire.

If the Smith excelled as an armourer, he also excelled as a husbandman; and his herd of cattle at Polmally were noted for their beauty. But suddenly and in a single night they lost their good condition, and became lean and famished; and, feed them as he might, the

* See my Legends of Glen-Urquhart in Trans. of Inverness Gaelic Society, Vol. II. (1873), for the Gaelic version of the Tale of the Big Smith.

Smith found it impossible to improve their appearance. At that time the fairies of Urquhart had their favourite retreat at Tornasidhe (Tornashee), near Polmaily. The Smith had one of them for his *leannan-sithe*, or fairy-love, and as he rambled with her one day in the woods, she informed him that her fellow-fairies had stolen his beautiful cows, and that the lean kine which gave him so much concern were *cradh-sithe*, or fairy-cattle. Furious with rage, he hastened home, and, armed with an axe, rushed into the byre, determined to slay the unearthly herd. But before he could strike a blow the cattle drew their heads out of their halters and escaped into the open. Seizing the hindmost by the tail, the Smith

sped with them till they came to Carn-an-Rath, in Ben-a-Gharbhlaich, near Achnababan. As they approached the cairn, its side opened, and the cattle rushed in, with the Smith at their heels. On coming to a spacious chamber, which glittered with precious stones, and was filled with articles of rarest value, the animals were in the twinkling of an eye changed into ordinary fairies, who desired the astonished Smith to choose what he pleased for his own. In a remote corner of the chamber stood a little shaggy filly (*loth pheallagach*), of which he had heard his fairy-love speak as one of extraordinary power; and he replied that he would take the filly. "A tooth out of your informant's mouth," said the fairies: but they kept their



URQUHART CASTLE AND KEEP, LOCH NESS.

word and gave him the *loth pheallagach*, and strictly enjoined him to use her only in the plough. The Smith promised obedience, and went away with the shaggy filly. For many years she was a marvel in the Glen, and a blessing to the inhabitants—

Threabhadh i Achadh-nam-bo,
'S an Lurga-mhor bho cheann gu ceann;
Mar sin 's an Gortan-Ceapagach,
Mu'n leagadh i as an crann !†

But one day the Smith put the filly in a cart, for the purpose of removing manure. He had broken his promise to the fairies, and her wonderful power left her for ever.

In the days of the Smith, a dispute 'as to their marches arose between the Glen-Urquhart people and the Frasers of the Aird. The Frasers pushed their boundary line forward in the direction of Urquhart, to a point immediately behind the township of Achintamarag, and sent a strong force of young men to maintain it in spite of their opponents. The Smith and four of his sons quietly

† Old lines which may be rendered—

Achnababan she could plough
And Lurgamore from east to west;
Likewise Gorstan-keppagach,
And still plough on without a rest !

approached the young men, and requested them to return to their own country. On their refusal a fight began, in which several of the Frasers were killed, and the rest were driven across the march claimed by the Urquhart people. That march has ever since been acknowledged by the Lovat tenantry, and the affair is commemorated by Clach-a'-Ghobhainn Mhoir—the Big Smith's Stone—to this day.

It happened about this time that one of Lochiel's followers slew a man in Lochaber, and fled to Urquhart, where he found shelter and employment with the Smith at Polmaily. Lochiel heard that the fugitive was in the Glen, and sent men to bring him back. But he cut his hair short, and shaved his face clean; and, although the Lochaber men saw him as he worked at the anvil, they failed to recognise him, and returned home without him. But it soon reached the ear of Lochiel that the Gille Maol—the Bald Young Man;—whom they had seen in the smithy, was the object of their search; and he was very wroth at the Smith and the people of Urquhart, and resolved to make a raid upon them. Accordingly, he and a great many of the Clan Cameron came and seized the Castle. But not daring to meet the Big Smith and his sons in fair fight, he sent for Gille Phadruig Gobha, the Smith's son-in-law, and promised to give him the lands of Polmaily as his own, if he brought him the Smith and his sons, dead or alive. "Choose out for me two score of your bravest and boldest men," replied Gille Phadruig Gobha, yielding to the temptation, "and I shall be their guide to-night." The Smith's sons slept in a barn which stood on the hillock at Polmaily which is still known as Torran nan Gillean—the Young Men's Knoll—and at midnight the traitor and a party of Camerons quietly left the Castle, and proceeded to Polmaily, with the intention of killing the sons, and then overcoming the father. Some of the Camerons remained at the door of the barn, while the rest entered and attacked the sleepers, who, being without their swords, were all slain, except the youngest, whose back was broken, and who afterwards bore the name of An Gobha Crom, or the Hump backed Smith.

While the work of treachery and blood was going on at Torran nan Gillean, the Smith's wife dreamt that a big black sow, with a litter of young ones, was undermining the foundations of the barn. She dreamt the dream three times, and then roused her husband, and implored him to go and see whether all was well with their sons. Sword in hand, he proceeded to the barn, and rushed on the Lochaber men. They fled for the Castle, and he followed, cutting them down at every blow.

Observing his son-in-law in their midst, he made efforts to reach him, whereupon the traitor cried, "*'S mi fhein a th'ann! 'S mi fhein a th'ann!*" "It is I! It is I!" "I know it is you," replied the Smith, at the same time striking off the dastard's right ear, and placing it in his trembling hand as he crossed the stream ever since called Allt Gille Phadruig Gobha: "I know it is you; deliver that letter to Mac Dhomhnuill Duibh§ and tell him I shall breakfast with him at break of day." But before daybreak Mac Dhomhnuill Duibh had left the Castle, and was far on his way to Lochaber.

Returning to the barn, the Smith found all his sons dead, except the Gobha Crom. His heart broke with sorrow, and before long the Glen of Urquhart knew him no more.

Such is the story of the Big Smith of Polmaily as it has come down to us through the mists of the past. We do not find the hero's name in the legal proceedings which followed the Great Raid of 1545, and which are narrated in my book on Urquhart and Glenmoriston; but nevertheless they furnish a certain corroboration of the tale, in so far as they show that among the sufferers in Polmaily were William, son of the Smith; Fair John, son of Donald, son of the Smith; and Baak (Beathag), daughter of Gowry, or the Red Smith. It is thus beyond doubt that a race of armourers flourished at Polmaily in the olden time; and the Gobha Mor of tradition is more than the mere creation of Celtic imagination.¶

‡ According to tradition, the Macmillans of Urquhart—Clann 'le Mle Mhaoil—are descended from this worthy.

§ The patronymic of Lochiel.

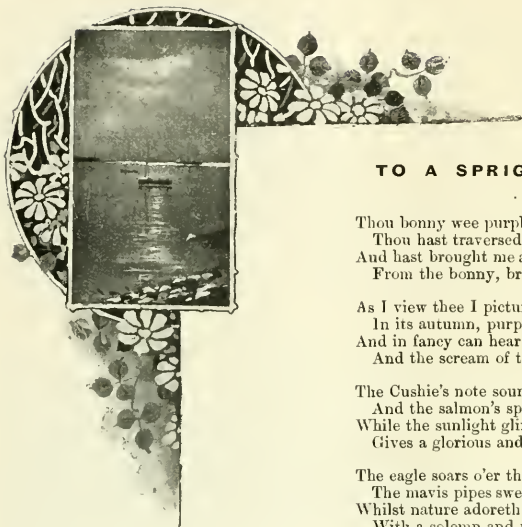
¶ A sept of Macdonalds, in Urquhart, are still known as Sliochd a' Chobhainn Mhoir, the Race of the Big Smith. A spot near Tornashee is known as Ceardaich a' Ghobhainn Mhoir, the Big Smith's Smithy.

Inverness.

WILLIAM MACKAY.

CLAN NEWS.

CLAN CHATTAN ASSOCIATION.—A large and influential meeting of members of the Clan Chattan met in the Royal Hotel, Princes Street, Edinburgh—Mr. John Mackintosh in the chair. A large and representative committee was appointed, with instructions to draw out new rules and form a branch in Edinburgh of the Clan Chattan Association—Chief, Mackintosh of Macintosh. Mr. Andrew Mackintosh, H.M. Customs, Leith, was appointed Interim Secretary.



TO A SPRIG OF HEATHER.

Thou bonny wee purple, feathery flower,
Thou hast traversed the ocean wide,
And hast brought me a message of peace and hope
From the bonny, braid hillside.

As I view thee I picture the grand old Ben,
In its autumn, purple hue,
And in fancy can hear the grouse's whirr,
And the scream of the wild curlew.

The Cushie's note sounds sweet from the wood,
And the salmon's splash from the stream,
While the sunlight glintin' o'er bracken and whin
Gives a glorious and golden gleam.

The eagle soars o'er the Ben's grand crest,
The mavis pipes sweet on the hill,
Whilst nature adareth her maker and God
With a solemn and rapturous thrill.

Oh Scotia! country of Highlands and Bens,
With fair glens sloping down to the sea,
Long, long years of exile but rivet more fast
The ties which attract me to thee.

What care I for Indian sunshine and show,
For orient summer and smiles?
On the world's wide face are no fairer scenes
Than the seas of the Western Isles.

I thank thee then, friend, for this wee purple sprig,
For it bringeth fair mem'ries to me,
And while toiling on here, mid a nation of slaves,
It recallesh bright thoughts of the free.

As I lay thee aside, thou wee purple tipped spray,
With a sigh for auld Scotland's grey shore,
A tear falls unbid on thy feathery face,
And I murmur "Lochaber no more."

F. A.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE CLAN CHISHOLM STANDARD-BEARER AT CULLODEN.

"MO RUN GEAL OG."

To the Editor of the *Celtic Monthly*.

SIR—In connection with Mr. Angus Mackintosh's poetical contribution on the above subject in your September issue, I now send you a few additional notes. It is strange that people who claim to be natives of this district should think "C. F." signifies *Catherine Fraser*. The name of the lady referred to was Christina Ferguson, a domestic servant with The Chisholm of the day, whom William Chisholm, being a paragon of manly beauty, had no difficulty in wooing and winning.

When the crisis of the '45 arose William seems to have been more far-seeing than his chief, and considered the probable result. Hence his hesitation in joining the clan at its muster, but the taunt from

Chirsty goaded him so that he set out to overtake his clansmen, whom he overtook above Bunchrew, and immediately marched to the front and reported himself to his chief. "Thàinig thu 'Uilleam. Thàinig a ghaolach. Dh' aithnich mi gu'n deanadh Cirstie gnothach — Gabh a' bratach."

I have heard several contradictory accounts of William's disappearance—one is to the effect that he was seen to leave the field of battle at the head of a detachment of the clan. Certain it is, however, that he never came home to gladden Chirsty's eyes. I am of the belief that he fell fighting beside his chief.

Regarding Chirsty it may be mentioned that she was a native of Ross shire, and when quite a young girl entered The Chisholm's service, and was a great favourite with the family. She was an enthusiastic Jacobite, as was also her master, hence her sarcasm at poor William. But she had good reason to repent her words. What is perhaps not so well known of her is this, that she was never known to compose a line before or after this beautiful effusion "Mo run geal og"—see supplement to Mackenzie's *Beauties*.

The fact is, her mind gave way under her deep grief, and she became an object of pity, but was highly respected by the neighbours.

Manit.

JAMES FRASER.

[Mr. Fraser kindly sent us a photo of the slab which his father erected in memory of "Mo run geal og," but as it was much too faint for reproduction Mr. D. P. Menzies, F.S.A., Scot., has favoured us with the following pen and ink copy of the memorial.—Ed.]



Sir—I was much interested in the letter by my well-known clansman, Mr. Colin Chisholm, on the poem "Mo run geal og." Mr. Angus Mackintosh, as was natural, evidently accepted a prevalent tradition in Strathglass in his day and mine. I was glad to see that Mr. Colin Chisholm wrote with fairness and perhaps justice to the poet. I must say, however, that I am rather disappointed with Mr. Davidson's biographical sketch of Mr. Mackintosh. The sketch is so bare and inadequate as if the poet were writing his autobiography. I have known Mr. Angus Mackintosh and indeed the whole family for about thirty years, and I think his claim to appear in your portrait gallery is better than you suppose. Mr. Mackintosh for about a score of years has been contributing poems of recognized merit to both Scottish and English papers. Many years ago he contributed what I shall designate a prose poem on a Welsh valley to a monthly published there, which was admittedly the article of that issue. His poetry has appeared in the *Forestry Journal*, and quite recently in the "Northern Chronicle" he had a poem on Loeh Moy which was immeasurably superior, I consider, to anything which appeared in that popular journal for many a year.

I may likewise say that the poet's genealogy given in the sketch is equally scant and meagre. But his is what I might perhaps term a somewhat romantic

lineage. He is the direct descendant of *Isobel Ban*, Caiduthel, one of the most noted beauties in the Highlands in her day, and her descendants—his ancestors—distinguished themselves locally in the Rebellion of the '15, and, if my memory serves me right, Hugh Fraser, of Glendoo, referred to in the sketch, who had for years been a fugitive, was the author of a well-known Gaelic song sung till this day in the Highlands.

Trusting you will excuse me for thus encroaching upon your valuable space, but I felt that scant justice had been done to my old and honoured friend.

I am, etc.,

Granton.

D. CHISHOLM.

PRIZE TRANSLATION.

THE PARTING OF PRINCE CHARLIE AND THE HIGHLANDERS.

From the Gaelic of ALEXANDER MACDONALD
(*Mac Mhaighstir Alastair*).

Translated by "AERACH."*

THE PRINCE.

World of traitors! death far ranging
Blast your homes with fire and sword!
Fortune's wheel, for ever changing,
Makes us fly yon rebel horde.
Driven far by fear unwonted
Over glens and heath-clad hills,
We shall gather yet undaunted
When again the pibroch thrills.

Courage, then, my people dearest!
God will take our grief away;
Let your hope be strongest, clearest,
In the One who is our stay!
Still remain devoted, royal,
Fasting, prayerful, mournful, warm;
Each to all be true and loyal,
So shall heal our deadly harm.

I must now re-cross the ocean,
Highlanders, my loved and brave;
Yet my faith in your devotion
Holds unshaken to the grave.
We've encountered many dangers—
Grim encounters, too, they were;
For a time we must be strangers,
But a swift return I'll dare.

* This Translation received the First Prize at the recent *Mod of the Comunn Gàidhreach*. The translator is Rev. W. M. Whyte, Echt, Aberdeen, son of Mr. Robert Whyte, Fort-William.

Your reward shall then be royal—
 You, my heroes tried and true,
 Faithful, worthy, brave and loyal,
 Daring all that men could do.
 Head and body torn from other,
 Such are you, now scattered wide ;
 Yet be strong ; take heart together ;
 Wait for the returning tide.

THE HIGHLANDERS.

Prince and Chief, our spirits languish,
 All undone with bitterness—
 Royal James's son in anguish !
 Charlie Stewart in distress !
 Driven from us by misfortune,
 We are left behind to mourn,
 Death to wear the sword and tartan,—
 Go, in God's name, but return !

Blessings manifold attend thee,
 God thee keep where'er thou be,
 Land and sea and sky befriend thee—
 Is our earnest prayer for thee.
 Though adversity us sever
 On the bither side of death,
 Peace be with thee, Prince, for ever—
 Come again, life's very breath !

Gone our helm, our canvas tattered,
 Chartless, anchorless are we,
 Compass gone, and hull storm-battered,
 Drifting aimless on the sea.
 Helpless in our desolation,
 Head and foot our bodies lack,—
 Let no weary preparation
 Long delay thy coming back.

THE PRINCE.

Let the hearts of all the Highlands
 Bless Clan Donuil, friends in need !
 Through the mainland and the islands,
 Foremost they, in word and deed.
 Many a mile we moved together,
 Blood-hounds baying to our death,
 Over mountain, sea and heather ;
 Yet God saved us from all scath.

Yours the hand, by God's good blessing,
 Saved me from blood-thirsty men,
 When, upon our trail hard-pressing,
 Foemen swarmed in hill and glen.
 Proof of loyalty you've given,
 Unforgotten be your fame—
 First beneath the arch of heaven
 To sustain me when I came.

THE HIGHLANDERS.

Dark the day and sore the sorrow
 Rends from us our Royal Chief ;
 Ours shall be a glorious morrow,
 When thy coming ends our grief.
 Eyelids red with tear-drops burning,
 Hearts all weak and faint shall be,
 Till the day of thy returning—
 Love and blessing go with thee !

THE PRINCE.

Comrades true, heart-wrung with sadness,
 Let your tears no longer fall ;
 You shall yet be filled with gladness
 As my life-guards round Whitehall.
 When those crouching rebels tremble,
 Hidden in their sheltering den,
 You in honour shall assemble,
 Glad, triumphant, free again.

HIGHLAND SOCIETY NEWS.

COUNTY OF SUTHERLAND ASSOCIATION (GLASGOW).—This Society, which has just been formed under such favourable auspices, has now fairly settled down to the work of the session. The office-bearers are as follows :—Hon. Presidents, The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland ; Hon. Vice-Presidents, John Mackay, C.E., J.P., Hereford, and Colonel Duncan Menzies, 1st Sutherland Rifle Volunteers ; President, Bailie Alexander Murray ; Vice-Presidents, Rev. Robert Munro, M.A., B.D., W. Sutherland Hunter, Dr. John Gunn, Angus Morrison, John Munro, Hanley, and Donald Munro, Manchester ; Secretary, A. C. M. Macrae, 14 Great George Street, Hillhead ; Treasurer, A. G. Sutherland, 223 Dumbarton Road, and a committee of sixteen members. The membership is already over seventy.—A largely attended meeting was held in the Trades' Hall, on 20th ult., when Mr. John Mackay, Editor, *Celtic Monthly*, delivered a lecture on "Gaelic Song and Music," which was illustrated in an interesting manner by examples of the various kinds of Gaelic songs, tastefully rendered by Miss Lizzie B. Mackay, and others. The Duchess of Sutherland is to lecture to the Society on 15th January, her subject being "The Home Industries of Sutherland."

CLYDEBANK HIGHLAND ASSOCIATION.—The Second Annual Gaelic and English Concert takes place in the Public Hall, Clydebank, on Thursday Evening, 28th November—Ex-Bailie Donald Munro, J.P., in the chair.

GLASGOW JURA ASSOCIATION hold their Annual Social Gathering in the Waterloo Rooms, on 4th December.—Rev. David Johnstone, presiding.

THE SKYE ASSOCIATION have arranged to hold their Annual Social Gathering in the Queen's Rooms, on 6th December.

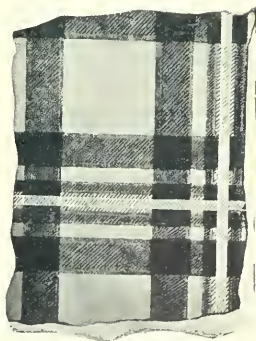
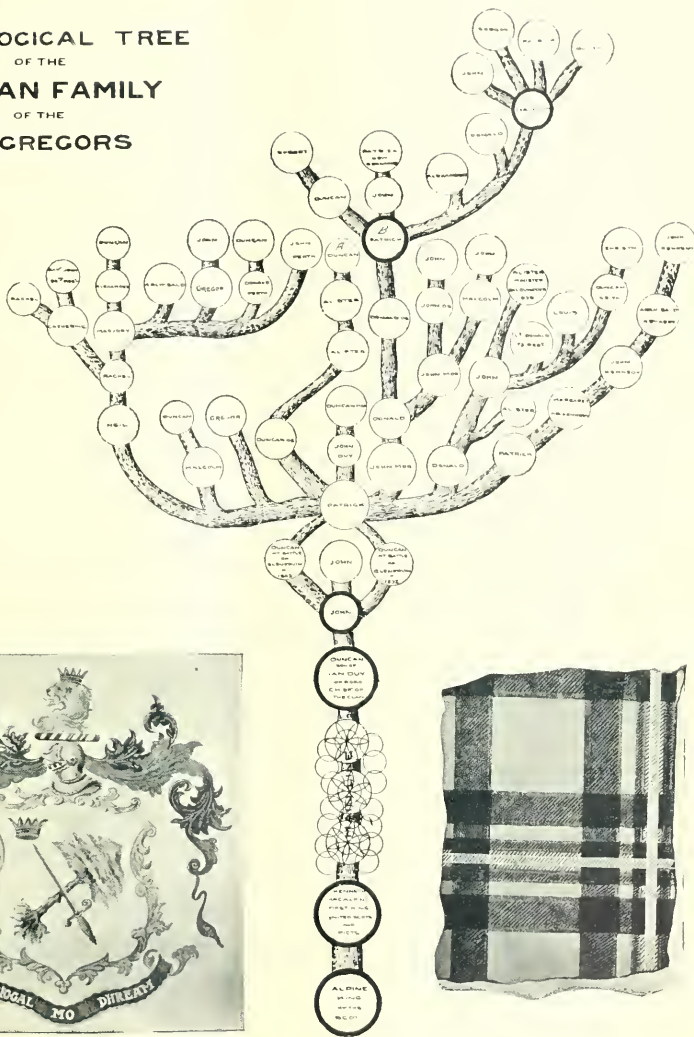
GAELIC SOCIETY OF GLASGOW.—There was a large attendance of prominent Glasgow Celts at the opening meeting of the session, when the President, Professor Campbell Black, delivered a learned discourse on "Some Traces of Eastern Mythology in certain Celtic Superstitions." The text meeting will be held in the Religious Institution Rooms, on 26th November, when Professor Mackinnon will lecture on "Hymns of the Gael." All are invited to attend.

THE ANNUAL GAELIC CONCERT OF THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF LONDON was a great success, hundreds being turned away unable to find seats. Mr. John Mackay, J.P., Hereford, presided, and gave a stirring address.



MALCOLM MACGREGOR

GENEALOGICAL TREE
OF THE
DUNAN FAMILY
OF THE
MACCREGORS



THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Glasgow.

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MALCOLM MACGREGOR, DUNAN.

THE subject of this sketch is not less interesting as an individual for his many social qualities than as a landmark in the history of his clan and country.

A native of the *Slios Min* of Rannoch, where he spent nigh eighty years of his life, he was the last direct descendant of the old MacGregor Chiefs to tarry on the "native heath" so long held by them at the point of the sword; and from which went forth the victors of Glenfruin in the spring of 1602 to cover themselves with glory, and at the same time bring all of their name under Royal proscription and most inhuman persecution.

Born at *Baile-Notha* in Rannoch in 1809 Mr. MacGregor is in his eighty-seventh year,



BRAES OF RANNOCH.

Shewing burying ground of the Rannoch MacGregors, and the fort in the lake where MacGregor of Dunan resided in times of stress, and where Alistair of Glenstrae took refuge during the persecution following the Battle of Glenfruin, before he was decoyed across the Borders, and to his doom, by Argyll.

still hale and hearty, full of song and good fellowship.

He is the son of Patrick (marked B on the tree), who became at the untimely death of Duncan (marked A) the Head of the House of

Dunan, and the lineal representative of the ancient Glenlyon Chiefs (see "Memoirs of Clan Gregor," by K. MacLeay, M.D., 3rd ed. p. 72).

Maternally he came of the essentially military family of Learagan MacGregors. His mother

was Margaret, daughter of Malcolm MacGregor of Learagan, and sister of Major Robert MacGregor, and Captain Duncan—60th Regiment—killed on the battlefield. General Sir Duncan MacGregor, of shipwreck fame, was his mother's cousin.

Personally Mr. MacGregor was noted in his younger days for his strength and remarkable physical endurance. But it is for his social qualities that he will be best remembered—remembered as a man equally at home whether as leader of youthful revelries or the director of the deliberations of maturer years. And many who may chance to see this notice, alas! now scattered far and wide, will be reminded with mingled feelings of pleasure and sadness—of the happy hours spent in his company, when his house was the rendezvous of young and old alike, and where ancient lore alternated with music, dance, and song. He was himself a willing and sweet singer, as well as a voluminous composer of songs, and had a most remarkable memory for all kinds of poetry—

particularly Celtic verse, to which he has largely contributed.

Mr. MacGregor married in his forty-fifth year Margaret, daughter of Gregor MacGregor of Learagan, and has five children—four sons and one daughter—who may be accounted as among the purest of the old MacGregors, who adhered to their name and country in times of proscription and most cruel persecution. Three of the sons are in the medical profession and one in business, and the daughter has devoted herself to her father in his old age.

It is with regret we take our leave of this genial worthy, not less on personal grounds than because we feel we are shaking hands with the spirit of a past age, when people lived merrily to the music of hearts full of chivalry and generous emotions, to which the hum of the loom and the jingle of jewels are but sorry sounds

"Sonnadh leat a tìrigh nam buadh."

EDITOR



A GHLINN MO DHUCHAIS.

Ged is bòidheach torach Sasunn,
Far a bheil mi 'n dràid a' tàmh,
Ann am brúadar's tric mi sìubhal
Ghlinn mo dhùichais, mar bu gnàth.

Ghlinn na sruthan 'us na fuaran,
Lùban uain' 'us 'beanntean àrd :
Far an cluinnear toirm nam fheadan
Agus òran binn nam bàrd.

Far am faicear an crodh molach
'Ghionalttradh' an lag 'san lùb,
'Us dàmh rioghail donn nan cabar
Ann an glaisean gorm nan stùichd.

Far an còmhdaich ceò mar cùrrachd
Mullach creagach, maol nam beann,
'S far an cluinnear guth nan sruthan—
Borbhan ceolmhor feadh nan gleann.

Tha gach glac 'us cnoc nam shealladh,
Ann an smuain, mar ann an dealbh,
'Us na fleasgaich òg a b'èol domh
Anns na làithean sona dh'fhialbh.

Dh'fhialbh na làithean ud, 's na gillean,
Ach 'am cuimhne nì iad tàmh
'S bi na làithean daomnan soilleir
'Us na gillean, òg, mar bha.

THE SWEETEST BITE.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF SIR EWEN
CAMERON OF LOCHIEL.

SIR EWEN CAMERON, the XVII. of Lochiel, is one of the outstanding figures in the annals of the Clan Cameron. At his

death he was ninety years of age, and as the times in which he lived were stirring, he was an active participator in making history. To do justice to his adventurous life would occupy far more space than a magazine article allows. There is, however, one incident in his career which will doubtless interest the readers of the *Celtic Monthly*.



Drawn by

LOCHIEL'S ENCOUNTER WITH THE ENGLISH OFFICER.

[G. Rankin.]

When Cromwell sent General Monk to assume the command in Scotland, Monk effected as much by judicious diplomacy as by force of arms. He used every endeavour in his power to secure the support of Lochiel, who was one

of the most distinguished Chiefs that adhered to the royal cause. Among other tempting baits, the offer was made to buy the estate of Glenlui and Loch Arkaig for him; to pay all his debts, and give him whatever post in the army he pleased.

But this was declined. All this diplomacy was ineffectual: Lochiel could not be bribed. Monk then tried a different expedient. He resolved to place a strong garrison at Inverlochy, in the very heart of the Cameron country, and thus have Lochiel's estate at his mercy. Colonel Bryan was made governor, and he had 2,000 effective troops in his garrison, who were commanded by the most skilful officers that Monk could select. The garrison had a large following of workmen and servants, with their wives and children. A few days after his arrival, the governor sent out a detachment of 300 men, in two boats, to cut down some oak trees and bring in fresh provisions. One of the boats, with 160 men, anchored at the opposite shore of the loch, while a boat, with 140, besides officers and workmen, anchored at Lochiel's side of it. Lochiel, with 35 or at most 38 men, watched them from under cover of a wood, so near that he could count the number of those on the boat and note that the workmen carried axes and other tools. After a long consultation with his Clansmen, Lochiel resolved to attack. Half of his band carried bows, and were excellent archers, whilst the others had muskets. They attacked at the village of Achadelew, and the garrison party firing too soon, the Clansmen were on them, before they could reload. The Camerons fought with their broadswords, while the soldiers clubbed with their muskets. The latter fought long and desperately, but at length they gave way and retreated.

It was on this occasion that the well-known incident occurred, which gave Lochiel "the sweetest bite he ever had in his life." Lochiel, alone and unattended, had been pursuing some of the enemy, whom he followed into a wood. The officer in command of the party was of the number, and had concealed himself in a bush, where he was not observed by Lochiel. The English officer suddenly sprang out and attacked him as he passed, threatening to avenge, by instant death, the slaughter of his men. Lochiel, sword in hand, received him, and the combat was long and doubtful. Each fought for his life, and as they were both animated by the same fury and courage, so they seemed to manage their swords with like dexterity. The English officer had the advantage in strength and size, but Lochiel, exceeding him in nimbleness and agility, in the end tripped the sword out of his opponent's hand. But he was not allowed to make use of this advantage, for, his antagonist rushing upon him with incredible quickness, they closed and wrestled till they both fell to the ground, locked in each other's arms. In this posture they struggled and tumbled up and down, till they got fixed in the channel of a brook, between two straight steep

banks, which then, by the drought of summer, happened to be dry. Here Lochiel was in a most desperate situation, for, being undermost, he was not only crushed under the weight of his antagonist, a very heavy man, but was also badly hurt and bruised by the sharp stones in the bed of the rivulet. Their strength was so far spent that neither of them could stir a limb. The Englishman, being uppermost, at last recovered the use of his right hand, seized a dagger that hung at his belt, and made several attempts to stab Lochiel, who all the time held him fast, while the narrowness of the place where they lay, and their peculiar position, rendered it very difficult, and indeed impossible, at once for the Englishman to effect his purpose. At length he made a violent effort to disengage himself, and, raising his head, he exposed his neck. Lochiel now got his arms released; with his left hand he suddenly seized and held his opponent's right, while with his own right he grasped his enemy's collar. He then sprang at the Englishman's extended throat, which, he used to say, "God had put in his mouth," biting right through the windpipe and keeping such a hold that he brought away the mouthful. "This," he said, "was the sweetest bite I ever had in my life." His face was covered all over with the warm blood that flowed from the wound. Repairing to the river-side to wash the blood from his face, Lochiel found his men chine deep in the water in pursuit of the English soldiers. He offered quarter to the pursued and they all submitted.

Many years afterwards, when attending at Court in London, Lochiel went into a barber's shop to get his hair and beard dressed, and, when the razor was passing over his throat, the chatty barber observed, "You are from the North, sir." "Yes," said Sir Ewen, "I am; do you know people from the North?" "No," replied the irate barber, "nor do I wish to; they are savages there. Would you believe it, sir, one of them tore the throat out of my father with his teeth? I only wish I had the fellow's throat as near me as I have your's just now." Sir Ewen afterwards said it was the only time he ever experienced the sensation of fear, as he felt the edge of the steel gliding over the part so particularly threatened.

Kirkintilloch.

JOHN CAMERON.

CLAN CAMERON SOCIETY.—The Annual Social Meeting of this Society was held in the Waterloo Rooms on 19th ult.—Lochiel, Chief of the Clan, in the chair. There was a large attendance. Among those supporting the chairman were Provost Cameron, Kirkintilloch, Messrs. Nicol Cameron, John Cameron, S.S.C., John Cameron (Clan Bard), Patrick Cameron (Corrychoillie), etc. The chairman delivered a most interesting address.



IF my readers will join me for a few moments in a short imaginary Christmas *civilth*,* I shall tell them of the Devil and his angels in my native parish of Urquhart and Glenmoriston, a subject which has before now been the theme of many a weird tale on winter nights.

It is true, comrades of the *civilth*, that the Devil does not now trouble us in this parish so often or as much as he was wont to do. Yet, we cannot say that he has quite left us. His appearances are still too frequent, and there is not a man among us who does not know him by his familiar names of An Diabhal, An Droch Spiorad, An Droch Rud, An Namhad, An Riabhach—that is, The Devil, The Evil Spirit, The Evil Thing, The Enemy, The Speckled One. In impious imitation of the Godhead, he consists of three persons, the Black Devil, the Speckled, and the White,—the latter being the most dangerous, not only on account of his excessive share of evil, but also because of his hypocrisy and the difficulty of distinguishing him from an angel of light.

As might be expected the Devil has in all ages been the great enemy of the preachers and teachers of Christianity. How he went about his work of obstruction may be gathered from the following true story. Early in the present century a pious elder was urgently called upon

on a dark night to visit a dying man in the parish who had not led the most exemplary of lives. The elder hastened towards the sufferer's house, but his progress was soon interrupted by the cries of a child. Making for the spot from which they came, he found an infant lying under a bush, apparently in great distress. To wrap it in his plaid and take it on his back was but the work of a moment, and he again pressed forward to administer the consolations of religion to the suffering sinner. But by-and-by, as he ascended a steep hill, his burden became so heavy that he was forced to sit down on a bank and rest. When he tried to resume his journey he found it impossible to rise, and he then looked behind and saw, to his amazement, not the child, but a great hideous monster which glared upon him with flaming eyes, and clutched him with horny fingers about the throat until he was well nigh strangled. The good man at once realized that this was the Evil One endeavouring to keep him away from the death-bed, and he invoked the aid and protection of the Trinity—whereupon the enemy disappeared in a flash of fire. Hurrying

* *Civilth*, pronounced *kaily*, a fireside social gathering for story, song, riddle, or other entertainment.

on, the elder soon reached the dying man, and was the means of bringing peace to his soul before he closed his eyes for ever.

The Devil's motive in harassing pious men, and obstructing them in their work of mercy and love, is not far to seek; but it is not so easy to understand why he delighted (as he did) in harassing and destroying those who had entered his own service. In our parish a hundred years have not yet passed since a factor who did the Devil's work by persecuting and evicting the righteous, was suddenly pounced upon by the Fiend in the dead of night, and beaten to death. About the same time Eobhain Ban a' Bhocain—Fair Ewen of the Goblin—was mercilessly done to death by him. Ewen, who was a Glenmoriston man, entered into an unfortunate paction with Satan, under which he bound himself to serve him, and to render an account of his stewardship every night before cock-crow. For a time Ewen faithfully carried his part of the contract, and met his master nightly. But the latter grew more and more exacting, and Ewen began to repent. He tried to break off his nocturnal interviews; but no matter where he was when the dreaded hour arrived something within him forced him to keep the tryst. To get rid of his tormentor he sailed for America. But at sea the Evil Thing met him as on shore, and he troubled him so cruelly in America that he was glad to come back to the old country. After his return the meetings were for a period kept as before, but at last Ewen, driven to despair, arranged with certain of his neighbours that they should pass a night with him in his house, and prevent his going out—by force, if necessary. The friends accordingly sat with him. As the fateful hour approached Ewen became restless, and felt impelled to leave. His companions refused to let him go, and in the end bound him hand and foot. And then arose a high shrieking wind that shook the very foundations of the house, and strange sounds and noises were heard which became so terrible that Ewen was released. The unfortunate man walked forth into the dark. He did not return, and next morning his dead body was found stark and stiff on a neighbouring heath.

In his work of evil in the parish the Devil was in the past ably assisted by his angels; and very ugly angels some of them were—hideous hags and goblins—and witches who, if possible, were more hideous still. The great place of meeting of the Urquhart witches was *An Charsach* (The Harp), a rock on the shore of Loch Ness, within the bounds of the farm of Tychat. There they could be seen congregated on certain nights under the presidency of their

Master, who sat on a ledge of the rock, and when not engrossed in more serious business, played to them on bagpipes and stringed instruments—which circumstance gave the rock its name. Marvellous was the effect of his music on the decrepit old women. They danced and flung as no maid of sixteen ever did, and indulged in pranks and cantrips which the lythest athlete could not touch. But the meetings were for business as well as for pleasure, and on receiving their instructions from the President the women dispersed and proceeded to carry out his behests. Their evil influence was exercised quietly and in secret, involving the objects of their attention in misfortune, sometimes in death. As is well known the *corp crìadh*—the clay corpse—was their favourite instrument of torture and destruction. Its merits have not yet been forgotten. Within the last quarter of a century two such images, stuck with pins, have been discovered in the parish.

But bad though the witches were, the hags and goblins were worse still. I shall only refer to-night to two of them—the hag known as *Cailleach a' Chrathaich*, and the goblin known as *Lar Bhan Chaire-Dho*. *Cailleach a' Chrathaich*—the Hag of the Cràch, a wild and mountainous district lying between Corrimony and Glenmoriston—was the most powerful and most dreaded of the Devil's angels in the parish. She revelled in the blood of men, the Macmillans being especially the objects of her fierce malice. Her manner was to accost some lonely wayfarer across the wilds, and secretly deprive him of his bonnet. As he travelled on in ignorance of his loss, she rubbed the bonnet with might and main. As the bonnet was worn thin by the friction, the man grew weary and faint, until at last, when a hole appeared in it, he dropped down and died. In this way fell at least five Macmillans within the last hundred years—and all were found in the heather without a mark of violence upon them. Few indeed escaped from her toils. One evening, Donald Macmillan from Balmacään met her at Cragan a' Chrathaich, and exchanged a passing salutation with her. He went on his way unaware of the fact that she had taken his bonnet. His eyes were, however, soon opened, and he hastened back to the Cragan, where he found her rubbing his head-gear with great vigour. A terrible struggle took place for its possession, in which he in the end prevailed; but as he hurried away she hissed into his ear that he would die at nine o'clock on a certain evening. When the evening arrived his family and neighbours gathered round him, and prayed and read the scriptures—the hag's words were, however, to be fulfilled, and as the



FRANK ADAM.

clock struck the fatal hour, he fell back into his chair and expired.

The goblin to which I have referred—*Lar Blan Choire-Dho*, or the White Mare of Corri-Dho—was not so terrible as the Hag of the Cràach, but, nevertheless, she was for generations the cause of much trouble to the farmers of Urquhart and Glenmoriston. If they let loose a horse anywhere within the wide bounds of the parish it was almost certain to make off and seek the White Mare's society. At last the people met and resolved to destroy her. A large number of the oldest and swiftest among them accordingly formed a ring around her usual haunts, and gradually closed in upon her until she had apparently no way of escape.



One of them, Alasdair Cutach (Alexander the Short), a member of the Clann Iain Chaoil of Glenmoriston, was bold enough to seize her by the tail. He had reason to repent. The Mare rushed furiously through the crowd, dragging behind her the wretched Alasdair, who, to his horror, found himself unable to let go the tail. On, on she flew, followed by the fleetest of her would-be capturers, until, after a run of many miles, she came to Ruigh an t-Slochdain Duibh, in the mountain region between Achnagoneran and Urquhart. There she and Alasdair disappeared. Next day his mangled corpse was found on the moor. She has never since been seen.

I could continue to speak of the Devil's work in the parish, and of the doings of his angels—the fairies even having been pressed into his service—but I daresay you have had enough of them for one evening. The night is dark and some of you have far to go, and your paths are not unknown to our great Enemy. Go straight home, looking neither to the right nor to the left and, above all, look not behind, no matter what sounds may reach your ears, or with what temptation you may be tempted. Should anything evil meet you, address it not, but draw a circle around you in the name of the Trinity, and across that line it cannot come until it has to disappear at cock-crow. Good night; and may He who was himself tempted, and prevailed, and who delivers from evil, shield us from all harm during this His own Christmastide.

Inverness.

WILLIAM MACKAY.

FRANK ADAM, SOURABAYA, JAVA.



IT has often been said of Highlanders that the further they are removed from their native land, their love of country and the associations of home, become all the more intensified. In the Dutch island of Java, with absolutely nothing in it to remind one of the Highlands of Scotia, Mr. Adam has spent many years of his life, wearing the Highland dress on festive occasions, and keeping in touch with the Celtic movements in the old country. Mr. Adam comes of the Gordon clan. He was born in Glasgow, and was educated at the Glasgow Academy and University. His father left Scotland early in the century to seek his fortune in Java, and it was during a visit which his parents paid to the old country that the subject of our sketch was born. His maternal grandfather was an officer in the British Navy during the expedition which, in the time of Bounaparte, wrested Netherlands India from the combined French and Dutch forces. Thereafter he became the owner of a group of sugar estates in Java, and married the daughter of a high Dutch official.

In 1875 Mr. Adam went out to Java in the service of a large Scotch firm of East India Merchants. Since that time he has spent most of his life in the east, and is now the head, in Java, of one of the Scotch firms there. In these years he has travelled a great deal, and has visited the Straits Settlements, China,

Japan, Ceylon, Burmah, America, and Canada, and everywhere he has had the good fortune to meet leal-hearted Highlanders whose "hearts warmed to the tartan." Naturally his experiences have been varied. During the last Transvaal War with the Boers at the Cape, the relations of the British, in Java, with their Dutch neighbours, were not of the most amicable nature. Mr. Adam has not pleasant recollections, therefore, of the time of the Battle of Majuba Hill! He has experienced earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, the most memorable of which was the awful eruption of Krakatoa mountain, near Batavia, when 40,000 persons perished.

There is one matter upon which Mr. Adam takes credit to himself, and which shows his Highland enthusiasm. In the Dutch island of Java he has been the means of founding a group of coffee estates, and to each of these he has

given the name of some Highland glen, "Glen Nevis" being the first of the group. In future ages the philologists will doubtless wonder how these Celtic place-names originated in such an unlikely spot.

Since his return to Scotland Mr. Adam has met with a severe accident. The enforced leisure thus given him he has devoted to the preparation of a most interesting and valuable work on the septs of the various clans, with full particulars regarding their chiefs, branches, crests, pipe tunes, badges, (Gaelic and English names). Altogether the work is a perfect storehouse of clan information, and as it will soon be published it is sure to receive a hearty welcome at this busy Celtic season. We hope we may be favoured with many other Highland works from his able pen.

EDITOR.

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

RANALD, son of Allan òg—better known by his patronymic of *Mac'ic-Dhughail*—MacDonell of Morar, was famed for his strength. He was also an excellent musician and could play the *clàrsach* and fiddle with equal facility and grace, while he excelled as an exponent of pipe music. On one occasion he had to meet *Mac Dhònuill Duibh* (Lochiel) on business at Achnacarry. On his way thither he and his servant called at the mill near Corpach, where the miller took the liberty of playing some trick upon him. Ranald had a speedy revenge however, for seizing the mill wheel he lifted it out of its bearings and put it completely out of gear.

When nearing Achnacarry a wild bull came foaming towards him and his servant—and Ranald concluding that the infuriated animal had been let loose in order to attack him, he decided to stand his ground. Seizing the bull by the horns he twisted them both off and did not content himself till he had killed the animal. To commemorate the incident he composed the tune which became the march or *Spaidsearachd* of *Clann Dhònuill a' Bhàghad*, viz: *An t-arbh breac dearg*—The red brindled bull:—

'Se 'n tarbh breac dearg,
'Se 'n tarbh breac dearg,
'Se 'n tarbh breac dearg a mharbh mi.
'Se 'u tarbh, 'se 'n tarbh,
'Se 'n tarbh, 'se 'n tarbh,
'Se 'n tarbh breac dearg a mharbh mi.

It was in Ranald's time that the Spectre of the Headless Body—*Colainn gun cheann*, was often seen hovering about Morar House, and the *Mile réidh*, or Smooth Mile, which is within a short distance of the family mansion, was its

favourite promenade in the dark hours of midnight, when spirits walked abroad. The people of the district considered it prudent to avoid that portion of the road after nightfall. The spectre was never known to assail more than one person at a time, and it had a special liking for attacking such as were renowned for their strength. On one occasion it had attacked Ranald of Morar's foster-brother, one of the most powerful men in the district, his body being found the next day, and the barrel of his gun twisted and knotted as if it had been a piece of pliable rope. Ranald was vexed and enraged at the manner in which his brother had been treated, and he vowed over the mutilated body that he would avenge his death. His opportunity was not long in coming; for returning home about midnight, he heard, while passing the most eerie part of the Smooth Mile, a harsh voice demanding "Is that you Ranald òg?" "It is. Bless and protect us!" "I am the Headless Body—*Colainn gun cheann*—I killed your foster-brother yesterday, and I will make short work of you to night." They got into grips, and after a tough fight, which lasted till near the break of day, Ranald òg seized it and folded it under his arm as a piper folds his bagpipes (*rinn e pasgadh na pioba air*) with the intention of dragging it to the light, so that he might, if possible, discover its nature. The spectre feared the coming dawn, and in its extremity exclaimed—"Let me go." "I will not let thee go" explained Ronald, as he tightened his hold. "Let me go, and I will give thee a fold of cattle, and land to graze them." "I have that without your aid, and I will not let thee go." "Let me go and I will

leave Morar for ever." "If thou wilt vow and swear that by altar, book and candle, I shall let thee go." The spectre on bended knees vowed to leave those regions for ever, and it has kept its vow. On being liberated it flew towards

the Misty Island singing the following Gaelic ditty. The words and air are now used as a fairy lullaby in the West Highlands.

FIONN.

BEALACH A' MHORRBHEINN - THE PASS OF THE MORVEN.

KEY G. *Moderato, beating twice in the measure.*

{ r : m : r s : - : - }	{ r : r : f m : r : d }	{ r : m : r s : - : - }	{ r : m : f m : - : d }
'S fada bhuam fhìn	bonn Beinn Eadarainn;	'S fada bhuam fhìn	Bealach a' Mhòrbheinn
Fare ye well noo,	lofty Ben Ederin,	Fare ye well noo,	Pass o' the Mor - ven,

{ r : m : r s : - : - }	{ r : r : f m : r : d }	{ r : f : m m : r : d }	{ s : l : d r : - : d }
'S fada bhuam fhìn	bonn Beinn Eadarainn;	'S fada gun teagamh bhuam	Bealach a' Mhòrbheinn.
Fare ye well noo,	bonnie Ben Ederin,	Farewell for ever dear	Pass of the Morven.

{ r : m : r s : - : - }	{ l : s : f s : f : m }	{ r : m : r s : - : - }	{ r : m : f m : - : d }
Bho bhonn gu bonn,	bonn Beinn Eadarainn,	Bho bonn gu bonn	Bealach a' Mhòrbheinn
Green are thy knowes,	bonnie Ben Ederin,	Cosey thy howes,	Pass o' the Morven,

{ r : m : r s : - : s }	{ l : s : f s : f : m }	{ r : f : m m : r : d }	{ s : l : d r : - : d }
'S fada bhuam fhìn	bonn Beinn Eadarainn,	'S fada gun teagamh bhuam	Bealach a' Mhòrbheinn.
Bare are the knowes	awa frae Ben Ederin,	Cauld are the howes awa frae thee,	Morven.

Bho chùl nam beann, bonn nam bealaichean,
Bho chùl nam beann, Bealach a' Mhòrbheinn;
Bho chùl nam beann bonn nam bealaichean—
'S fada gun teagamh bhuam Bealach a' Mhòrbheinn.

Cùl nam monaidhean bial nam bealaichean;
Cùl nam monaidhean Bealach a' Mhòrbheinn,
Cùl nam monaidhean bial nam bealaichean—
'S fada gun teagamh bhuam Bealach a' Mhòrbheinn.

Smooth are the hills roun' thee, Ben Ederin,
Pure are the rills rushing down Morven;
Rough are the hills far frae Ben Ederin,
Dark are the rivulets far frae thee, Morven.

Knowes and rough hills far frae Ben Ederin,
Howes and dark rills far frae thee, Morven,
Are na like thine, thou bonnie Ben Ederin,
Are na like thine, thou Pass o' the Morven.

HIGHLAND SOCIETY NEWS.

THE GLASGOW SKYE ASSOCIATION held their Annual Gathering in the Queen's Rooms on 6th ult., Mr. Cecil Kennard, of Ostaig, in the chair, who was supported by Colonel Williamson, Lieut.-Colonel J. Macfunes, Dr. Magnus Maclean, Mr. Hugh Macleod, etc. The hall was crowded. The chairman and Dr. Maclean delivered rousing addresses. The ball which followed was a brilliant spectacle, many of those present wearing the Highland dress.

GAELIC SOCIETY OF GLASGOW.—There was a large turn out of prominent Highlanders at the last meeting of this Society to hear an address from Professor Mackinnon on "Gaelic Hymns." The lecture proved a most interesting one, and led to an equally pleasant discussion.

THE CLYDEBANK HIGHLAND ASSOCIATION held their Annual Concert in the Public Hall, on 28th ult., Ex-Bailie Munro, J.P., in the chair. The hall was filled to overflowing, and the concert proved a great success.

THE CLAN MACINNES are taking steps to form a Society in Glasgow.

EDINBURGH SKYE ASSOCIATION.—This Association has just been formed, and a Social Meeting, under the presidency of Reginald Macleod of Macleod, C.B., was held in the Literary Institute, on 5th December, which was well attended.

GAELIC CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR CARDS.

WE are glad to learn that the success which attended the introduction of these novelties last year has caused Mr. Whyte to secure quite a variety for the present season. They all bear Celtic designs, with appropriate Gaelic mottoes, while the cards themselves are works of art equal to any that are manufactured in or out of Germany. As there is likely to be a large demand, early application should be made to

MR. HENRY WHYTE,
4 BRIDGE STREET, GLASGOW.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.



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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

JANUARY, 1896.

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WE WISH OUR FRIENDS AT HOME AND ABROAD
A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

OUR NEXT ISSUE.

NEXT month we will give plate-portraits of Major General C. S. Thomason, R.E., India, so well known as an authority on pipe music, and whose great work on *Pìobaireachd (Cèil Mòr)*, is soon to be published; also Colonel A. Forbes Mackay, of Carskey, Kintyre, and Mr. Donald Campbell Macpherson, of Madras, India. Several interesting articles will also appear, including "The Stewarts of Appin at Culloden," with which will be given a fine reproduction of the Stewart banner, which, after seventeen men had fallen under it at Culloden, was cut from the pole and carried safely to Morven by Donald Livingstone. "The Loch of Shame" (illustrated) is the title of a paper describing an old Sutherlandshire custom, and various other attractive contributions, in prose and verse, will find a place in our next issue.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—We beg to remind Subscribers that their contributions for Volume IV. are now long past due, and we hope that they will favour us by forwarding them at once.

CELTIC MONTHLY, VOLUME III.—As our third Volume is now completed, and as we are only able to supply a few complete bound copies, several of the monthly parts being already out of print, those who wish copies might kindly communicate with us without delay, to prevent disappointment. The price is 10/-, post free, and orders should be sent at once to the Editor.

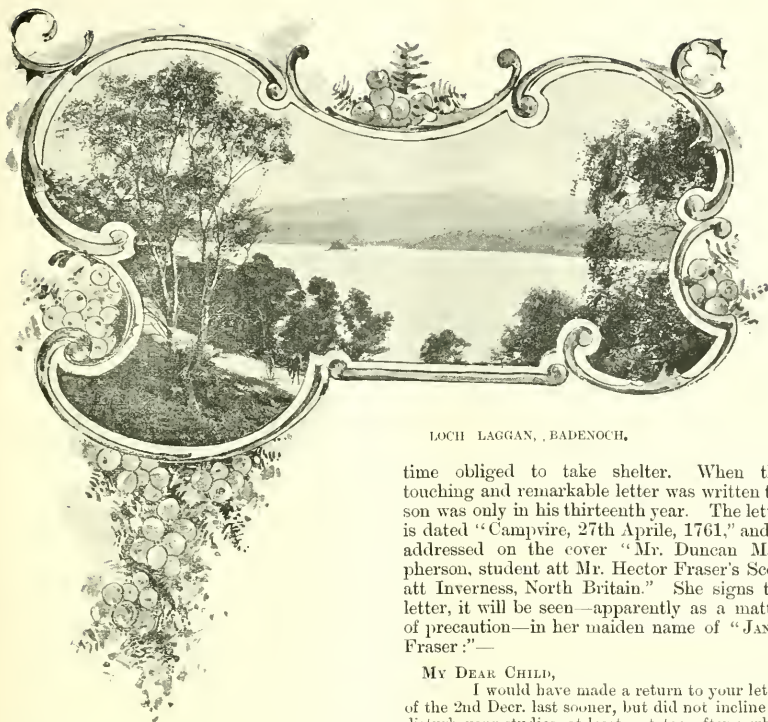
CLAN MACKAY SOCIETY.—The Annual Business Meeting was held at Edinburgh on 21st ult.—Mr. George J. Mackay, Ex Mayor of Kendal, President, in the chair. There was a large attendance. Mr. John Mackay, Hon. Secretary, read the Report on the past year's work, which showed that last session was the most successful since the Society was started. There had been a large increase in the membership. Mr. James R. Mackay, C.A., Treasurer, reported that the total funds now exceeded £900, and that he had already received a considerable sum from new members since his accounts were audited. Both Secretary and Treasurer were thanked for their valuable services to the Society. The following office-bearers for the new session were then elected—Chief, Lord Reay, G.C.I.E., D.C.L.; Chieftain of Clan Aberigh, Rev. James Aberigh-Mackay, D.D.; President, Councillor William Mackay, F.S.A., Scot., Inverness; Vice-Presidents, Alexander Mackay, Charing Cross, J. W. Mackay, Bank of Scotland, John Mackay (Ben Reay), W. D. Mackay, R.S.A., Donald Mackay, Edinburgh, and Robert Gumm Mackay, London; Hon. Secretary, John Mackay, Editor, *Celtic Monthly*, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow; Assistants, John Mackay and George Mackay; Assistant Secretary, A. R. Mackay, 10 Graham Street, Edinburgh; Treasurer, James R. Mackay, C.A., Glasgow, and an influential council. Bards and Pipers were also elected.

The Secretary moved that persons bearing any of the clan sept names, or descended from Mackays, be admitted as "Associates." A very interesting discussion took place, and the motion was carried unanimously. Persons bearing any of the following names, or those descended from Mackays on the female side, may join the Clan Mackay Society—Bain (in any of its various forms), Polson, Mackie, Macphail, Mackee, or Mackey, MacGhie, MacCrie, MacCay, Neilston, etc. We shall be glad to hear from any of our readers desirous of joining. Terms of Subscription are, Life Associates, £3 3s.; Extraordinary, 10/6 per annum; Ordinary, 2/6 per annum.

A large number of new members have been enrolled of late, including the following life-members—Sir James Lyle Mackay, K.C.I.E., Lady Reay, Professor J. M. Mackay, M.A., Lieutenant-Colonel James L. Aberigh-Mackay, India, Miss Joan Mackay, Paris, Captain Hugh Mackay, Provost Andrew Mackay, Major A. Y. Mackay, John Mackay, Editor, *Celtic Monthly*, George Mackay, Edinburgh, George Duncan Mackay, Inverahmond, Thomas Mackay, Largs, James H. Mackay, London, Thomas Mackay, Coleraine, Donald Hugh P. Mackay, and Eppe Roelef Mackay, Amsterdam, Holland. The life-membership of the Society is now close on 100.

Mr. John Mackay, Editor, *Celtic Monthly*, has received from Mr. John Mackay, C.E., J.P., Hereford, a cheque for £60 towards the Clan Bursary Fund. Mr. Mackay has now contributed over £200 to the Mackay Bursary.

CLAN MACLEAN SOCIETY.—A largely attended meeting of this Society was held in the Waterloo Rooms on 13th ult., when Mr. Neil Maclean delivered a lecture on "The Macleans of Coll," which was illustrated by an interesting series of views of the island on the magic lantern.



LOCH LAGGAN, BADENOCH.

CLUNY AND LADY CLUNY OF THE '45, AFTER CULLODEN.

By ALEXANDER MACPHERSON, KINGUSSIE.

III.

"How short, how gay, how bright the smile,
That cheered their morning ray!
How dark, how cold, how loud the storm
That raging closed their day.
On *Gladsmuir's* heath a comet's blaze
Deceived their dazzled sight;
On bleak *Culloden's* bloody moor
It sunk in endless night."

From Mrs. Grant of Laggan's Elegy.

HERE is a letter found quite recently in the Cluny charter chest, written by Lady Cluny to her only son, Duncan, who was born in 1748 in a kiln on the Cluny estates, where the homeless mother was at the

time obliged to take shelter. When this touching and remarkable letter was written the son was only in his thirteenth year. The letter is dated "Campvire, 27th Aprile, 1761," and is addressed on the cover "Mr. Duncan Macpherson, student att Mr. Hector Fraser's Scool att Inverness, North Britain." She signs the letter, it will be seen—apparently as a matter of precaution—in her maiden name of "JANET Fraser:—"

MY DEAR CHILD,

I would have made a return to your letter of the 2nd Decr. last sooner, but did not incline to disturb your studies, at least not too often; when you have some more experience of what you are about, I shall make you more regular answers.

Your hand of write pleases me very well, as does your stile and orthographie, and tho' you have had Uxilium to the last two articles, it does not at all surprise me; your age and the short time you have been with Mr. Hector make a sufficient apologie for your not being yet perfect in these necessary and useful qualifications.

Nothing in this world can be so agreeable to me as the accounts your master gives of you, particularly of your Application. Your making a figure in the world depends upon that single circumstance, and your early endeavours in your yet tender years affords me hopes of the consequences. I have great reason to be thankfull that you are under the tuition of so able a director who has your Instruction so much at heart, and as an addition to my happiness, I find Mrs. Fraser acts a most Motherly part towards you. God Almighty reward them both for cheerfully and prudently supplying the places of those who Naturally ought to be your guides. A few years will make you more sensible of the benefits of your present Settlement than you can yet be. However, I hope you have some little

reflections of this nature in your own mind. I found you a most tractable and obedient child the short time I had you at my disposal, which gave me even then good Impressions of you, but my then sentiments, being at this distance of time confirm'd by so worthy a Judge as Mr. Hector, affords me Infinite pleasure. I return again to Application. Never lose sight of the meaning of that word. It is every thing. You cannot yet foresee the advantages that are Acquir'd from it; that will steal upon you by degrees. You cannot expect to be a scholar all at once. It is the work and studie of a few years that will bring you to some degree of perfection. Notwithstanding of all I have said upon this head, I don't desire you to apply so close as to be a Slave to application. I always make allowances now and then for amusements and diversions, in order to relax and recruit your spirits.

It is natural to suppose that you incline and have a certain pleasure in going every vacancy to see your friends, and I have a reluctance to thwart or contradict your innocent inclinations; at the same time I would much incline to abridge that visit to once in the two years, and when you happen to go to the Country, be sure to return before the school convenes, so as to be upon equal terms with your Comrades, for I look upon it as a loss that you should be absent at the very first lesson. I suppose you are now beginning to understand a little, the meaning of the word emulation, without a certain degree of which it is not easy to be a Scholar; if it happens that you do not go home in the vacancy, you can be very usefully employed in running over what you have formerly gone thorow, in learning Geographie, or in whatever your master prescribes, still amusing yourself with plenty of play. I don't give you these counsels with a design, that they should be absolutely obeyed. I refer every Circumstance of them to Mr. Hector's wise conduct preferable to any other, he being best acquainted with your humour, Genious, and constitution, as I am certain he'll act suitably, and which will both please and satisfy me. For my satisfaction acquaint me what notions you have of the parts of Speech and of Syntax or construction, as also the way and manner you are generally employed every day. It is very agreeable for me to know that you have been taken notice of by these great people you mention; they have done you and me honour. I incline you continue to Acquaint me from time to time, who inquires about you and shows you Civilities, perhaps some time or other I may have it in my power to thank them. Let me know what you please about your Uncles, and our other friends, particularly about the Major whose safe arrival at home gives me great joy, as it must do to his concerns, particularly to his Nephew little Dunkie, whose intrest and prosperity, if he is a hopefull boy, which I have no reason to doubt, he will always have at heart, and don't forget Uncle Sandie, of whom I never hear anything. This letter has swell'd far beyond my design'd brevity; I allow 'tis too wearisome and too difficult for a young Gentleman of your experience to answer, but as I know you have a very good and kind assistant to consult with, who in his own way will direct and explain everything to you, that alone

encourages me to say so much, which is the only apologie I have to make, and which, I hope, he and you will take as a satisfying one. Make my Compliments in the sincerest Manner to Mr. and Mrs. Fraser, and tell the former that it is neither Neglect nor disrespect that hinders me from writing him, but that I suppose he'll think there is enough said at this time for both, and show him besides, that by the Information I have of his way and manner of teaching youth, &c., he may be justly compared to Quintilian. Time as I said before can only make you sensible of your present happiness. I pray God you continue to make the proper use of it. You are just now in the Critical season, wherein you ought to acquire, what if Neglected, will never hereafter be recovered. Therefore, make the best you can of precious time while you are yet young and have so valuable an opportunity.

My dear child I kiss and embrace you, as your sister, who is very well, also does. Remember me in the kindest manner to Collector Colvin and his sisters, and tell them that I am very much obliged to them for their Civilities to you. Tell them also that Mr. Blair and his Lady are very well. Ask their commands for their sister when you write me. May God's blessing and mine perpetually attend you.—I ever am, my dear child, your most loving and affectionate mother,

(Signed) JANET FRASER.

Campvire, 27th Aprile, 1761.

P.S.—I still Impeach myself for writing a child so long a letter, shall therefore only desire an answer to a part of it first, and that sometime in the month of June next, and to the remainder in August or September following. Let your return be sent by the regular post, and let the postage be pay'd to London, in which event I shall have it in less than fifteen days, whereas if it is sent by a ship I may want it fifteen weeks, and perhaps never come to hand. Address thus, To Mrs. Fraser, to the care of Mr. David Gregorie, Mert at Campvire. I am sure you will never forget the tender care your nurse Janet Nickolson had of you for four or five years when you were very young. Her sister here sends you a thousand blessings. Place all your postages to your Uncle's account. Compliments to all enquiring friends.

Completely worn out by the exposure and privations he had undergone for so many years, Cluny died at Dunkirk on 30th January, 1764, in the fifty-eighth year of his age, and on account of his close adherence to the Protestant faith was buried in the garden of the Carmelites there.

"Oh! never shall we know again

A heart so stout and true—

The olden times are passed away,

And weary are the new.

The fair white rose has faded

From the garden where it grew;

And no fond tears save those of heaven,

The glorious bed bedew,

Of the last old Scottish cavalier,

All of the olden time!"

(To be continued).

THE LATE COLIN CHISHOLM, INVERNESS.

GAELDOM has good reason to mourn the loss of this warm-hearted and patriotic Highlander, which took place at his residence, Nannor Cottage, Inverness, on 29th November, 1895. Colin Chisholm was born at Lietry,

a township in Glen-cannich, Strathglass, in 1806. He was the eldest of a family of eleven sons and four daughters. In 1835 he obtained an appointment in the Customs, and proceeded to Liverpool, where he remained till 1842, when he was transferred to London. While in Liverpool his bosom friend was the venerable Evan MacColl, the Lochfyne bard, now resident in Canada, hale and hearty in his 88th year. He was also well acquainted with John MacKenzie of *The Beauties of Gaelic Poetry*. On his removal to London Mr. Chisholm attached himself to the Gaelic Society of London, and was in close fellowship with such kindred spirits as James Logan, of the *Scottish Gael*, and John Cameron MacPhee. He was President of the London Gaelic Society from 1869 till he left London in 1876, and took up his residence in Inverness. He became an active member of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, and contributed many valuable and interesting papers to the *Transactions* of that Society.

As an ardent land-law reformer he appeared before Lord Napier's Commission in 1883, and gave most valuable evidence regarding the

clearing of the glens. He also gave evidence before the Deer Forest Commission at Beaulieu in 1893. Mr. Chisholm was a devout and exemplary member of the Roman Catholic Church. He was beloved by all, for he was courteous and cultivated, generous and manly—"A rare old Highland gentleman, all of the olden time."

Despite his long residence in England Mr.

Chisholm retained his native Gaelic, which he spoke with great force & purity. He liked to appear in the Highland dress, and we have seen him engage heartily in the Reel of Tulloch long after he had reached the Psalmists "three score years and ten." On that memorable occasion, which, doubtless, several of our readers will recall, some one made reference to the Psalmists pronouncement, when old Colin remarked "*Cha robh fhios aig Daibhidh air an t-seòrsa dhaoine 'bha 's na Gàidheil 'n uair a labhair e mar sin.*" (The Psalmist did not know the kind of men the Gaels were, when he spoke so). Surrounded by kindred spirits old Colin was on that occasion in high glee, and we recollect with how much reverence he remarked "*Fhaic sibh a chàirdcan*



tha mi cho riaraichte leis a' chuideachd so, agus cho toilichte a bhi leibh, ged a chithinn geata neinh fosgailte gu farsuinn fìd agus làn chuireadh agam dol a stigh bhiodh leis orm ur fàgail. It was characteristic of the man that he should desire to have pipe music at his funeral, and this wish was loyally carried out, when his remains were borne to the plaintive strains of *Cumha na Cloinne* to their last resting place. *A chuid de Phàrras dha.* FIONN,

LIEUT.-COLONEL JOHN MACINNES, GLENDARUEL.



THERE is not a more popular Highlander in Cowal than Mr. John MacInnes, Schoolmaster of Glendaruel. He is a native of the parish of Sleat, Isle of Skye, where he received his early education. Having

shown an intelligence and aptitude for study above his fellows, his parents sent him to the Church of Scotland Training College in Edinburgh, where he distinguished himself. After leaving College he was appointed to a school at Benderloch, but soon afterwards, after a stiff competition, he was successful in securing the parochial mastership to the parish of Kilmodan, and at Glendaruel he has remained ever since. Mr. MacInnes is an enthusiastic Highlander, and when dressed in the Highland garb one would go a long way before he saw a finer specimen of the Gael. He is a fluent Gaelic speaker, and reads and writes the language correctly and well. He is specially fond of Gaelic songs, and the spirit and taste with which he renders some of our popular melodies is infectious. In his early youth the writer of this brief notice had the honour of being Mr. MacInnes' boyhood friend, and well do I remember the enthusiasm and skill which young MacInnes showed in all manly exercises—shinty, fishing, sailing, shooting, etc. Shinty was real *iomain* then, and there were few who could equal my old friend in speed, dexterity and strength in those days.

In Volunteering Mr. MacInnes has for many years past taken a special interest. He joined the 5th Volunteer Battalion Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders as a private in November, 1866, and after passing through the various ranks was promoted Honorary Lieutenant-Colonel, 9th July, 1892, in the same month receiving the long service Volunteer Decoration. He has made military science a real study, and has passed through the course at the School of Instruction at Wellington Barracks, and holds first-class certificates for tactics, etc. In April, 1892, the members of his old company, "E," presented him with a handsome Silver Mounted Oak Liqueur Case, and a Silver Biscuit Box for Mrs. MacInnes, as a mark of esteem. There is not a more popular man in the regiment than the subject of this sketch.

In addition to the above duties, Mr. MacInnes holds quite a number of other important appointments—he is a Fellow of the Educa-

tional Institute of Scotland, and a member of the Sanitary Association of Scotland. The Parishioners of Kilmodan are peculiarly fortunate in possessing an official whose qualifications are of such a high order.

Mrs. MacInnes is also Highland—a Robert-son of Loch Tayside—and she is as enthusiastic in Gaelic matters as her esteemed husband. They have three daughters and a son.

Edinburgh.

A. R. FORBES ("Lonach").

REVIEW.

RECORDS OF THE CLAN AND NAME OF FERGUSSON, FERGUSON, AND FERGU, EDITED FOR THE CLAN FERGU(S)SON SOCIETY BY JAMES FERGUSON AND ROBERT MENZIES FERGUSSON. EDINBURGH: DAVID DOUGLAS.

If the Clan Fergusson Society had done nothing more than publish this handsome and exhaustive work on the Records of the Clan, it would, at least, have amply justified its existence. We are always glad to welcome new works which add to our knowledge of the past history of our mountain land, and it required little more than a hasty glance through this volume to be assured that the Clan Fergusson had published a book which would be valued by all students of Highland history. Briefly, it is a work extending to over 600 pages, the various chapters dealing with early notices of the name, and sketches of the most notable clan families in Scotland, England, Ireland, and abroad. Coloured plates of the clan tartan, and the crests and arms of the leading families are given, while throughout the chapters are profusely illustrated. But these remarks can only give the most inadequate idea of the vast mine of the most curious and valuable information that is contained within the covers of these "Records." The Editors have had their heart in the work, and they have done their part well. Every source of information seems to have been thoroughly examined, every Fergusson Charter Chest and Parish Register ransacked, and no labour seems to have been spared to make the volume worthy of the clan, and a credit to its compilers. Even the topography of the clan lands receives attention, and the Bibliography of the name occupies over fifty pages.

In our limited space it is not possible to enter into a criticism of this volume—even did space permit we are not sure that we would have anything to say except in praise. We read the "Records" with the greatest possible pleasure, and we hope that every member of the clan who reads these remarks will secure a copy of the volume at once, and we feel certain that he will be delighted with his purchase.

THE NATIVES OF JURA held their Annual Gathering in the Waterloo Rooms on 11th ult.—Rev. D. Johnstone, presiding. There was a good attendance. The chairman, Ex-Provost Fergusson, Govan, and Mr. Henry Whyte delivered addresses. The proceedings passed off very successfully.



LIEUT.-COLONEL JOHN MACINNES.



PART XVII.—(Continued from page 46).

THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE, QUATRE BRAS, WATERLOO.

ANECDOTES, TRAITS, &c.

THE BRAVE MAJOR MENZIES OF THE 42ND.

AT the battle on the 16th June this gallant officer, preferring to fight on foot in front of his men when in square resisting cavalry, had given his horse to a little drummer boy of the regiment to hold. The Major was a tall, powerful Highlander, and an excellent swordsman. Cuirassiers and lancers came on, and the fighting was severe. The Major received several wounds by sword and lance, and at last from loss of blood fell near a brave private, Donald Mackintosh, of his corps, who was mortally wounded at the same instant. The little drummer boy left the horse to assist poor Donald; a lancer seeing the horse unattended thought him a fair prize and made a dash for him. This did not escape the watchful and keen eye of the dying Highlander, who, with all the provident spirit of the morality of his country, "ruling strong even in death," groaned out, "Hoot man, ye manna tak' that beast, 't belongs to oor Major here." The lancer, understanding nothing of his "brogue," and respecting less his writhing gestures, seized the horse. Donald, with a last expiring effort, took up his musket and shot him dead—next moment the brave fellow fell back, and expired content. An officer of the cuirassiers, at this time observing our poor Major still bestirring himself, rode up, and stooping from

his horse, aimed to dispatch him with his sword. Our resolute Major seized his leg, and grappled with him so stoutly that he pulled him off his horse upon him. Another lancer observing this struggle galloped up, and, to relieve his officer, attempted to spear the Major, who, by a sudden jerk and desperate effort placed the Frenchman, in the very nick of the necessity, in his arms before him, who received the mortal thrust below his cuirass, and in this condition continued lying upon Menzies with his sword in his hand for near ten minutes. The Major, unconscious that he had received a death wound, expected all this time to receive his own at his hand. At last the French officer raised himself, ran and staggered a few yards, and then fell to struggle or to rise no more. Another private of his regiment now came up and asked his Major what could be done to assist him. "Nothing, my good friend, but load your piece and finish me." "But your eye (said the brave fellow) still looks lively; if I could move you to the 92nd fighting near by yonder, I think you would yet do well." With the aid of a fellow soldier he was moved as the man proposed, and soon seen by an intimate friend, Colonel John Cameron of the 92nd, who instantly ordered him every succour possible. A blanket and four men carried him a little to the rear. While the gallant fellows were raising him Colonel Cameron exclaimed, "God bless you, Menzies, I must be off—the devils are at us again—I must stand up to them." He did so, defeated them by a charge of bayonets, and pursuing them a little off the field was laid low by a shot from the window of a little farm-house he was

at the moment passing. Thus the brave Cameron finished his mortal career of glory, an honour to his country, an honour to the British army.

It is a pleasure to add that the brave Major survived some years, wearing the honourable

decoration and marks of sixteen severe wounds received in this arduous and unequal conflict, and lame too from a severe wound received at the storming of Badajos.

The Editor of the "Waterloo Roll Call" (1890), says this is a mistake, as he died from



MAJOR MENZIES PULLED THE FRENCHMAN FROM HIS HORSE.

his wounds, not long after, at Brussels. A pension of £100 a year was granted to his widow.

THE GORDONS WENT TO FIGHT.

A Highland soldier of the 92nd who had been wounded at Quatre Bras, was lying on the pavement, under the shade of a house in

the streets of Brussels, patiently waiting till he could be attended to. An English gentleman spoke to him, and praised his gallant conduct and that of his fellow soldiers. "Hoot man!" replied the gallant Scot, "what did we gang there to do, but to fight? what for wad ye mak sic a din about the like o' that."

"NAPOLEON."

At Quatre Bras six soldiers of the 42nd fell into the hands of the enemy, amongst whom was a little lad, Smith Fyfe, about five feet high. The French general on seeing this diminutive looking lad is said to have lifted him up by the collar, and exclaimed to the soldiers near him, "Behold the sample of the men of whom you seem afraid!" The lad returned a few days afterwards dressed in the uniform of a French grenadier, and was saluted by the name of Napoleon, which he retained until he left the regiment.

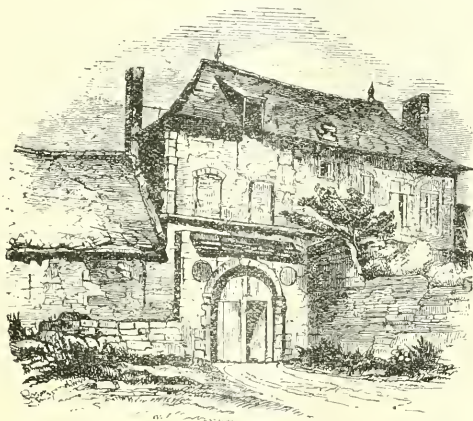
THE DEATH OF SIR R. MACARA, AT QUATRE BRAS.

It has been previously remarked that the French fought at Quatre Bras with terrible

ferocity. Here is corroboration of it from the "Roll Call of Waterloo," 1890. "The death of Sir R. Macara at Quatre Bras was inexpressibly sad. He was wounded about the middle of the engagement, and was in the act of being carried off the field by four of his men (42nd), when a party of French cavalry unexpectedly surrounded and made them prisoners. Perceiving by his decorations that he was an officer of rank they immediately cut him down, with his attendants."

BRAVERY OF THE CAMERON MEN.

The loss sustained by the 79th on the 16th and 18th June was 479 men and officers, out of 776 who marched to Quatre Bras, thus exceeding by one that of any other regiment in



FARMHOUSE OF HOUGOMONT.

the army, the 3rd Battalion of the 1st Foot Guards alone excepted. This grand battalion was almost annihilated.

How the "Cameron men" fought at Quatre Bras and Waterloo is testified by the number of their killed and wounded. It is also recorded that when all the field officers and captains had been disabled during those days, the remains of the regiment were finally led on to victory by Lieutenant Cameron, a nephew of Sir Allan, the Colonel-in-Chief ("Waterloo Roll Call"). This was probably Lieutenant Alexander Cameron, who was promoted to a company (Military Gazette) subsequent to Waterloo, and afterwards to the brevet rank of Major, for his very conspicuous gallantry and conduct on that memorable occasion.

PIPER KENNETH MACKAY PLAYS "COGADH NO SITH."

When the 79th and the other regiments forming Kempt's brigade had repulsed the first attack of the French, and advanced in pursuit of them down the slope, a body of cavalry which came up to the support of the retreating infantry were perceived in front. The several regiments of the brigade formed squares. During this formation Piper Kenneth Mackay, a brave Reay countryman, stepped outside of the bayonets, and continued to play round the front of the squares the well-known popular air "*Cogadh no sith*" (peace or war) with the most inspiring effect. The French did not come on. The brigade retired to their former position on the road.

(To be continued).

THE LORDS OF LOCHABER.

T.D. MACDONALD.



PART XI. CAMPAIGN IN THE NORTH THE BATTLE OF GLENLIVET—ALASDAIR GIVES HIS BOND OF SERVICE TO ARGYLE.

(Continued from page 53).

IN the year 1492, at the instigation of Huntly, Alasdair spoiled and laid waste the lands of Grant of Ballindalloch, in Strathspey.* In the following year he wasted and spoiled the lands of the Mackintoshes, after which he seized the Castle of Inverness. He was, however, obliged to evacuate it before the end of the year, owing to the want of provisions, with the loss of one of his sons, and another officer named Gorrie Dubh, both of whom were taken prisoners and hanged†. In 1594 he joined the rising of the Catholic Earls, led by Huntly and Errol, against Argyle, and fought at the Battle of Glenlivet, where Argyle's forces were routed with great slaughter‡. This battle is also called the Battle of Althchonlochan, from the name of a brook, on the banks of which it was fought. Argyle lost 500 men (killed), among whom were his two cousins, Lochnell and Auchanbreck, and also the Chief of the MacNeills. The battle is notable for the stubborn stand made by the Clan MacLean, who fought on the side of Argyle, whose army consisted of no less than 10,000 men, while Huntly and Errol had less than one fifth that number, consisting mainly of the immediate followers of Huntly and Errol, almost all horsemen, and the MacDonalds of Keppoch, and the MacPhersons, the latter, under the command of Cluny, formed

the right wing. Besides the MacLeans and the MacNeills, Argyle was also assisted by the Mackintoshes, Grants, and MacGregors. Bad generalship must certainly have had something to do with so signal a defeat when he had such odds in his favour. Treachery on the part of some of Argyle's allies is also alleged. "So sure had Argyle been of the success of his enterprise that he had made out a paper apportioning the lands of the Gordons, the Hays, and all who were supposed to favour them, among the chief officers of his army. This document was found among the baggage which he left behind him on the field of battle."§

In 1595, however, the fortunes of Huntly were again at a low ebb, and the Earls of Argyle and Lennox, acting with the authority of Parliament, were reducing his vassals to obedience. Commissioners representing the two Earls met at Achindown Castle, and there made agreements with several of Huntly's former allies, among whom was Alasdair-nan-Cleas.

Agreement between certain Commissioners of Archibald, seventh of Argyle, on the one part, and Alexander MacRanald of Keppoch on the other, 1595, from the original in the Charter Chest of Sir John Campbell, of Airds

* Sir Robert Gordon's History, p. 217.

† Gordon's History, p. 218; MS.S. of the Camerons; Later History of the Mackintoshes; MS.S. History of the Gordons, p. 183.

‡ History of King James the Sixth, p. 338; Gregory's History, p. 257.

§ Keltie's History, p. 109.

and Ardnamurchan, Bart., representative of Mr. afterwards Sir Donald Campbell, one of Argyle's Commissioners:—

"The Heidis of appointment betwix Alexander Campbell of Lochnanell, and Mr. Donald Campbell, Commissionaris for the right noble and potent Lord, Archibald, Earl of Argyle, on the one pairt, and Alexander MacRanald of Cappoche on the uther pairt: at Achinton, the third of November, 1595.

IMPRIMIS—Alexander MacRanald of Cappoche promissis faithfullie to become ane trew and a fauld servand to the noble and potent Lord Archibald, Erle of Argyle, in all tymis heireftir, againis all persone or personis, his Majestie onlie exceptit: and for fullfillment of the same, he presentlie gifis his sone Angus MacRanald in plaig

for service, and to remane ay and quhill the said Alexander gif ane sufficient proff of his service to the said noble Lord: and in eaise the said noble Lord be nocht content with this plaig, he finds Alexander Campbell of Lochnanell, John Oig M'Aen of Ardnamurchan, John Campbell, Tutor of Inverawe, cautioneris and full debtonris for the entering of his eldest sone and air callit Ranald betwix the date heirof and the twyntie twa day of this instant moneth of November, as ane mair sure plaig (for) the said Alexander MacRanald of Cappoche, his entrie and service.

SECONDLIE—Alexander MacRanald of Cappoche promesis faithfullie to cum himself to the Erle of Ergyle personallie betwix the date hereof and the twenty fyve of December next, to mak sufficient securitie to my Lord for his teill and trew service: provyding allwayes that the said noble Lord send



THE LIVET, GLENLIVET

ane assurance to M'Ranald incontinent to the effect that ather himself or his brother may have frie access and recess to do his turnes with my Lord betwix this daye and daite and the foirsaid twyntie fyve day of December:—Provyding allwayse that the said noble Lord deliver nocht M'Ranald's plaig to no man except to ane speeiall friend of his Lordshippis awin kin and surname." (Then follows, in Keppoch's own handwriting):—I, Aleistar MakRanald off Gargavache grantis me to byde at all heidis above writtine, provyding allways that I geit my Lord Argyllis bond that his Lordship will maintein and defend me to all kyndlie possessionnis that I may clam kyndness to.

Sic Subscribitur, ALASTER MAKRANALD,
off Gargavache."||

In this deed Alasdair gave his bond of service to Argyle, and also his son, Angus, as a pledge for the due fulfilment of the conditions of the bond, in return for which he claimed protection and maintenance from Argyle in all the lands and possessions to which he laid claim. This was after the flight of Huntly. How long Alasdair considered this bond binding the sequel will show.

"Collectanea de Rebus Albanicis," edited by Iona
Club, Vol. I., part III., p. 200.

(To be continued).

MY NATIVE SHORE.

(WITH A MERRY CHRISTMAS & A HAPPY NEW YEAR.)

My foot is on my native shore,
 Once more by God's benign decree,
 And pleasant sure it is once more
 My long-loved native shore to see :
 Though other shores that I have known,
 More fertile fields may justly claim,
 Where fairer flowers and fruits are grown,
 Yet still to me they're not the same,
 But only dull and tame.

A world of wealth could never change
 My fondness for my native land,
 Which neither glory could estrange,
 Nor yet misfortune's ruthless hand ;
 For meaner passions come and go,
 And one by one they cease to please,
 While deeper currents gently flow,
 Unchanged by either calm or breeze,
 And stronger far than these.

What though the clime be wild and cold,
 Though clouds surround the mountain side,
 What though the snows of Winter fold
 The rugged landscape far and wide ;
 Ask of the eagle of the hill,
 Would he prefer the lowland plain,
 And he would answer loud and shrill,
 Could he the gift of speech obtain,
 In undisguised disdain.

I've wandered far through South and North,
 And roamed at random East and West,
 But yet 'mong many lands of worth,
 My own by far I deem the best ;
 Though true, indeed, that others may
 Be rightly reckoned grand and fine,
 Yet still, however grand and gay,
 However bright their beauties shine,
 They're not to me—like mine.

Let swarthy sons of swarthy lands
 Lie languid under bany shades,
 I envy not their sultry strands,
 Nor love their dusky heathen maids ;
 For, truth to tell, their dingy hue
 Upon my senses soon would pall,
 Nor have I seen one fair to view,
 Nor beauty who among them all,
 Could lead my heart in thrall.

Give me the bracing mountain breeze,
 And not the fever-stricken plain,
 For I abjure the vile disease
 That saps the life with secret bane ;
 Then let them have their sunny clime,
 And pestilence in simple fee,
 While I in peace would spend my time,
 Along the heath with footsteps free,
 Beside the blue lone sea.

Full many a year has passed away,
 Since first I left my native shore,
 And dark has since been tinged with grey,
 While many a friend is now no more ;

On every shore beneath the sun,
 Where'er on earth the wild winds blow,
 There lies the dust of more than one,
 That I was wont full well to know,
 In days of long ago.

The ocean wide contains the bones
 Of many more than I can tell,
 Whose fate has filled with tears and groans
 The hearths and homes they loved so well ;
 For not in life's fast fading eve,
 Were they ordained in peace to die,
 But doomed in youth, without reprieve,
 Among the raging waves to lie,
 Through regions far and nigh.

They're gone, and few are left behind
 On shores where they were born and bred,
 And so I often call to mind
 Soft memories of the bygone dead ;
 And tears unbidden sometimes rise,
 As I look back through joy and pain,
 And seem to see before my eyes
 Their form and presence, clear and plain,
 Appear in life again.

Ah, yes, they're dead—the scenes alone
 Are all that now remains to me,
 And yet I love each rock and stone,
 'Bove all the lands beyond the sea ;
 And though I cannot climb the crest,*
 Nor scale the mountains as of yore,
 Yet still I wish them all be blest,
 And hail with tender love once more,
 My own dear native shore !

* In 1890 the author of this song, in two days, climbed the Volcano Popocatepetl, 18,000 feet, the highest mountain on the whole North-American Continent, and within three or four thousand feet of the highest climb ever made.

J. MACGREGOR, M.D.,
 Surgeon-Major.

London.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

A SUGGESTION.

TO THE EDITOR, *Celtic Monthly*.

SIR—Will you kindly grant me space to put before your readers an idea, which I am convinced would, if carried out, not only be of individual benefit, but give stimulus and consolidation to the whole Celtic movement. The scheme is this:—The formation of a band of Highland brotherhood, as far as possible in all parts of the world, whereby Highlanders desiring knowledge respecting any district, or going to reside therein, could apply to the nearest brother thereto for information and advice. As Highlanders are generally poor, this would be a very cheap and effective method of helping one another. Personally, I shall be very glad to undertake the office for this district, or even county. A list of those willing to so act could be printed quarterly, or other periods as you consider best, in the *Celtic Monthly*.

I am, etc.,
 A. MACKINTOSH.

Farr Lodge, Forfar.



MAJOR-GENERAL C. S. THOMASON.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Glasgow.

No. 5. VOL. IV.]

FEBRUARY, 1896.

[Price Threepence.



MAJOR-GENERAL C. S. THOMASON,
R.E., BENGAL.

THE name Thomason is not a common one anywhere, but we are familiar with its Gaelic form *Mac Thòmais*, as well as its Lowland equivalents, Thomson and MacTavish. The subject of our sketch claims the hardy Norsemen as his forefathers—the family being at one time connected with Shetland. His father, who was born in 1804, entered the Bengal Civil Service, and at the early age of thirty-nine was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of the N.W. Provinces, a position he held till his death in 1853. His interesting biography has been written by Sir Richard Temple in "Rulers of India Series." He was married to a daughter of J. W. Grant of the Bengal Civil Service, laird of Elchies, in Strathspey—an enthusiastic player on the *piob-mhór*. The subject of our sketch was born at Azimgarh, N.W. Provinces, in 1833, and was fortunate enough to be taken to Strathspey at an early age, and here he imbibed his love for everything Highland; learned to sing Gaelic songs, and play the bagpipes, and the flute. He received his Commission in the Engineers in 1852, and at Chatham he began to study *piobaireachd* under Murray of the 78th Highlanders, and Sandy MacLennan. Coming to Edinburgh he put himself under the tuition of Sandy Cameron of *piobaireachd* fame, and by the end of 1854, when he sailed to India, he had with him the largest collection of *Cèol-mór* then known—which alas, was destined to destruction shortly afterwards at the Mutiny at Delhi in 1857. He took an active part in the suppression of that mutiny, suffering considerable hardships and privations. He was stationed at Delhi at the time, and saved his life only by a marvel. After a fortnight's

wandering in the jungle and numberless hair-breadth escapes he managed at last to reach Kurnool, seventy miles from Delhi. Here he joined the British force mustering for the Siege of Delhi, and was present at every action until the town was captured.

In 1860 he came home with his family to Laggan, where he remained for three years. The family migrated to India in 1872.

Ever since the mutiny he has been endeavouring to recover his musical losses, with considerable success—thanks to Sir George Grant of Ballindalloch and others. Referring to this the Major-General remarks—"When at home on my second furlough in 1870-71 the Ballindalloch piper was Donald Mackay, pupil of first John MacKenzie, and then Donald Cameron. With mutual benefit to both of us during these two years, Donald Mackay and myself worked at the *piobaireachdan* which he had been taught, and also at a valuable M.S. collection, the property of Sir George. Donald Mackay won the gold medal at Inverness in 1872. To my great sorrow, as piper to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, he died at the end of 1893. He had by correspondence been helping me most generously in the preparation for the press of *Cèol-mór*, my collection of *piobaireachdan*, in the editing of which, with an abbreviated system of notation, I have been engaged since my retirement from official life in 1888." This great work is now, we understand, almost ready for the press. We have seen a list of the tunes, some 180 in all, and altogether *Cèol-mór* will be the finest collection of pibrochs ever published.

The Major-General in 1858 married Miss de Boisragon, a descendant of an ancient Huguenot family—her mother was a Scotch lady, Miss Maxwell of Dalswinton. He has a family of two sons and three daughters. Both sons are in the Indian service, and as might be expected they can both play the pipes. His eldest son, who was a most accomplished piper, died from cholera in 1890.

FIONN.

CLUNY AND LADY CLUNY OF THE '45, AFTER CULLODEN.

By ALEXANDER MACPHERSON, KINGUSSIE.

IV.

"An uair bha 'n saoghal bruaileanach,
'Us gluasad air luchd nàtsaichean
'N uair bhiodh an cinn gun chluasagan,
Gun tàmh le buailte 's bàthaichean,
Thug Eoghan sgrìob 'thoir fuasglaidh dhuinn,
'Us ghlaist e suas a Ghàidhealtachd,
'S cha 'n iarradh iad mar bhnachaillean
'S an Taobh-tuath ach na fàsaichean.

From "Strathmashie's" Elegy.

THE following letter communicating particulars of the closing scene in the life of the brave and devoted chief—worn out by his terrible sufferings in the cause of "the hapless Stewart line," and "sick unto death" of the long and weary exile from his native hills—is very touching, indicating, as it does, his dying solicitude for his wife and daughter, and his anxiety as to the payment of any debts he might be owing at Dunkirk. The letter is addressed to "Archibald Campbell Frazer, Esqre., Craven Street, London," of the family of Abertarff, and an intimate friend of the Cluny family. The letter was found among the Abertarff papers, and transmitted by the late Mr. Fraser of Abertarff to "Old Cluny" (the father of the present Chief) on 12th June, 1869, "to remain, where it should be, at Cluny Castle:"—

Dunkerque, 31st Janry., 1764.

Dear Sir,

Ever since I wrote you last, your frind Cluny has been gradually declining, till, quite attenuated, he at lenth breathed his last yesterday morning between 8 and 9 o'clock. Some days before his death he sent for Mr. Haliburton, Mr. Blair, and me, and recommended his Lady and Daughter to our care, begging as his last request that we would send them over to London, as soon as could decently be done after his decease, and that we should, after their departure, dispose of the Household furniture in order to pay any debts he may be owing on this side. The lady seems resolved to follow this injunction, and will probably set out in about 14/d hence, but shall let you know more exactly when once the time is settled. I need not describe to you how disconsolate both she and her daughter are upon this melancholy occasion. I regret 'tis not in my power to be of such use to them as I could wish, being still confined with my legg, but both Mr. Haliburton and Mr. Blair are acting the part of reall frinds towards them. The Corps is to be buried this evening in a private manner in the Garden of the Carmelites, which the Lady prefers to a Publick buriall attended with the honours of War. Be assured nothing in my power shall be wanting to

assist your distressed frinds, and that I am with great sincerity, dear sir, your most obedt. and humb. servt.,

(Signed) DAVID GREGORIE.

As the concluding verse of the beautiful Gaelic elegy—*Cumha do Fobhan Mac-a'-Phearsain, Tighearna Chluainidh, Ceann-Cinnidh Chlann-Chatain, an uair a chualas sgeul a bhaist anns an Fhraing*—by Lachlan Macpherson of Strathmashie, has it:—

"Ach dh' fhalbh e nis a's dh' fhàg e sinn,
'S cò chaisgeas lamh na h-eucorach?
Ged fhaicteadh 'chòir 'g a sàrachadh,
Gu'n chaill sinn lamh ar treubhantais,
Mo bheannachd suas do Pharras leis,
Bho 'n dh' fhill an bàs 'n a èideadh e,
'S a dh-aideoin rìgh a's Pàrlamaid,
Rinn Rìgh nan Grasan rèite ris."

Which may be feebly rendered:—

Now he hath gone, and we are left,
With none to shield from threatened harm,
Though right be seen, most sore beset,
That arm of might is lost for aye;
Our blessings go with him on high,
Since death hath wrapped him from our view,
And maugre King and Parliament,
The King of Kings found rest for him.

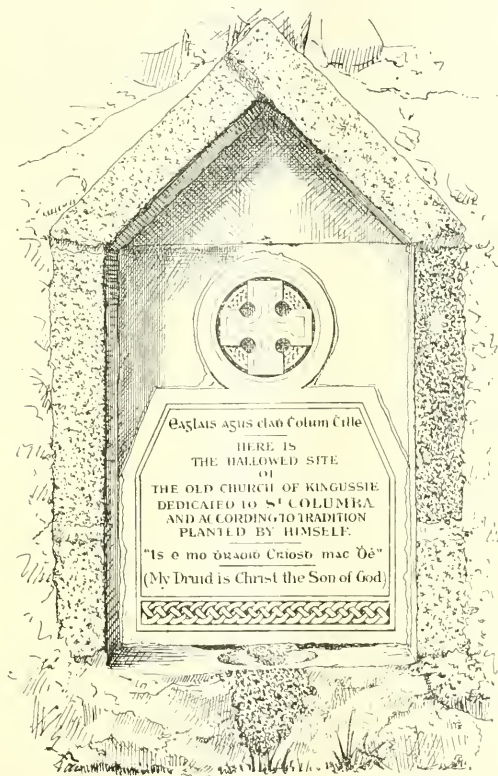
Notwithstanding repeated efforts, Cluny's grave at Dunkirk—so far away from the hills of his native Highlands, which he knew and loved so well—cannot, alas! now be traced. In a letter, dated 18th September, 1895, received from the British Vice-Consul at Dunkirk, he writes as follows:—

"In reply to your letter of the 11th inst., I am desired by the Consul to state that the Carmelite Monastery in the garden of which Cluny Macpherson was buried no longer exists. The building was pulled down many years ago, and there is no record of any monuments which may have been erected in the burial ground adjoining the monastery. On the other hand no trace can be found in the Church Registers of the death of Cluny Macpherson, as at the date mentioned by you Roman Catholics only were taken heed of, for purposes of registration by the clergy."

And yet after all the terrible reality, as it proved to Cluny, of "life's fitful fever," he sleeps well in that lonely grave "on Flander's shore," until "the day break and the shadows flee away." It is no exaggeration to say that the name of a more chivalrous and truly heroic Chief than Cluny of the '45 is not to be found in the annals of Highland history, nor one who—come weal or come woe—adhered with more unswerving fidelity and devotion to the cause of the unfortunate House of Stewart, even when that cause was irretrievably lost. The undaunted fortitude and courage with which he endured such terrible hardships when burnt

out of hearth and home, and hunted like a wild beast in the mountain fastnesses of Badenoch, for the long period of nine years after the Battle of Culloden, have been already referred to. His memory is, indeed, worthy of being fondly cherished, and held in honoured remembrance, by every true-hearted member of the Clan Chattan.

Holding, as Highlanders do, the right of sepulture in high veneration, it was a great additional grief to Cluny's clansmen and friends that his honoured remains could not be taken home to rest beside those of his fathers in the hallowed churehyard of St. Columba at Kingussie. Throughout the Highlands at the time there was a strong prejudice against



MEMORIAL STONE IN THE ANCIENT CHURCHYARD OF ST. COLUMBA
AT KINGUSSIE—WHERE LADY CLUNY OF THE 45 LIES BURIED.

disturbing, on any consideration, the mortal remains of any friend—however dear—which had been duly consigned to the dust. And yet so poignant was the grief of the clan that the last resting place of their beloved Chief should be the grave of an exile far from home and kindred in a foreign land, that a devoted clanswoman of the time thus forcibly expressed her

feelings in the old mother-tongue, so dear to all true Highlanders:—

“Na'm bu mhise do dhaoim'-uaisle, —
Ged bheirinn cluas e beartas —
Cha b'e giseagan an t-sluaigh,
Bhiodh eadar mi 's an cuan a shracadh,
Ghabhainn an t-side mu mo chluasan,
‘S goiltim an cuan air a tharstium,

'S'chithinn cnaimhean Eoghainn Ruaidh
An carraig Chluainidh an tasgaidh."

Which may be translated:—

Were I the chief men of your clan,—
Though I would curtail my riches—
Despite the people's notions,
I would cleave the waves asunder;
I'd expose my head to tempests,
I'd trace the broad expanse of ocean,
To see the bones of fair-haired Ewen
Laid in Cluny's tomb in safety.

Cluny's gentle-hearted and sorely afflicted widow, soon after his death, returned to Badenoch, and dying in April, 1765—little more than a year afterwards—her remains were laid to rest in the Cluny burial place. Mrs. Grant of Laggan thus gives expression to the feelings of the grief-stricken and widowed mother on leaving Dunkirk after the death of Cluny, along with her young daughter, and their faithful Highlaud retainer, from whose aged and quivering lips, many years afterwards, the touching words were inspired:—

"Not long upon that alien shore
My banished master pined;
With silent grief we saw his corpse
To common earth consigned.

No *pibroch* led the loud lament,
No funeral train appeared;
No bards with songs of mighty deeds
The hopeless mourners cheered.

When midnight wore her sable robe
We dug his humble grave;
Where fair Narcissus droops its head
And darkest poppies wave.

We strewed the tomb with rosemary,
We watered it with tears;
And bade the Scottish thistle round
Erect his warlike spears.

And soon we left the fatal spot,
And sought our native shore;
And soon my lady blest her son,
And clasped him o'er and o'er.

'On thee, my son' (she fondly cried),
'May happier planets shine;
And mayst thou never live to brook
A fate so hard as mine.

'And mayst thou heir thy father's worth,
But not his hapless doom;
To honour and thy country true,
Mayst thou his rights resume.

'And when my weary eyes shall close,
By death's long slumber blest,
Beside my dear-loved, long-lost home
For ever let me rest.'

She spoke and died—in yonder grave
Her dear remains are laid;
Let never impious murmur rise
To grieve her hovering shade.'

(To be continued).

HIGHLANDERS.

"*Clanna nam Gaidheal ri gualibh a cheile.*"



Hark! from the mountains the pibroch is pealing,
Down thro' the glens see the bright tartans wave;
Clansmen are gath'ring from clachan and shieling,
List to their shouting the song of the brave.

Chorus—

Shoulder to shoulder, brave lads of the heather,
Stand side by side, gallant sons of the free;
True Highland hearts can be cowardly never,
Shout for Prince Charlie, 'S dooch-siàinte an Rìgh!

Cameron, Fraser, MacDonald, and Drummond,
MacIntosh, Stewart, MacGregor, MacLean;
Bravely ye fought for the cause ye were summon'd,
Bravely ye fell on Culloden's dark plain.

Chorus—

Shoulder to shoulder, brave lads of the heather,
Sleep side by side 'neath the cold Northern sky;
True Highland hearts can be cowardly never,
Yours the proud motto "to conquer or die."

Sons of the mountains, your deeds live in story,
Highlanders ever were famous in fight;
Waterloo, Alva, add fame to your glory,
Lucknow remembers your conquering might.

Chorus—

Shoulder to shoulder, brave lads of the heather,
Stand side by side with your face to the foe;
Victory follows the wave of your feather,
Honour awaits you wherever you go.

Sheath'd is the claymore, the war pipes no longer
Skirl out their wild notes to the echoing blast;
Feuds are forgotten, new friendships grow stronger,
The heather and wild-rose are blended at last.

Chorus—

Shoulder to shoulder, brave lads of the heather,
Stand side by side with bold resolute mien;
True Highland hearts can be cowardly never,
Be true to your country, yourselves, and your Queen.

N.B.—As this song will shortly be set to music, the copyright is reserved by the author.

W. DRUMMOND-NORIE.

THE LORDS OF LOCHABER.

T. D. MACDONALD.



PART XII.—ALASDAIR-NAN-CLEAS CONTINUED.—HE JOINS THE REBELLION OF SIR JAMES MACDONALD.—REWARDS OFFERED FOR HIS APPREHENSION—ESCAPES TO SPAIN—HE IS RECALLED BY THE KING—PARDONED AND PENSIONED.

IN 1598 Alasdair joined the rebellion instigated by Sir James MacDonald of Islay, and was, in consequence, summoned, along with Angus of Islay (Sir James's father), and other Chiefs, to appear personally before Lord Scone at Lochkilkerran (Campbeltown), on the 20th July, 1605. He was requested to give his obedience and find sureties for payment of His Majesty's rent, and to bring with him and exhibit the title deeds for the lands claimed by him in the Highlands. If he should fail to obey the proclamation power was given to the comptroller to pursue him with fire and sword, and to declare his title deeds null and void.* It can easily be imagined how little Keppoch thought of the latter threat. Title-deeds he had none save his good right hand and sword. Later on, probably owing to his bond to Argyle being still in force, and possibly as an excuse for not attending to the summons issued by Lord Scone, "he assisted the former against the Clan MacGregor, as did also Lochiel,"† but "many of the MacDonells and the Camerons refused to take part.‡ This was before the restoration of Huntly. The last of the MacGregors who were killed in Lochaber are said to have been buried near a small mountain

stream, just below Tirandris House. Two pine trees were planted to mark the spot, which is within a small enclosure.

Alasdair and his son Ranald, and young Clanranald, contrived the escape of Sir James MacDonald of Islay from the castle of Edinburgh, Ranald of Keppoch having procured a duplicate key to his cell. They were met outside by a party of Keppoch's clansmen, who conducted them by the moor of Rannoch to Lochaber, free from all immediate apprehension. Keppoch and Sir James proceeded to Morar and Knoydart, and thence to Sleat, in Skye, where they had a lengthened conference with Sir Donald Gorm MacDonald, after which the both of them crossed over to the Island of Eigg, where the clan, led by Coll MacGillespie, gave them an enthusiastic reception §. In 1615 a reward of 5,000 merks each was offered for the bodies of Sir James MacDonald, Alasdair-nan-Cleas, and Ranald, his son, dead or alive. But there were none to betray them. Another sum of 5,000 merks was offered for Coll MacGillespie, Sir James's cousin.

Alasdair again accompanied Sir James when he opposed Argyle's forces at Tarbert; when he landed in Kintyre and sent the Fieri Cross

* Records of Privy Council; Skene; Gregory's History; Haddington Collections.

† Record of Privy Council, 1612.

‡ Gregory's History, page 347.

§ See Letters of Lord Tullibardine and of Sir Ruari MacLeod, etc., Advocate's Library, Edinburgh.

to summon the vassals of Argyle to take charters of their lands from him. Sir James's effort was not successful, and he and his allies had to beat a retreat. He and Keppoch, and Sonnhairle MacSheumais, another MacDonald leader, escaped to the island of Inchchol, on the coast of Ireland. Sir James having afterwards gone hiding in Antrim, Keppoch and his son Ranald returned to Lochaber about the end of December.

A commission was given to Lord Gordon, Huntly's son, to seize Keppoch and his son, who were known to be concealed in Lochaber, and the offer of a reward of 5,000 merks for their bodies, dead or alive, was repeated.* Lord Gordon was suspected of not being too

active in executing his commission, and a second commission was consequently given to Huntly himself, accompanied by a special charge in the King's name that he and his son, Lord Gordon, should immediately undertake the execution of it. But whatever efforts were made to this end, there were none of them successful.

In July, 1618, Keppoch and Lochiel were outlawed, and a third commission was granted, on this occasion to Mackintosh of Mackintosh, charging him to proceed with fire and sword against Keppoch and his son Ranald. In his eagerness to execute this commission, Mackintosh gave offence to Lord Gordon, who consequently procured a recall of the com-



ESCAPE OF SIR JAMES MACDONALD OF ISLA FROM EDINBURGH CASTLE

mission to Mackintosh, and received authority to act himself against Keppoch's eldest son, Ranald. Keppoch had by this time escaped to Spain, along with his second son, Donald Glas, where they joined Sir James MacDonald, who preceded them there.† "Here, strange to say, the three MacDonalds were soon after joined by their arch enemy, the Earl of Argyle, whose personal history, after the year 1615, is a striking instance of the mutability of human affairs."‡

In 1820 Keppoch and Sir James were recalled from Spain by the King, and on their arrival in London the former received a pension of 1,000 merks, and the latter one of 2,000 merks. In 1621 the King wrote to the Privy

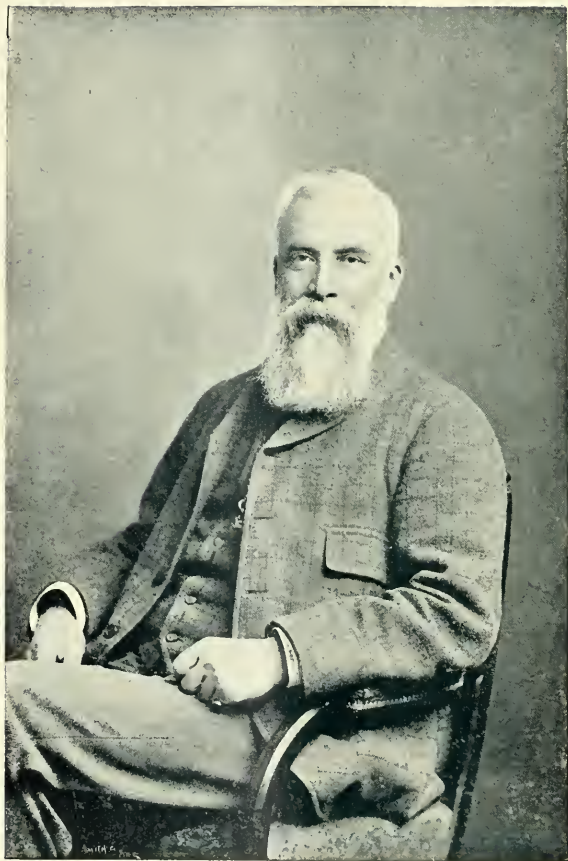
Council in favour of these two Chiefs, sending at the same time ample remission for all their past offences, to be passed under the Seal of Scotland. To this the Council made many objections, urging the danger of permitting Chiefs of such note to be at liberty in the Highlands before proper security had been found for their obedience. Sir James's remission passed the Seal in the month of October, but some arrangement seems to have been made to prevent his visiting Scotland.

* Records of Privy Council, Jan., 1616.

† Records of Privy Council, 1618; MS.S. History of the Camerons.

‡ Gregory, page 790.

(To be continued).



LIEUT.-COLONEL A. FORBES MACKAY.

LIEUT.-COLONEL A. FORBES MACKAY.



LIEUT.-COLONEL A. FORBES MACKAY, whose portrait is given this month, is the only son of the late Mr. J. A. Mackay, of Blackcastle, Midlothian; his mother was a daughter of John McMillan

McNeill of Carskey, in Kintyre. He married Mabel, daughter of Cosmo Innes, Esq., Principal Clerk of Session, and has, with other issue, Cosmo. The Colonel was educated at Rugby and Edinburgh University; he served in the 92nd Gordon Highlanders, of which he was Adjutant, was present in the Crimea at the Evacuation of Sebastapol, and subsequently—before retiring altogether from the army—held high post in the staff in India. He is of the Sconrie branch of the Clan Mackay, and the representative of the old McNeills of Carskey, who were on the side of the Isla Macdonalds in the long ago troubles, and who saved only a moiety of the old Carskey lands. Highland bred, he looks it, a typical specimen of the race, and is an enthusiastic admirer of all that savours of the land of the mountain and the flood. He loves dearly all that pertains to the Highland people and their home, and it may be justly said that all those who have come in contact with the gallant Colonel dearly love him; he is amazingly popular, and deservedly so. A keen politician, and the most doughty organiser of the Conservative forces in Scotland, yet he has no enemy; his eloquence is remarkable, and there is no such good speaker on that side as the subject of this sketch; the voice is clear and resonant, the matter well selected, the fashion of delivery deliberate and highly persuasive. Naturally these gifts serve him on the Town Council of Edinburgh, where he fitly represents the George's Square ward. Edinburgh is very fortunate in its possession of a Councillor of such standing, of such weight, of such private and public estimation. He is one of the outstanding members of the Clan Mackay Society, with which he has been actively associated since its formation, and it is interesting to mention that his father was at the head of the Clan Mackay Society which flourished in Glasgow in 1808, and of the quaint rules of which the Colonel possesses a copy. He is an Ex-Vice-President of the Society, and enjoys a popularity among his clansmen enjoyed by few of the name. When attired in the Highland dress it is difficult to say whether he adorns the dress the most, or the dress adorns him.

Colonel Mackay has lived usefully, has lived well, and has his reward in the love and the admiration of all who know him.

SEANA CHARAID.

THE LOCH OF SHAME.

AN ANCIENT SUTHERLANDSHIRE CUSTOM.

AMONG the few curious, old world customs which in Scotland survived the advance of education, and the frown of the clergy, must be included that which still obtains in the Parish of Farr, in the extreme north of Sutherlandshire. A short distance from the river Naver—famous for its splendid salmon fishing, and the favourite Spring haunt of Mr. William Black, the novelist—is a small loch, known to the natives by the name *Mo Naire*, a Gaelic word which means "My Shame." Like most places of interest it has a remarkable story associated with it, which is worth relating, as it explains the origin of the ancient custom which I intend to describe.

Very many years ago Strathnaver was celebrated for its fertility, and the large number of brave stalwart clansmen who defended it. The people who inhabited the strath belonged to the *Aberighs*, a branch of the warlike Clan Mackay. A certain woman who was possessed of a number of charmed pebbles which could cure any disease, came from Ross-shire and settled among the Mackays, who are said to have derived much benefit from the curative power of the stones. A man of the name of Murray, it seems, became inspired by a wicked desire to possess these holy stones, and one day as the woman was walking near the river, he attempted to force her to give them to him. Freeing herself from his grasp she fled, and he started in pursuit. Finding that she could not escape, she came to a small pool of water into which she flung her charms, exclaiming, with much indignation, in Gaelic, "*Mo-naire! Mo-naire!*" (my shame! my shame!) Immediately the water began to increase in quantity, until at length what was at one time a mere pool broadened and deepened until it became a fair sized loch, in the depths of which the pebbles were for ever safe from the sacrilegious hands of the robber.

The healing qualities which the charms were supposed to possess were believed to have been bestowed upon the waters of the loch, and in time the remarkable cures which were performed by persons suffering from diseases coming into contact with its waters made its

fame known all over the Highlands and Islands. Strange to say there are only four days upon which it would be efficacious to bathe in Loch Monar. These are the first Mondays in February, May, August, and November. On other days it is supposed there is no special virtue in the water, but on the dates mentioned there is no limit to its healing powers.

For reasons which may be readily understood few people visited the loch in February or November, but in the other, and I may add warmer months, people from all the surrounding counties, and from Orkney and Shetland, resorted thither, to bathe in the health-giving waters of this modern "Pool of Siloam."

Strange to say the rules which had to be observed by the intending bather were somewhat curious and strict. The patient must be at the loch not later than midnight; he must, after the hour has arrived, dip three times into the water, drink a little of it, and then as a thanks-offering throw a small piece of silver into the lake, as a tribute to the memory of the old lady who conferred such a boon upon suffering humanity. These regulations being duly observed, the patient was expected to be far out of sight of the loch ere the day dawned, otherwise he would derive no benefit from his ablutions.

Many people who visited the lake, and followed the traditional prescription, have gone



A GLIMPSE OF THE MACKAY COUNTRY AT MELVICH.

home declaring that they were cured of their ailment. It is easy to understand a cure in a case of this sort. Faith, doctors will tell you, has perhaps more to do with a person's recovery from an illness than either medicine or attention. If a person thinks he is getting better, why, he *will* get better! If he is despondent and is sure that he is doomed to die, it is not unlikely that he will really succumb. The cold water, the peculiar associations of the place, and a confidence in the efficacy of the cure are all that are essential to make a man believe, after he has followed the time-honoured prescription, that he never felt better in his life.

It may be thought that at this late date no one would put much faith in these superstitious notions. But it is a fact that people do *still* come from long distances, and bathe in the waters of Loch Monar, fully believing that there is virtue in it sufficient to cure any disease, and permit them to return to their houses restored in health. This is one very ancient custom which has not succumbed to the advance of education, or the sneers of the cynic. If this loch were drained, what a happy hunting ground it would prove to the Antiquary, who would find in it coins and valuable objects belonging to several centuries.

IAIN MACAOIDH.

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

IT is impossible to say who composed the following song, which has stood the test of centuries. MacKenzie in his *Beauties of Gaelic Poetry* says "This fine little song is attributed to a Highland Sappho of the thirteenth century. Burns became so enamoured of it, on hearing it sung by a lady, that he immediately wrote verses to the air, and it then became known for the first time to the English reader. To the same poet's taste we are indebted for the

beauties of simple melody, and to the same lady's singing we owe the "Banks of the Devon" from "*Bannarach dhonn a' chruidh*." Pattison, who gives a translation of the song in his *Gaelic Bards*, adds that the authoress married her *Gille dubh*, *ciar-dubh* in the end. The set of the melody now given is that common to the West Highlands. The translation is by the late Professor Blackie, and has been slightly altered to suit the melody.

FIONN.

AN GILLE DUBH, CIAR-DUBH—THE DARK GREY LAD.

KEY F. *Moderato, beating twice in the measure.*

{	. s ₁	d : - r : d	m : s : l	s : - m : r	d : - : s ₁	}
	Cha	dhir-ich	mi	bruthach,	's cha	
	O'er	moorland	and	mountain	I	
				shuibh-aill	mi	mòin - teach,
				wander	in	sad - ness,

{	. s ₁	d : - r : d	f : : s	l : - t : l	l : - : s.	}
	Gu'n	d'fhalbh mo	ghuth	cinn	's cha	
	My	voice	without	song	and my	
				sheinn	mi	òr - an ;
				heart	without	glad - ness,

{	. s	s : - l : t	d' : - : ta	l : - f : l	s : - : l.	}
	'S cha	chaidil	mi	nair	'o	
	From	Monday	to	Sunday	no	
				luan	gu	Dòmh - nach
				shumber	may	cheer - me

{	. s ₁	s : - l : d	s : - : f	m : - d : r	d : f : l.	}
	'S an	gille dubh,	ciar - dubh.	'tighinn	fo m' ùidh,	
	While	thoughts of my	brown - haired	laddie	are near,	

{	. s	m : - d : m	s : - : f	m : - d : r	d : - : -	
	'S an	gille dubh,	ciar - dubh,	'tighinn	fo m' ùidh.	
	While	thoughts of my	brown - haired	laddie	are near.	

Is truagh nach robh mise, 's an gille dubh, ciar-dubh,
An adann na beinne fo shilleadh nan siantan ;
An lagann beag fàsaich, na 'n àitegin diubhair
'S cha ghabh mi fear liath 's e 'tighinn fo m' ùidh.

Gu'n òlainn deoch-slàint' a ghille dhuibh chlar-dhuibh
Do dh' uisge nan lù, cho deònach 's ge' b' fhion e,
Ged tha mi gun òr, tha gu leòir 'tighinn 'g am iarraidh,
'S cha ghabh mi fear liath 's e 'tighinn fo m' ùidh.

Mo ghille dubh bòidheach ge' gòrach le càch thu,
Dheanainn do phòsadh gu 'n dein na mo chàirdcan,
Shiubhlainn leat fada feadh lagann is fhàsach,
'S cha ghabh mi fear liath 's thu tighinn fo m' ùidh.

Mo ghille dubh laghach, 's neo-raoghainn leam d' fhàgail,
Na'm faicinn an cuideachd thu thaghainn roimh chàch thu ;
Ged fhuicinn eòig m' air chinnt gu tu b' fheàrr leam,
'S cha ghabhainn fear liath 's thu tighinn fo m' ùidh.

Oh! might he be with me, my brown-haired laddie,
'Neath the drift of the mountains, and I 'neath his
plaidie ;

From the bray of the blast he will shelter and cheer me,
And I'll not take the grey-beard while Donald is near.

I'll drink to my laddie, in water as cheerly
As in French wine or Spanish, that men love so dearly ;
'Tis true, I've no purples nor pearlys to deck me,
But I'll not take the grey-beard while Donald is near.

My handsome young laddie, though evil tongues
blame you,

In father's and mother's despite I will claim you ;
O'er moorland and mountain, with Donald I'll wander !
I'll not take the grey-beard while Donald is near

From the lads in the clachan, all mustered together,
I'd pick out my Donald, and look on none other ;
From twice twenty-thousand I'd take my brown laddie,
I'll ne'er take a grey-beard while Donald is near.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.



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OUR NEXT ISSUE.

NEXT month we will give plate portraits of Mr. Alexander Mackay, Charing Cross, Glasgow, Ex-President of the Clan Mackay Society; the late Sir Alexander M'Donnell, lineal descendant of the famous Coll Kiotach Macdonald; and Dr. A. H. Mackay, B.Sc., F.S.Sc., etc., Superintendent of Education for Nova Scotia, Canada; with biographical sketches. In addition to these a number of very interesting illustrated contributions, in prose and verse, will be given.

CELTIC MONTHLY, VOLUME III.—As our third Volume is now completed, and as we are only able to supply a few complete bound copies, several of the monthly parts being already out of print, those who wish copies might kindly communicate with us without delay, to prevent disappointment. The price is 10/-, post free, and orders should be sent at once to the Editor, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

THE KILT AND THE BAGPIPES.

We hear that an old pupil of the Glasgow Academy, who takes a great interest in all Highland matters, has intimated his intention of presenting to his old school two handsome gold badges, to be competed for at the School's Annual Athletic Sports. One of the badges is for "THE MOST CORRECTLY DRESSED HIGHLANDER;" the other is for "PROFICIENCY IN BAGPIPE PLAYING." The badges must be won three times before they become the property of the holder. The badge for pipe playing is open to boys of all ages. That for the most correctly dressed Highlander is open to boys of eleven years of age and upwards. The object of the donor in

making this condition with regard to the prize for the most correctly dressed Highlander, is, to encourage the use of the Highland dress not only by small boys, but also by big boys.

It is to be hoped that old pupils of other schools, who take an interest in the revival of the use of the graceful Highland garb, may follow the example set by our Academical friend!

CLAN MACKAY SOCIETY.—The Annual Monthly Meeting of this Society was held in the Religious Institution Rooms, on 19th December.—Mr. Alexander Mackay, Vice-President, in the chair. Two applications for assistance were considered and donations granted. Mr. John Mackay, Hon. Secy., delivered a lecture on the Septs and Branches of the Clan Mackay, in which he gave an account of their origin, and related a number of interesting traditions regarding them. A discussion followed, in which several clansmen took part.

EDINBURGH MEETING.—The January meeting was held at 5 St. Andrew Square, on 16th ult.—Mr. John Mackay (Ben Reay), Vice President, in the chair. The attendance was the largest of any clan meeting ever held in Edinburgh. It was intimated that the Annual Social Gathering was to take the form of a conversazione, to be held in the Freemasons' Hall, George Street, on Friday, 13th March.—Mr. George J. Mackay, J.P., Ex-Mayor of Kendal (retiring President), in the chair. Mr. John Mackay, Secretary, read a most interesting paper contributed by Mr. John Mackay, C.E., J.P., Hereford, on "Rob Donn Mackay—the Gaelic Bard of Lord Reay's country." A discussion followed, in which a number of Reay countrymen took part, and John Mackay of the 93rd Highlanders—an old veteran of the "Thin Red Line" and the Indian Mutiny—sang one of Rob Donn's songs. It being stated that a descendant of the famous bard was in distress in Durness, a grant was made to him from the funds of the Society. The meeting was most enthusiastic.

COUNTY OF SUTHERLAND ASSOCIATION (GLASGOW)—There was a large and influential meeting of this Association in the Religious Institution Rooms, on 15th ult., Mr. Angus Morrison in the chair. A paper on "The Home Industries of Sutherland," contributed by the Duchess of Sutherland, who was unfortunately unable to attend personally, was read by Mr. John Mackay, Editor, *Celtic Monthly*, and was greatly appreciated by the many ladies and gentlemen present. The paper gave rise to a most instructive discussion, in which the following took part:—Messrs. Wm. Munro, Alex. Munro, Dr. George Gordon, Dr. Dingwall, and others. Mr. John Mackay replied on behalf of Her Grace. The usual votes of thanks terminated the meeting.

CLAN GRANT SOCIETY.—At the Annual Business Meeting held last month, Mr. James Grant, Hillhead, was re-elected President, and Mr. John Grant, Secretary. A concert and dance has been arranged to take place in the Assembly Rooms, Bath Street, on 28th February, Mr. James Grant to preside.

OBITUARY.—We regret to intimate the death of Mr. James Campbell of Craigish, which took place in Edinburgh last month; and Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Macpherson, of Bandon, Cork, both of whom died at Dalkeith.

THE STEWARTS OF APPIN AT CULLODEN.

By DUNCAN LIVINGSTONE, OHIO, U.S.A.

"There ne'er for the crown of the Stuarts was
fought

One battle in vale, or on mountain deer-trodden,
But dearly to Appin the glory was bought,
And dearest of all, on the field of Culloden."

The Ettrick Shepherd.

THE Stewarts of Appin always remained
loyal to the old line of kings, and were
"out" in all the "risings" previous

to the '45. They were among the first to join
Prince Charlie at Glenfinnan. Dugald Stewart,
then Chief of the Clan, was a boy of tender
years, and being, on that account, unable to
take the field, it was consequently led by the
next in rank, Charles Stewart, fifth of Ardsheal.
The strength of the force which he brought
into the field, is variously estimated at from
250 to 360 men, and consisted chiefly of
Stewarts, M'Colls, M'Larens, Carmichaels,
M'Innes, M'Leays or Livingstons, M'Intyres,
and M'Cormacks or Buchanans. The clan
distinguished itself at Prestonpans, Clifton,
and Falkirk.



THE ANCIENT BANNER OF THE STEWARTS OF APPIN, WHICH WAS TORN FROM THE POLE, AND
CARRIED OFF THE FIELD BY DONALD LIVINGSTONE AT THE BATTLE OF CULLODEN.

At Culloden they numbered about 300 men, although in a *Life of Cumberland* the strength of the corps is only placed at 200. The writer has a faint recollection of hearing the two older people, hereinafter referred to, say that the corps on the evening before the battle, or perhaps a day or two prior, received a fresh contingent, numbering about 100 men, although he knows of no historical authority for the tradition.

At Culloden the clan was in the first line of the Highland army, which, enumerating from right to left, consisted of the men of Athole, the Camerons, the Stewarts of Appin, Frasers, MacIntoshes, MacLachlans, MacLeans, Roy Stewart's regiment, Farquharsons, Clanranald, Keppoch, and Glengarry. The first line of Cumberland's army, enumerating from his left to right, consisted of Burrel's (the 4th), Munro's (the 37th), Scots Fusiliers (the 21st),

Price's (the 14th), Cholmondeley (the 34th), and Royal Scots (the 1st). Two pieces of artillery were placed between every battalion, and three on the right, and three on the left of the second line. In the second line, in the same order, were Wolfe's (the 8th), Semphill's (the 25th), Bligh's (the 20th), Ligonier (the 48th), and Fleming (the 35th). In the third line, Blakney (the 27th), Batareau (the 13th), and Howard (the 3rd). Each of the foregoing battalions numbered about five hundred men. In the rear were Cobham's Dragoons (the 11th), and about six hundred Campbells. The right wing, the Athole, Lochiel and Appin regiments were opposed by Burrel's, Munro's, and the Scots Fusiliers, the first two of which were supported on the left by cavalry and on the right by artillery; Wolfe's and Blakney's regiments being drawn up in two lines in the rear of the interval between Munro's and Burrel's.

The opposing lines were about five hundred yards apart, and the first half-hour of the battle consisted of artillery firing between the two forces. The artillery of Cumberland which was superior to that of the Prince, told with terrible effect on the dense masses of the clans, and made them impatient and furious for the onset. The placing of the MacDonalds upon the left, instead of upon the right—the position which they had claimed in all battles from the time of Bannockburn—had insulted these clans, which constituted a considerable portion of the Highlanders in the Prince's army, and made them so mutinous that even their chiefs were unable to control them. At last, the Mackintoshes, who were in action for the first time, unable to longer brook unavenged the slaughter of their kindred by the artillery, without orders broke from the line, and charged the enemy. Their example was immediately followed by all the clans to their right, Lord George Murray leading them, and soon by all the clans in the first line, excepting the MacDonalds. Of this terrible charge, in which in a few moments, whole families were swept out of existence, Chambers, in his excellent work on the Rebellion, says:—

"It was the emphatic custom of the Highlanders before an onset to pull down their bonnets over their brows, so as to insure them against falling off during the melee. Never, perhaps, was this motion done with so much emphasis, as upon the present occasion, when every man's forehead burned with the desire to revenge some dear friend who had fallen a victim to the murderous artillery. A Lowland gentleman, who was in the line, in afterwards speaking of the occasion, said it was with something of a feeling akin to awe, that he viewed the

terrific and more than natural expression of rage and vengeance which glowed on every cheek and gleamed in every eye, as he surveyed the extended line at this moment.

"Notwithstanding that the front line of infantry poured forth their unceasing fire of musketry—notwithstanding that the cannon, now loaded with grape and shot, swept the field, as with a hail storm—notwithstanding the flank fire of Wolfe's regiment—onward, onward, went the Highlanders, headlong, flinging themselves, rather than rushing upon the line of the enemy, which, indeed, they did not see for the smoke, until involved among the ranks. All that courage, all that despair could do, was done; they did not fight like living, or reasoning creatures, but like machines under the influence of some uncontrollable passion, or principle of action.

"The howl of the advance, the scream of the onset, the thunders of the musketry, and the din of the trumpets and drums, confounded one sense, while the flash of the fire-arms, and the glitter of the burnished bayonets, dazzled and bewildered the other. It was a moment of agonizing suspense, but only for a moment, for the whirlwind does not sweep the forest with greater rapidity than the Highlanders cleared the first line. They swept through that frail barrier as easily and instantaneously as the bounding cavalcade brushes through the morning labors of the gossamer which stretches across its path. Not, however, with the same consciousness of the result, for almost every man in the front rank, chief, gentleman, and clansman, fell before the deadly weapons they had braved, and although the enemy gave way, it was not until every bayonet was bent and bloody with the strife. The first line had been completely swept aside, and the assailants continued their impetuous advance, until they came near the second, when, being almost annihilated by the profuse and well-directed fire, the shattered remains of what had been but a short time before a numerous and confident force, at last succumbed to their destiny by giving way and flying. Still a few pressed on, resolved to die rather than to forfeit their well acquired and dearly estimated honour. They rushed on, but not a man ever came in contact with the enemy. The last survivor perished ere he reached the bayonets of the second line."

One, who signs himself as "An eye witness to most of the facts," writing in 1748, in referring to the charge by the Stewarts and Camerons, says:—

"They broke between the grenadiers of Burrel and Munro, who had given them fire when at the muzzle of their guns. When

within two yards of the cannon they received a discharge of cartridge shot, while those who crowded into the opening made by the havoc received a full fire from the centre of Bligh's. Those who survived possessed themselves of the cannon, and attacked the regiments, sword

in hand; but Wolfe's and Fleming's wheeled to the left of Burrell's and Bligh's and Semple's, and made such a continued fire on their front and flank that nearly all the right wing which broke in were killed or wounded."

(To be continued).

MIANN AN T-SAIGHDEIR GHAELICH.

Ged 'tha mis' air a' Ghalldachd,
'S ann 'tha m' aunsachd mu Thuath—
Tir mo bhreith' agus m' àraich,
Tir a' chàirdeis 's an truais ;
Tir nam beanntaichean corrach,
Tir na' lochan 's nan bruach ;
Tir nan caileagan bòidheach,
'S tir ann òigearan suairc'.

'S e cruaidh-fhortan gun fhios domh
Riamh 'chuir mise do'n Arm.
Luaidhe dhù'-ghlas a ghiùlan,
Mar ri fìdar dubh-ghorm ;
Ged is ciatach dath sgàrlaid,
'S ge robh àirdeas 'n a lorg,
B' fheàrr 'bhi 'g iasgach an Gearr-loch,
Dh' àindeoin gabhadh no stoirm.

B' òg 'thug mise mo ghràdh dhuit,
'S tu 'n a d' phàisde 's na glinn,
'S sinn ag eisdeachd le furan
Cuach 'us niseag a' seinn.

'S tric 'am brùadar mi 'faicinn
Thusa, 'chailin mo ghaoil,
Thu 'am breacan 'n a d' shuaineaidh,
'S mise, tuaidh, ri do thaoibh ;
Crodh 's laogh bheaga 'bhi làimh ruinn,
'G ith an sàth feadh an fhraoich,
'S na h-èoin lurach le caithream
'Seinn 'am barraibh nan craobh.

Sud, a ghràidh, b' e ar cleachdadh
Ann an gleannaibh nan géug,
Mu 'n do dh' fhàg mi thu, Sheònaid,
Air son glòir-mhiann gun chéill,
Mu 'n do ghabh mi an t-astar
'Thug cho fad' mi 'thir chéin ;
Ach na 'm faighinn mu dhùrachd,
Cha b' fhad' 'rùin, mi wait féin.

Na mi-thuigibh mi, 'chàirdean,—
Cha 'n e càineadh mo mhiann,
No cur seirbhis nan curaidh
Fo eas-urran 's neo-mhiadh ;
'S dearbh, cha toigh leam an t-iasgach,
Biodh ann drianlach no lion,—
'S ann 'a chleachd mi 'bhi 'm 'bhuachail'
Aig ceann shuas Loch-nan-ian.

Gu 'm bheil seirbhis ar dùthcha
Ceart 'us cliùiteach gu leòir,
'S mur b'e fàgail mo dhachaidh,
Leam bu mhath i re m' bheò ;
'S e 'bhi 'g ionndrainn nan gleannaibh
Far 'n do chleachd mi 'bhi òg,
'S 'bhi cho fad' o mo chaomh-thé,
Dh' fhàg mi daonnan fo leòn.

'Sheònaid chunnabhallach, àillidh,
Thlachdmhor, thlàth-shuileach, ghrènn,
Ged 'thuirt càch "an té dhubh" riut,
'S geal mar ghruth thu dhomh fhìn ;

B' fhearr gu 'm faighinn le cabhag
 Naigheachd inhat o'n taobh tuath—
 Tir mo ghaoil 'bhi 'g a h-aiseag,
 Gun dad leth-bhrath* do 'n t-sluagh—
 Gach beinn, enoc, agus aonach,
 Achadh, raon, agus chuan,
 Abhainn, sruth, agus mòr-loch,
 'Chaidh le fòirneart 'thoir-t-uath'.

Sud an sgéul 'chuireadh aiteas,
 Agus aighear neo-ghann,
 Air feadh gharbhblach 'us chladach,
 Air feadh shrathaibh 'us ghleann;
 Rachainns' dhachaidh do 'n Ard-thìr,—
 Tha mi 'ghnàth oirre an geall,—
 Agus phòsainn thu, Sheònaid,—
 Sud mo mhòr-mhiann gach àm!

* More properly, *leith-bhreith*.

CABER-FEIDH.

WALTER SHAW, LONDON.

HON. PRESIDENT, CLAN CHATTAN ASSOCIATION.

MR. SHAW is a Forfarshire man, having been born at the Mains of Strathmartine, near Dundee, on 27th July, 1821. He was educated at Dundee, and at the Universities of St. Andrews and Edinburgh. After serving a law apprenticeship in Dundee, and in the offices of several of the most eminent Writers to the Signet in Edinburgh, Mr. Shaw commenced business as an Accountant in Dundee, where he was fairly successful, but after a couple of years he decided to go to London, where he would find greater scope for his energies. He spent eleven years in London, most of the time in charge of a large Parliamentary business in Westminster, but having an offer to go further away he went to Peru in the service of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company of Liverpool, his headquarters being at Callao. Here he served for a number of years as Secretary of the Company, after which he was made the Company's Auditor, and in this capacity his duties took him occasionally to some seventy ports in the Republics of Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Chili, and Bolivia, where he saw a great deal that was worth seeing. He was also the first Secretary of the largest Floating Dock in the world at that time—the Anglo-Peruvian one.

Mr. Shaw resided in Peru for over twenty-five years, and he looks upon those years as the happiest in his life. A year after the war between Peru and Chili was over he returned to England, where after a period of idleness and leisure he removed to Glasgow, and entered the service of a large and successful Engineering Company. The headquarters of the concern having been removed to London, Mr. Shaw went there also and was appointed Secretary of the Company, which responsible position he still holds.

It was while residing in Glasgow that the Clan Chattan Association was formed, and Mr. Shaw did much to promote its success. He is at present an Honorary President. He is also President of the Council of the London Forfarshire Association, which is considered to be one of the most vigorous and influential of the many Scottish organizations in the Metropolis.

It may be interesting to mention that during his long stay in Peru Mr. Shaw had many narrow escapes from Earthquakes, Tidal-waves, and Revolutions. He was the means of saving the life of a President, whom he got off in the dead of night to a British man-of-war, which sailed at once. Five years elapsed before the fugitive ventured to return from England to his native land. Not long since the Consul General for Peru in London, the grandson of the President in question, seeing Mr. Shaw in one of the St. James' Halls during a lecture the Consul was giving on his own country, referred at the meeting to the incident of the escape, saying that the family were under a deep debt of gratitude for the service which had been rendered. Mr. Shaw has seen another President, who had just usurped the position, hung from the highest towers of the Cathedral of Lima.

The subject of our sketch has six sons and one daughter. The two eldest sons have been for many years in Sydney, the third is now on his way to Iquique in South America, where two of his brothers already are, and the sixth assists his father in the business in London.

Mr. Shaw, although over seventy years of age, is as fine a specimen of the sturdy Scot as one could find anywhere. He rises at 5 a.m. (a habit acquired in Peru) and goes to business with the earliest train, and seems as active and energetic as ever he was.

That he may be long spared to enjoy health and strength, and to help on the cause of the Gael, is the earnest wish of his many friends at home and abroad

(Glasgow.

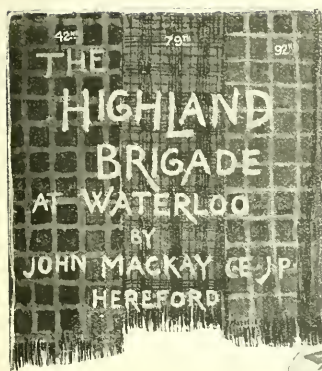
W. G. DAVIDSON.

CLAN CHATTAN ASSOCIATION.—There was a crowded attendance at the conversation given by this society in the Bath Hotel. Captain William Mackintosh, President, occupied the chair, and was supported by Messrs. W. G. Davidson, Secretary, D. A. S. Mackintosh, E. Macbean, H. G. Gillespie, etc. A very enjoyable concert was given, which was followed by a dance.

GLASGOW CAITHNESS ASSOCIATION.—The Sixtieth Annual Gathering was held in the Queen's Rooms on 17th ult., Mr. William C. Coghil, President, in the chair. The hall was crowded. The mention of Dr. Jameson's name by the chairman in his address was received with loud cheers, which showed that the gallant doctor has won the admiration of the sturdy Caithness men by his courage and intrepidity. The proceedings proved a great success, and the assembly was a particularly large one.



WALTER SHAW.



PART XVIII.—(Continued from page 77).

THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE, QUATRE BRAS, WATERLOO.

ANECDOTES, TRAITS, &C.

THE BRAVE MAJOR MENZIES OF THE 42ND.

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA ADMIRES THE HIGHLANDERS.

ON the 24th July, 1815, Wellington's army was reviewed by the Emperors of Austria and Russia the King of Prussia, the distinguished allied commanders, and a great concourse of British and foreign nobility. The Highland regiments, from the peculiar picturesqueness of their uniform, their waving plumes, their kilts and tartans, their smartness in going through the various movements, became the observed of all observers, and the "Soldats Ecossais," were the theme of conversation all round. To military and non-military men, to the ladies especially, the equipment, the military bearing, the martial appearance of "Les braves Ecossais," with their wonderful warlike music, was the talk of the "Prussian Salons" for many days.

Shortly after the Review, in compliance with a special request from the Emperor of Russia, who was personally desirous of examining the dress and equipment of the Highland regiments, Sergeant Thomas Campbell of the grenadiers, a man of gigantic stature, Private John Fraser, and Piper Kenneth Mackay, all of the 79th,

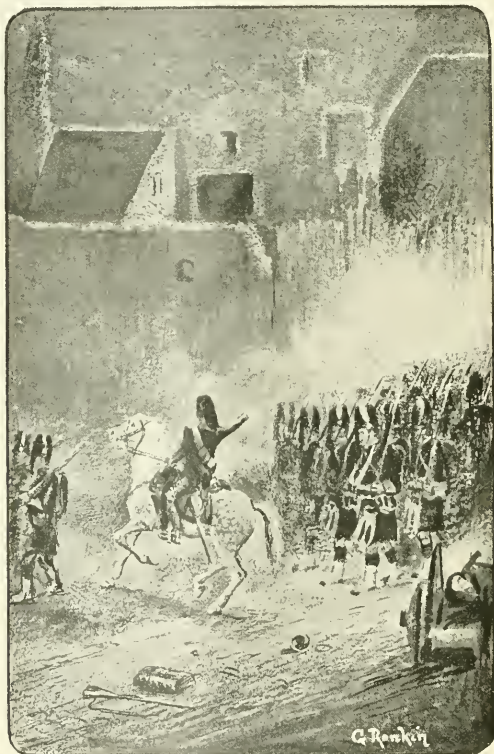
accompanied by a like number of each rank from the 42nd and 92nd Highlanders, proceeded to the Palais Elysée, in Paris, then the residence of the Russian Emperor, Alexander. The following account of what passed at this presentation and inspection has been rendered by Sergeant Campbell:

"In the month of August, 1815, I was ordered to proceed with Private Fraser and Piper Kenneth Mackay to the Palais Elysée in Paris, then the residence of the Emperor of Russia, when we were joined by Sergeant MacGregor, Private Munro, and Piper Mackenzie of the 42nd Royal Highlanders, and Sergeant Grant, Private Logan, and Piper Cameron of the 92nd Highlanders. About half-an-hour after our arrival at the Palace, Lord Cathcart sent a valet to conduct us to the grand hall, where we met his Lordship, whom I immediately recognised. He was pleased to order me to take charge of the party while he went to the Emperor, to acquaint him with our arrival; and in about ten minutes after, the Emperor entered the hall, accompanied by his two brothers, as well as Prince Blucher, Count Platoff, and several other distinguished personages. The Emperor made a very minute inspection of us, and his curiosity led him to call upon me (as being the most robust of the party) to step to the front when he ordered the rest to sit down. As soon as I stepped to the front I was surrounded by the astonished nobility, and the Emperor commenced his inspection and questions as follows: First he examined my appointments and drew my sword; inquired if I could perform any exercise with that weapon, which I told

him I could not, and at the same time Lord Cathcart made a remark that it was a deficiency in the British army he had never taken into consideration before. Second—he examined my hose, gaiters, legs, and pinched my skin, thinking I wore something under my kilt, and had the curiosity to lift my kilt so that he might not be deceived. The questions were,

If I was present at the actions of the 16th, 17th, and 18th June? How many officers and men the regiment lost on the 16th, 17th, and 18th June? Whether I was in Egypt? If we wore the kilt in winter, or if we did not feel cold in that season? If I was married? If my parents were alive? etc.

The Emperor then requested Lord Cathcart



HIGHLANDERS PASSING THROUGH THE VILLAGE OF GOSSELIES AFTER WATERLOO.

te order me to put John Fraser through his "Manual and Platoon" exercise, at which performance he was highly pleased. He then requested the Pipers to play up, and Lord Cathcart desired them to play the Highland tune "*Cogadh no sith*," which he explained to the Emperor, who seemed highly delighted with the music.

After the Emperor had done with me, the veteran Count Platoff came up to me, and, taking me by the hand, told me, in broken English, that I was a good and brave soldier, as all my countrymen were. He then pressed my hand to his breast, and gave me his to press to mine. After all was over, I was ordered to take the party to Lord Cathcart's

quarters, where we had refreshment and received a piece of money from his Lordship, and also his approbation for our appearance, etc.

(Signed) THOMAS CAMPBELL,
Sergeant, 79th Highlanders.

HIGHLANDERS, BLACK AND DRESSED LIKE WOMEN.

Travelling one fine day in September, 1852, from Brussels to Charleroi, an elderly lady nicely dressed was my vis-a-vis companion in a railway carriage compartment. Coming to Hal station and knowing that Waterloo was directly eastwards, I asked the lady, by way of commencing a conversation, how far was Waterloo from Hal. Reply was, three leagues. Thinking she might belong to the district my next inquiry was to that effect. "Yes," said she, "I lived all my life in Gosselies." This is a village twelve miles south of Waterloo. Judging from her appearance she might be from fifty to sixty years of age. I next asked if she recollected the battle fought at Waterloo. "I do very well, I was at the time thirteen years old." You must have heard the roar and rattle of the cannons firing all day. "Yes, we could hear them distinctly, it was like continuous thunder." Were you not greatly frightened. "Yes, we were, we could do no work all day, but sit at our doors with our hands about our knees, waiting events, but it was next day we had the worst fright." How was that, Madame. "Oh, when the British army passed through the village." I hope, Madame, they did you no harm. "Not the least in the world," she replied, "but they gave us a terrible fright, they were all black and dressed like women: we all ran up stairs and peeped at them through the upper windows." I am surprised to hear you say that there were black troops in the British army. "Oh! yes, the lady replied, all black not a white spot about any of them, except the white of their eyes which we could see as they looked up at us, in marching through." Surely, Madame, they must have been Prussians. "No, no, they were English, dressed like women, with short petticoats (jupons), their faces, their hands, their bare legs, quite black, and lucky it was for us they were English, had they been Prussians they would have murdered us, for they knew we were favourable to the French and to Napoleon." I am confident, Madame, that there were no English black troops at Waterloo, but I am very pleased to hear you say, that, whether the black troops were English or not, they did you no harm. "No harm at all, said she, beyond giving us a terrible fright, we had never seen such men before." Were the officers black too. "Yes, there was not a white man amongst them."

These "black troops" were the gallant Highlanders, in pursuit of the retreating French, all so begrimed with the powder smoke from their own and the enemy's guns, that to the rural Belgians, they did appear black. When the fighting was over at 9 p.m. the brave fellows, tired, weary, exhausted, lay down on the field, and at early dawn were sent in pursuit, no water being near to wash themselves.

"Honour to the brave,
The brave that are no more."



(To be concluded).

LAKE BREACH OF CALAVAY CASTLE.

A LEGEND OF SOUTH UIST.

THE island of Calavay (*Calladh mhath*), which evidently means the good anchorage, or harbour, in is situated on the west side of the entrance to Lochboisdale, South Uist. That Calavay received its name on account of the safe and good harbour or anchorage Lochboisdale affords, we have no doubt whatever; for in it vessels of almost every size, from the tiny yawl to the full rigged ship, have taken shelter, and rode with ease at their anchors, in all kinds of weather.

On a rock on the north west promontory of Calavay island are the ruins of an ancient castle, of which we are sorry to say little or nothing is now accurately known. The name of its famous founder (for famous he must have been), or for whom it was erected, history and tradition are alike silent. That it was built, however, in turbulent times, and possessed almost impregnable defensive powers, is proved by the immense thickness and solidity of its walls, and in those days a commanding and unassailable position.

But although tradition is silent regarding the founder of Calavay Castle, it is not so

regarding its last occupier, who, it says, was a man of gigantic size and herculean strength, called *Iain Breachd*, or John Speckled, being so named, we believe, because his face was pitted by small-pox. In his time Calavay Castle was garrisoned by a band of the most reckless and fierce men that that period could produce—they could only be equalled in daring boldness and heartless cruelty, by their lawless chief, *Iain Breachd*, whose behests they obeyed and executed with the utmost alacrity. This wild band of rapiners repeatedly swept the islands from end to end, carrying away whatever stock they choose, disposing of them to passing vessels, and on the mainland, at good prices. *Iain Breachd* and his band were thus a constant terror and alarm to the inhabitants of the Outer Islands, who would as soon

see the evil spirit among them as the "wild man of Calavay Castle and his men"—they were hated to the utmost degree.

In their extremity the Chiefs of the neighbouring Isles made many combined attempts to overthrow *Iain Breachd* and his band—they engaged him in deadly combat in the open field and by stratagem, but always failed with heavy loss. All those conflicts, therefore, served only to add more fuel to the fire which was already burning fiercely in the outlaw's breast, so that he committed acts of still greater atrocity, if that were possible, than before. But his fearful depredations at length came to a crisis—the poor people were goaded to the heart—they could stand his behaviour no longer. They therefore determined to reduce his garrison or die in



RUINS OF CALAVAY CASTLE, LOCHROISDALE, SOUTH UIST.

the attempt. The immediate cause of this determination on their part arose out of the following circumstance:

Iain Breachd and a number of his followers went on one occasion to the island of Benbecula, and "lifted" many of the best cattle on that island. Among them were those belonging to a certain *Bàolloch* (Beculite), which were tended by his daughter, a beautiful maiden still in her teens. This young woman, on seeing her charge driven away in so high-handed a fashion, made such a gallant attempt to retain her cattle that *Iain Breachd* resolved to take her also. He accordingly seized the fair maiden, and despite her fearful struggles and imploring entreaties for liberty, she was carried to, and made a captive in Calavay Castle. This act so exasperated the feelings of the friends and

relations of the unhappy girl that they earnestly appealed to the whole people of the Isles, and begged of them to take immediate steps for the restoration of the captive to liberty. This appeal was not made in vain, for it received the hearty support and sympathy of the Chiefs of the people in the Uists and Barra, whose feelings of indignation were roused to the utmost pitch, so that they decreed that Calavay Castle must be reduced forthwith, and its lawless commander's proceedings stopped for ever, at whatever cost.

In terms of the foregoing decree, upwards of three hundred warriors collected on a given day at Calavay Castle, and demanded the immediate release of the girl and the surrender of the cattle, on condition that their (the garrison's) lives would be spared, which amnesty, however,

would not be extended to their Captain, *Iain Breachd*, and that, if those terms were not agreed to they would not be responsible for the life of a single man. This demand was, as might be expected, received by the garrison by a loud shout of derisive laughter, followed by a blinding volley of barbed arrows. To conquer such a stronghold, except by stratagem, the besiegers saw at a glance was utterly impossible, as a handful of men could easily defend it against any attacking body that could be brought against it. To accomplish their design they had therefore to resort to the following ingenious manoeuvre:—

Under the feint of starving the garrison they besieged the castle closely round about, while their real object was to discover the part of it in which the captive maid was confined. Their trick was successful on the second day after the siege was laid, for they noticed their fair one attentively watching them at one of the highest windows of the castle on the landward side. No signs of this recognition were made by either party: for she, brave girl, accurately comprehended their intentions, and acted accordingly. The siege was stubbornly contested, notwithstanding the continuous deadly showers of arrows poured upon them from the castle, till the wind veered round and blew right upon the window of the captive maid's room. Immediately it did so, the whole host, with the exception of about a score of sturdy warriors, gathered to the opposite side of the castle in boats, on which they made a feint determined assault, thus drawing most of the besieged to that side to defend it. This done, a large quantity of heather, which had been collected for the purpose, was kindled by the little band of men referred to. The wind carried the smoke in a dense volume to the castle; and, in the midst of the smoke, about a dozen of those men crept noiselessly up to the walls right under the girl's window, where one of them stood erect, while a second man with great difficulty got up and stood on the first man's shoulders, and a third on his, and so on till the window was reached, when the girl was brought out, and gently lowered to the ground, and quickly conducted to one of the galleys. Immediately afterwards a quantity of heather was thrust in at the open window, and set on fire. In a few minutes Calavay Castle was in flames—a burning mass that could not be extinguished—no earthly power could now save it.

As soon as the besieged found that their stronghold was doomed to destruction, they attempted to save their lives by flight. They descended in hot haste from the embrasures and battlements to the main entrance, expecting

if they got clear of the burning pile to cut a passage easily enough through the enemy before the foe would well know of this intended flight. But in this they were miserably disappointed, for no sooner was the building in flames—for all was pre-arranged—than the besiegers drew close to the walls, and carefully guarded every outlet, and speared every soul that attempted to escape, so that all the garrison, with one solitary exception, either perished in the flames, or fell by the spears of the enemy. In this manner then did Calavay Castle fall into ruins, and it has not been repaired to this day.

Strange to relate, the individual who escaped the fate of his comrades was none other than the notorious Captain, *Iain Breachd* himself. How he succeeded in making his escape through such a bristling wall of spears as surrounded it is simply miraculous, but it is pretty certain that ere he did so many a brave warrior fell before him to rise no more. On gaining the mainland of South Uist he ran as swift as he could over hill and dale in the direction of Boisdale, and on reaching a little valley a short distance south of Messrs. D. Ferguson & Son's residence at South Lochboisdale, he felt so exhausted that he sat down under the shade of a huge boulder to rest himself for a little (for this he could do with perfect safety, ere his enemies could possibly come up to him), and imperceptibly fell asleep. Being observed in that position shortly afterwards by a powerful man belonging to Barra, who had been watching the proceedings at Calavay, and who happened to have no weapon of warfare in his hand: and who, not wishing to lose the opportunity which now presented itself to him of destroying *Iain Breachd*, he rolled the boulder over upon the sleeper, killing him almost instantaneously. The place where this happened is called *Bealach Iain* to this day. The man who slew *Iain Breachd* is said to have been one of the MacNeils of Barra. Some allege he was the chief's brother.

Lochboisdale.

A. B. McLENNAN.

THE MERMAID'S TEARS.

A LEGEND OF IONA.

From deeps unknown, o'er rocks and weeds,

Nightly she sought the lonely bays;

Where pacing slow to tell his beads,

The Saint scarce dared his eyes to raise.

He knew she was no mortal maid

Who loved him, eager, yet afraid.

The rippling waves that kissed the beach

Whispered her language, low and sweet;

For ah! she knew not human speech,

No human heart within her beat.
No bright immortal soul looked through
Those gentle eyes of darkest blue.

Down in their ocean caves, bedecked
With glittering gems and costly shells,
Her sisters laughed and sang, nor recked
How oft she left the crystal wells
To seek the land, love-tryst to keep,
But with no dweller of the deep.

"Oh, love of mine! thy face is fair,
Yet art thou soulless and unblest;
How can I save thee? can I dare
To win for thee eternal rest?
To ask a living soul; the prize
Withheld from thee in Paradise."

Softly the waves crept to the shore,
Their music murmured in his ear
Her wordless answer o'er and o'er,—
"Beloved, I am happy here.
Seek not another life for me,
The life is bliss when shared with thee."

Three nights, three days, at Mary's shrine
Prostrate, he pleaded for his love.
The "flower of light," the spark divine,
Whose power could win her life above.
With tears and prayers he vowed to shun
Her presence, when the boon was won.

"Dear Mother Mary, I beseech
Bestow the gift thy servant craves,
A human heart and human speech
Grant to this daughter of the waves,
A living soul, that she may rise
Through love and death to Paradise."

And lo! in visions of the night
He saw the Queen of Heaven come down,
Upon her breast the "flower of light,"
The living soul,—love's seal and crown.
Then weary, vigil-worn, he slept,
While on the shore the sea-maid wept.

She wandered where the billows rocked
His *blátha* by the trysting stone;
The sea-birds' screams her sorrow mocked,
"Alone," they seemed to cry "alone."
Through churning waves and tossing wrack,
Her laughing sisters called her back.

When from the sleep by Mary given,
The Saint arose his love to find,
By lightning-flash the clouds were riven,
The storm king rode upon the wind.
The breaker's crash, the thunder's roll,
With dread and anguish filled his soul.

Wildly he searched each well-known place,
Called her in Mary's blessed name,
No more he saw her lovely face,
For never more to land she came.
The soul he strove so hard to gain
And won at last, was won in vain.

But oft, as rolled the heavy years,
He heard her singing in the bay,
Or traced her by her bitter tears,
That on his pathway frozen lay.
And when at last he died, her dirge
Rang wildly o'er the moaning surge.

On lone Iona's sacred shore
Those pearly tears by storms are cast,
In legends of the days of yore
Is told this story of the past;
Of her for whom a soul was given
Who knew not earth and won not heaven.

NOTE.—The legend of the origin of the pebbles, locally known as "The Mermaid's Tears," is a very pretty and touching one. It was told me by a lady, but I have taken considerable liberty in transcribing it, as the version given by my friend was too bold to permit of a *literal* transcription.

JANET A. McCULLOCH.

REVIEWS.

THE BLAIRGOWRIE ANNUAL for 1896 is as attractive as usual, the articles, stories, and poems being racy and well written, and the illustrations are numerous and nicely printed. The *Annual* is published by the Blairgowrie Parish Church Literary Association, and is intended to keep former members who are scattered to the uttermost ends of the earth, in touch with home and kin. We trust it meets with the success its merit deserves.

COINNEACH 'US COILLE, ORAIN AGUS DUAIN GHAIÐHEALACH, LE ALASDAIR MACDHOMHNUILL, INBHIRNIS. NORTHERN COUNTIES PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LTD.—This a handsomely got up volume of Gaelic Songs which should be in the hands of every Highlander who loves his mother tongue. We understand the book has already had a most encouraging reception in the north, and we trust that when its merits become known to our countrymen at a distance it will soon find its way to the larger Gaeldom across the seas, in Canada, Australia, and other Colonies. These are songs intended to be sung, and have therefore the recommendation of brevity, a feature which many of our Gaelic bards unfortunately ignore. Those of our readers who desire copies (3/- post free) should apply to the author, Mr. Alasdair Macdonald, 70 Tomnahurich Street, Inverness.

OBITUARY.

THE HON. EDWARD MACPHERSON, OF GETTYSBURG, U.S.A. has passed away, and the Clan Chattan laments the loss of one of its most gifted sons. For many years he was Clerk of the House of Representatives, and his services were of the greatest national importance. He was equally distinguished in literature and science. Although born on American soil, "his heart was Highland." In 1869 Mr. Macpherson visited Scotland to recruit his health. He spent one night with the late Cluny, at Cluny Castle, and that recollection was one of the brightest in his life. In a letter dated February, 1894, to Provost Macpherson, Kingussie, he refers to his brief visit to Badenoch in the following terms—"My mind often reverts to that most pleasant incident of my trip, and dwells on Kingussie, the Spey and Badenoch with a warmth of feeling that cannot be analysed. My health is poor, and I never again expect to see Scotland." Mr. Macpherson greatly appreciated the *Celtic Monthly*, and we have received many letters in which he expressed the great pleasure he derived from reading in our pages the history, traditions, and romance of the land of his fathers.



ALEXANDER MACKAY

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ALEXANDER MACKAY, GLASGOW.

EX-PRESIDENT, CLAN MACKAY SOCIETY.



WE are pleased to be able this month to add to our "Gallery" the portrait of Mr. Alexander Mackay, Charing Cross, Glasgow, a gentleman whose name has been so long familiar to clansmen in all parts of the world as one to whose

efforts the great success and prosperity of the Clan Mackay Society is largely due.

Mr. Mackay was born in Glasgow, and is sole partner of the well-known firm of A. & B. Mackay. His father was a native of Halkirk, Caithness, where his progenitors had migrated from Lord Reay's country—*Duthaich Mhic Aoidh*. He was a Waterloo veteran, and served his country faithfully and well in the ranks of the gallant 42nd Highlanders, and fought at Quatre Bras and Waterloo under the Red Hackle, of the Black Watch. He died while the subject of our sketch was young, and our youthful clansman had to commence the battle of life at the early age of eleven. Seven years later, in 1865, he started business on his own account, his operations being confined to the home trade only. His efforts having met with gratifying success, he then turned his attention to the export trade in spirits which was then in its infancy, and after a long and stiff fight he succeeded in establishing a connection in distant parts which completely dwarfed his former business operations. The two famous brands which are identified with Mr. Mackay's firm—"The Glenfalloch" and "Mackay's Liqueur Whisky"—are now of world-wide reputation. Not content

with the market of India and Burma, the Australian Colonies and New Zealand, he sought and succeeded in finding adventure and supremacy in romantic Yokohama, Téhéran and Bangkok; and the Caliph of Bagdad can treat himself to a "nip" of "Glenfalloch" as easily as if he were living in St. Mungo's City!

Mr. Mackay is rather fond of telling a somewhat amusing story—which has its tragic side, however—showing that there is a genius in the family for the manufacture of whisky. His grandfather was a great smuggler in his day (most of our grandfathers were!), and ran a "sma' still" in Halkirk parish, the fame of which had travelled far across the Ord. The Gaugers had tried long and hard to find the place, but without success. One night an unusually fine "browst" was on, and his son had kept watch for three days and three nights. Unable to keep awake any longer the lad fell asleep, and the preventive officers swooped down on the still and captured the whole concern. When the youth discovered the mischief which his negligence had wrought, and moreover, when he reflected upon the "mild chastisement" which his irate father would undoubtedly administer at the first interview, he decided to postpone that encounter as long as possible. He came south and joined the gallant 42nd, and possibly felt less fear in facing Napoleon's Cuirassiers at Waterloo than he had in meeting his parent. So that, we may take it, the making of a superior "sma' still" blend runs in the blood!

When we had the honour, seven years ago, of issuing an appeal to the Clan Mackay to form a Society, Mr. Alexander Mackay was among the first to respond, and he has never ceased to take an active share in the work of the Society since its inauguration. He has taken a deep interest in the establishment of a system of light railways in the Highlands, and the erection of suitable harbours in the north of Sutherland. It was principally through his advocacy that a petition was presented to the Government by the Clan Mackay Society, which, backed up by representations from other quarters, eventually resulted in

three harbours being erected in the Reay country. It is pleasing now to learn that a light railway is being constructed down Strath Halladale. Two years ago Mr. Mackay was elected President of the Society, and presided at the Annual Social Gathering last held in Glasgow. He is one of the most popular members of the clan, and when arrayed in the Highland garb it would be difficult to find a clansman who wears it more gracefully.

Mr. Mackay is Vice-Chairman of the Cancer Hospital, which is the only one in Scotland, and is deeply interested in a large extension which will add immensely to the usefulness of that institution. It has been often regretted by his friends that he did not take a more active share in municipal affairs, his business occupying so much of his personal attention. We believe, however, that there is every probability of Mr. Mackay being induced soon to devote himself more to City matters, and we feel sure that his presence in the City Council will be a distinct gain to that distinguished body. EDITOR.

MANU FORTI.

THE CLAN MACKAY.



THE MACKAY BADGE.

The sportsman now roams o'er the Sutherland hills,
And down where the Naver runs clear;
And the land a brave race had for centuries owned
Is now trod by the sheep and the deer.
The halls where our ancestors first saw the light,
Now blackened in ruins they lie,

And the moss-covered cairns are all that remain
Of the once pleasant homes of Mackay.

Happy homes by an alien's base mandate o'erthrown
Tender maidens and brave, stalwart men,
Were ruthlessly scattered like leaves in a gale,
Far away from their dear native glen.
Brave clansmen who fought in fair liberty's cause,—
In the lowlands of Holland they lie;
For foremost in battle, and second to none,
Has aye been the Clan of Mackay.

Not yet are they silenced, though peaceful they be,
And though far from the green mountain side,
They meet in the city of famous renown
On the banks of the dark flowing Clyde.
With hearts still undaunted, and beating as true
As when under a northern sky
They grasped their claymores, when the slogan
they heard,
And followed the flag of Mackay.

Unflinching they bore the proud ensign aloft,
While their foemen the penalty paid,
And the same noble spirit inspires them to-day
Their poor broken clansmen to aid.
The aged and weak they have sworn to protect
By the "Strong Hand" and kind, watchful eye,
For faithful in friendship and valiant in war
Has aye been the Clan of Mackay.

Then flock to the standard and join the roll-call,
Once more the old banner's unfurled;
The slogan's been sounded, and kinship been
claimed
By the clansmen all over the world.
Exiled or at home, love of country and clan
Are feelings we'll never let die;
"Defy and defend, stand true to the end,"
And honour the name of Mackay.

Bridge of Allan.

ELIZABETH MACKAY.

CLAN MACKINNON.—The Social Gathering was held in the Berkeley Hall, on 14th ult.,—Major Francis A. Mackinnon, J.P., eldest son of the chief, in the chair, who was supported by Rev. D. D. Mackinnon (clan historian), Speldhurst, Messrs. Duncan Mackinnon (London), Andrew Mackinnon, Duncan Mackinnon (Glasgow), and other notable clansmen. Spirited addresses on clan topics were delivered by the chairman, Rev. D. D. Mackinnon, and others, and a very pleasant evening was spent. The gathering dispersed after giving hearty cheers for the gallant chairman and his charming lady, who is of the ancient house of Maclean.

THE GLASGOW ROSS AND CROMARTY ASSOCIATION held their Social Gathering in the Queen's Rooms, on 13th February,—Sir Hector Munro, Bart., of Foulis, Chief of the Clan Munro, in the chair. The hall was crowded. Mr. Arthur Bignold of Lochrosque and Sheriff Strachan addressed the meeting, and their speeches were eloquent and patriotic. An assembly followed.

GLASGOW COWAL SHINTY CLUB.—The Right Hon. Lord Lovat, Chief of the Clan Fraser, has consented to preside at the Annual Concert of this famous Shinty Club, to be held in the Waterloo Rooms, Glasgow, on Wednesday, 25th March. The programme is a specially attractive one, and speeches will be delivered by prominent Celts.

RODERICK MACLEOD, INVERNESS.

MR. RODERICK MACLEOD, who was successful in winning the gold medal for solo singing at the last Olan Mòd, is a native of Elphin, a secluded little village

in the wilds of Assynt, Sutherlandshire. Descended paternally from the Macleods of Geanies, and by his mother from the Assynt Macleods, the subject of our sketch may be looked upon as a typical representative of his clan. Having received a very serviceable education at the local school Mr. Macleod, when sixteen years of age, decided to go out into the great world and see what fortune had in store for him. He travelled all the way to Dingwall, where he secured a situation as a draper's assistant, and after serving for four years removed to Inverness, to act as manager for a firm there. After a time he went south to Edinburgh, but had not been long in the service of his firm when he was sent to Inverness to manage a branch of the business which had been started in the Highland Metropolis. His efforts were entirely successful, and

in course of time he had the great pleasure of acquiring the business for himself. He now owns two of the largest ready-made clothing establishments in Inverness.

Mr. Macleod's leisure is principally devoted to the study of Gaelic music, and as an interpreter of Gaelic song he has no superior. To

hear Mr. Macleod render some of our favourite Gaelic melodies is a revelation to those whose opinion of our Highland music had been formed from hearing untrained vocalists attempt to sing these beautiful songs. Mr. Macleod is a member of Mr. Roddie's celebrated Church Choir, & sometimes conducts in his absence; he is also one of the leading soloists in the Inverness Choral Union. Naturally, during the winter his services are in frequent demand to assist at concerts; and he has had the honour of appearing at the Annual Concert of the London Inverness-



shire Association, and the Concert of the Gaelic Mòd recently held in Glasgow, on both occasions receiving an enthusiastic ovation. He is a member of council of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, which does such excellent work by the publication of its annual "Transactions."



PART XIX.—(Continued from page 97).

THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE—QUATRE BRAS, WATERLOO.

IN concluding the "Waterloo Campaign," and the story of the Highland Brigade, in the arduous contests of the 16th and 18th June, 1815, impartial justice must be done to the whole of the army commanded by Wellington, composed as it was of heterogeneous masses of various nationalities, thus:—

	Artillery.	Cavalry.	Artillery.	Guns.
1—British,	15,181	5,843	2,967	78
2—King's German Legion,	3,301	1,991	526	18
3—Hanoverians,	10,258	497	465	12
4—Brunswickers,	4,586	866	510	16
5—Nassauers,	2,881	—	—	—
6—Dutch Belgians,	13,402	3,205	1,177	32
Total.	49,609	12,402	5,645	156

Fronting these,
Napoleon's army
consisted of

47,579 13,792 7,529 246

Here we see only 23,901 British of all arms on the field, while the Dutch Belgians contingent numbered 17,784. It is needless to speculate what the result might have been had this large proportion of Dutch Belgians been replaced by a corresponding number of British or German troops. The fact abundantly testifies to the heroic firmness and enduring courage with which the brave British and Germans stood the brunt of this remarkable contest, and, be it remembered, with the

unquestionably finest army that Napoleon had ever collected together, exclusively formed of one nation—of that nation whose legions had at one time subjugated nearly the whole of Europe—imbued with inveterate hatred against its foes, cherishing the most unbounded devotion to its great chief, and filled with an ardent desire of restoring the fallen glory of the Empire.

In a still greater degree did these feelings actuate the commanders of these brave combatants, while watching each other's movements of preparation, and minutely scanning the surface of the arena in which tactical skill, habitual prowess, physical strength, and mere courage, were to decide not only their own, but in all probability the fate of Europe. Apart from national interests and considerations, and viewed in connection with the opposite characteristics of the two illustrious chiefs, the approaching eventful contest was contemplated with anxious solicitude by the whole military world, and need this create surprise when we reflect that the struggle was one for mastery between the far famed Conqueror of Italy and the victorious Liberator of the Peninsula, between the triumphant Vanquisher of Europe and the bold and successful Invader of Southern France!

Of the conduct of the British infantry in this campaign, of its heroic valour, its indomitable resistance, its proud defiance, and its admirable discipline, previous chapters afford abundant testimony, and further comment would be superfluous.

The superior prowess of the British cavalry shone most conspicuously on this great day.

The combined charge of the two heavy Brigades against the French cavalry and infantry which attacked Picton's division between one and two o'clock, whether we regard the brilliancy of its execution, or the magnitude of its success, is perhaps without a parallel in the whole war, 1792 to 1815. When we remember the preponderance of the enemy in that arm, the frequency of his charges, the masses with which he advanced, it is impossible to advert to the heroism of the cavalry of Great Britain without at the same time according the praise so deservedly due to the skill of its noble and brilliant chief, Paget, Earl of Uxbridge, Marquis of Anglesea, who was the life and soul of its movements

throughout the arduous and desperate struggle, who so judiciously economised its strength that at the critical moment when its services were required for securing the victory, he was enabled to bring forward two fresh brigades which performed those services in a style the most brilliant and effective that can be conceived, and with a success that commanded the admiration of all.

Of the British artillery on this momentous day, its meritorious conduct cannot be exaggerated. It had to contend, as has been shown, against an immense preponderance of the number of guns and weight of metal. It evinced during the whole day a degree of



THE 92ND GORDON HIGHLANDERS CAPTURING ONE OF THE EAGLES OF THE OLD FRENCH GUARD

bravery, zeal, activity and rare intelligence that can never be surpassed, and nobly, grandly sustained its long and honourably acquired pre-eminence in the Peninsula and elsewhere.

Of the German Legion, infantry, cavalry, and artillery it is impossible to speak in terms of too high praise, suffice it to say that their conduct was in every respect equal to that of the British, in the Peninsula and Waterloo.

The four Hanoverian brigades were but recently and hastily raised, yet the manner in which such raw soldiers withstood the most furious assaults by the gallant and well disciplined troops of Napoleon would have conferred honour upon long tried veterans.

The Brunswickers were all young soldiers; they too performed an honourable part in the battle, and amply avenged the fall of their Prince at Quatre Bras.

The Nassau brigade conducted themselves throughout the day with great steadiness.

Whatever may have been the cause of the supineness of the Dutch Belgians at Waterloo, whether from political motives or otherwise, the fact of such supineness is too well attested to admit any doubt; as to the value to be attached to their co-operation on the 18th June, in the tremendous struggles so courageously and resolutely sustained by the other contingents of the allied armies, and it becomes

a most important point for consideration in any calculation of the relative strength of the combatants, one half of the Dutch Belgians was with difficulty prevented from abandoning the field, though they were not in contact with the enemy, the other half joined the front line in the left of Maitland's brigade of Guards at the time of the general advance.

It would be unjust to the honour, the fame, and the glory of the real actors in the memorable scene of Waterloo to omit putting forth certain important considerations essential to enable an impartial public, an unprejudiced

posterity, to arrive at a correct and satisfactory conclusion upon points hitherto involved in obscurity. These refer chiefly to the numerical strength of the combatants, the relative proportions in which the troops of Wellington were actively engaged with the French, and lastly the extent of the actual share taken in the battle by the Prussians.

A very simple, and at the same time a rational mode of computing the relative strength of armies is by placing in juxtaposition their respective number of battalions, squadrons, and guns. According to this rule the British



AFTER THE DANGERS OF WAR ARE OVER, THE HIGHLAND SOLDIER RETURNS TO HIS NATIVE GLEN.

and allies as previously given under the command of Wellington, and the French under Napoleon, at the commencement of the battle would stand thus:—

	Batt.	Squad.	Guns.
Total British and Allies,	73	98	156
Deduct Dutch Belgians, as now combatants,	10	28	32
British and Germans,	63	70	124
French under Napoleon,	103	127	246

Napoleon about one o'clock detached two light cavalry divisions to his right flank as a

corps of observation, when he perceived tooops showing themselves on the horizon on the heights of St. Lambert, between three and four miles to the eastward, which he fondly hoped were some of Grouchy's advance battalions, but turned out to be Bulow's Prussians. The opposing forces from that hour to about five p.m. stood thus:—

	Batt.	Squad.	Guns.
British and German Allies,	63	70	124
French,	103	106	234

(To be concluded)



SIR A. MCDONNELL BART.,

THE RIGHT HON.

SIR A. McDONNELL, BART.



THE following account of the descendants of the famous Allister McColl MacDonald, cannot fail to prove of great interest, not only to members of the great Clan Donald, but to all Highlanders.

The Right Hon. Sir Alexander McDonnell, Bart., M.A., Christ Church, Oxon, of Lincoln's Inn,

Barrister-at-Law, late a Resident Commissioner of the Board of National Education in Ireland, and a member of the Privy Council, died on the 21st June, 1875, at his residence, 32 Upper Fitzwilliam Street, Dublin, aged eighty. He was eldest son of the late James McDonnell, M.D., of Belfast and Murlough, and derived his descent, through the famous *Coll Ciotach* McDonnell, head of the Clan Iain Mhòir, from the MacDonalds, Lords of the Isles in Scotland. Having graduated with high honours at Oxford, Sir Alexander was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1824, and held from 1839 to 1871 the important office of Resident Commissioner of National Education in Ireland. Shortly after his retirement he was created a Baronet (Jan. 20, 1872), in consideration of his long and distinguished career in the public service of Ireland. Esteemed and beloved by all classes, he passed away universally lamented. Sir Alexander married, in 1826, Barbara, eldest daughter of Hugh Montgomery, Esq., of Benvardeen, in the County of Antrim, and relict of Richard Staples, Esq., and was left a widower in 1865. As he died without issue, the title became extinct.

Although Sir Alexander died without issue it will be seen by the following extracts from "Burke's Peerage" and "Landed Gentry" that the descendants of the Chiefs of the Clan Iain Mhòir, Lords of the South Isles, Kintyre, and Glens of Antrim, are still well represented in Ireland.

The McDonnells of the South Isles, Kintyre, and Glens of Antrim, called the *Clann Iain Mhòir*, or "Clandonald South," of which the Right Hon. Sir Alexander McDonnell was a direct descendant, derived from *Iain Mòr*, second son of John, Lord of the Isles, by his wife the Princess Margaret, daughter of Robert II., King of Scotland. James, VI. Chief, who married a daughter of the Earl of Argyll, transferred his Irish possessions, in Antrim, to

his brother Sorley-buie (Somerled), father of the first Earl of Antrim.

James' eldest brother, *Coll Dubh*, married a daughter of Macquillan, Lord of Dunluce, and was father to Gillespie McDonnell, Chief of Iona and Colonsay, whose son, by his wife, a daughter of O'Cahan of Dunseverick, was the famous *Coll Ciotach*, who was at the head of the *Clann Iain Mhòir* in 1646, with his son Sir Allister McColl McDonald, Montrose's celebrated Lieut.-General, who commanded the Highland Clans and Lord Antrim's Irish Contingent in the Civil War, in Scotland, in 1646-7, and was afterwards Second-in-Command of the Royal Forces in Ireland, where he was killed at the Battle of Knock-na-noss, Co. Cork, on the 18th of November, 1647.

Sir Allister left two sons by his wife, daughter of MacAllister of Loup—Coll of Kilmore, and Archibald, an officer of Lord Antrim's regiment, who distinguished himself and was severely wounded at the Battle of Aughrim. The latter married a daughter of Captain Stewart of Ridbay Castle, Glenariff, and had issue, but are now extinct, in the male line. Coll, the elder son, married a daughter of Magee of Murloch, Co. Antrim, and had a son, Alexander of Kilmore, who was great-grandfather to Sir Alexander, and his brother, John of Murloch, the latter, who was for many years a distinguished member of the Local Government Board of Ireland, died in 1892 at the advanced age of ninety-six, and was succeeded by his eldest son, James, now of Kilsharvan, and Murloch, Co. Antrim, the present representative and head of this family. He married a sister of the English Lord Chancellor, Earl Cairns, and has two daughters. Mr. McDonnell, however, had four brothers, men distinguished for their learning and eminence in their respective positions. They and one sister all married, and have several sons and daughters. Robert, F.R.S., married Susan, daughter of Sir Richard McCausland, and left one son, John; Alexander, C.E., married Isabella, daughter of Mr. Grenfell, and has several sons and daughters; Randal, Q.C., married a daughter of Mr. John Carlyle of Belfast, and left three sons and a daughter; Wilhelmina married Henry Pilkington, Q.C., D.L., of Tore, Co. Westmeath, and has several sons and daughters. William Randle married his cousin, Miss Reeves. Mr. McDonnell has also four unmarried sisters.

Sir Alexander's grandfather had a younger brother, John of Kilmore, Glenariff, who was grandfather of the present Colonel John McDonnell, D.L., of Kilmore, who married the Hon. Madeline O'Hagan, daughter of the late Lord O'Hagan, K.P. She died s.p., but his niece, Rachel Mary, only surviving child of his

late and only brother, Alexander, married Henry Thomas, eldest son of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Silvertop, of Minster Acres, Northumberland, and has three sons and two daughters.

A handsome Marble Statue has been erected to the memory of Sir Alexander in the grounds of the National Board Buildings, Dublin, by his numerous friends.

Glenarm.

ALLAN McDONALD, LL.D.

NOTES ON THE HIGHLAND CLANS, THEIR BADGES, SLOGANS, MUSIC, &c.

BY FIONN.

IN the following notes we hope to lay before our readers in a concise form much that is interesting regarding the various Highland Clans. There seems to be considerable confusion regarding the badges, probably owing to the fact that many of the plants are so much alike that without a knowledge of Botany it is impossible to discriminate between them, or designate with exactness. In these circumstances we have in several cases given more than one badge, and we shall be glad to hear from representatives of such clans as to which they consider the right one, or that most commonly used by the clan.

THE BUCHANANS—NA CANONAICIL.

The name Buchanan is Both-chaman—the canon's seat; now applied to a parish in Stirlingshire. The Badge, or *Suaicheantas*, is variously given as Birch—Gaelic *Beathu*, Whortleberry—Gaelic, *Lus nan braoileag*, or *Deurcan monaidh*, also Oak, Gaelic *Darach*. The war-cry or slogan, *Cath-ghairm* is Clairinnis—an island in Lochlomond. The principal line became extinct in 1816.

THE CAMERONS—NA CAM-SHROINICH.



The name Cameron is evidently from *Cam-shroin*—crooked nose. In a MS. of 1467 they are designated *Clann Macan-fhaigh* or *Clann Ghillcamshroin*—Clan Melony or Clan Cameron. The present Chief is Donald

Cameron, XXIV. of Lochiel, born 1835, whose patronymic is *Mac Dhòmhnaill Duibh*. The first Donald Dubh from whom the Cameron Chiefs take their patronymic was XI. of Lochiel, and was present at the Battle of Harlaw, 1411. The Badge of the Clan is Crowberry—Gaelic *Dearcag-fithich*, according to some authorities Oak. War-cry or *Cath-ghairm*, *'Chlanna nan con thigibh an so 's gheibh sibh fèil*—Children of the hounds come

hither and get flesh. The origin of this savage war-cry will be found in *Celtic Monthly*, Vol. III., page 46. The Salute or *Fàilte* of the Clan is *Fàilte Shìr Eòbhan*—Sir Ewen's Salute (XVII. of Lochiel). The words associated with this *Fàilte* are given in the *Gael*, Vol. IV., page 310. We quote a few lines only:—

Bheil thu stigh, bhean a' chinn duibh,
Thàinig Eòbhan.
Bheil thu stigh, bhean a' chinn duibh,
Thàinig Eòbhan—
Faoilt air Eòbhan,
Fàilt air Eòbhan,
Thàinig Eòbhan.
Bheil thu stigh bhean a' chinn duibh,
Thàinig Eòbhan.
Bheil thu stigh, thig a' mhuigh,
Thàinig Eòbhan.

The Gathering tune or *Cruinneachadh* of the Clan is *Cruinneachadh nan Cam-shróineach* or the Cameron's Gathering, probably the older gathering tune is *Ceann-na-Drochaide-moire*—The Head of the High Bridge. This bridge is a few miles below Spean Bridge, and was built by General Wade. At this bridge in 1745 the Highlanders had their first skirmish with the red-coats. The prisoners taken were marched to Glenfinnan, between two columns of the Camerons on the day of raising the Standard of Prince Charles. The March or *Spaidsearachd* of the Clan is *Piobaireachd Dhòmhnaill Duibh*—Pibroch of Donald Dubh, said to have been composed by Donald Balloch of the Isles, and played at the Battle of Inverlochry, 1431. (For words and music see *Celtic Monthly*, Vol. III., page 9.) The motto of the Clan is *Pro Rege et Patria*—for King and Country. The title "Lochiel" as applied to the Chief dates from 1528. There are various branches of the Clan—among them are:—

- 1—The descendants of Dr. Archibald Cameron, brother of the Gentle Lochiel of 1745.
- 2—The Camerons of Fassifern.
- 3—The Camerons of Worcester.
- 4—The Camerons of Erracht.
- 5—The Camerons of Inverallort.
- 6—The Camerons of Callert.
- 7—The Camerons of Lundavra.
- 8—The Cameron of Culchenna.
- 9—The Camerons of Glennevis.

THE CAMPBELLS—NA CAIMBEULAICH.



It is probable this Clan derived its name from a facial peculiarity—*Cam-beul* wry-mouth. The name Campbell appears first in 1266 when Gillespie Campbell is returned in the Exchequer

Rolls as holding the lands of Menstrie and Sauchie, in Stirling.

ARGYLE.

The Argyle Campbells are descended from Neil Campbell, who, about 1296, was made King Edward's bailie over the lands from Lochfyne to Kilmartin, in Argyle. Neil married Bruce's sister, and the Gadic pedigree of the Argyle family makes this Neil Campbell son of Colin, son of Gillespie (doubtless the Gillespie referred to above), son of Dugal Cangel, son of Duncan, son of Gillespie, son of Malcolm, son of Duibhne, whence they are called *Sìol 'o Duin*. We may here remark that the Campbells are known as *Sìol Diarmaid* or the descendants of the famous Fingalian hero Dermid who slew the wild boar, and hence the Crest of the Clan—a boar's head. The Chief of the Clan is the Duke of Argyle, born 1823, whose patronymic is *Mac-Cailein mòr*. Badge—Bog Myrtle, Gaelic, *Roid*. War-cry—"Cruchan," a mountain in Argyleshire. Salute—*Fàilte 'Mharcais*—The Marquis' Salute. March—*Bail' Ionaraura*—The Town of Inveraray. The English words associated with this tune are "The Campbells are coming," which are believed to date back to about 1715. The Lament is *Cumha 'Mharcais*—The Marquis' Lament. Motto—*Ne obliviscaris*—Dinna forget.

BREADALBANE.

This is the leading branch of the Clan. The Chief of this branch is the Earl of Breadalbane, whose patronymic is *Mac Chaillein 'ic Dhomhachaidh*. Badge—Bog Myrtle, Gaelic *Roid*. March—*Bodaich nam briogaisean*—The carles with the breeks—also known as *A mhnaith a ghlinne so*—Wives of Wild Cona-glen. (For words and music see *Celtic Monthly*, Vol. III., page 169.) Motto—Follow me.

The other branches are The Campbells of Cawdor or Calder, now represented by the Earl of Cawdor. The Campbells of Loudon. The Campbells of Ardkinglass, whose patronymic was *Mac-an-Raich*. The Campbells of Dunstaffnage, patronymic *Mac Aonghais*. The Campbells of Barcaldine, patronymic *Shìochd Phara bhiy*. MacArthur Campbells of Strachur, patronymic *Mac'ic-Artair*. Campbells of Asknish, patronymic *Mac Ionhair*. The Campbells of Monzie.

(To be continued).

CUIMHNICH BAS AILPEIN!

(REMEMBER THE DEATH OF ALPIN.)

AMONG the old clan names of Scotland there are few of greater distinction or antiquity than that of MacCorquodale. The family motto is "Vivat Rex" (may the King live), and their progenitor was Torquil, a doughty warrior, of Norse extraction, in the army of Alpin, King of the Scots. At that

time the Picts and the Scots were striving for supremacy in Scotland. A great battle had been fought between the Pictish and Scottish armies on the banks of the Carron. In this battle the Scots were defeated, their King Alpin slain, while his head was, by the victorious Picts, carried off to their fort of Camelon, and there exposed upon a pole. From this degrading position the head of King Alpin was recovered by the gallant ancestor of the MacCorquodales. Under cover of the darkness of a murky night Torquil evaded the Pictish sentinels, scaled the walls of Camelon, and rescued the head of his King, which he bore back to the camp of the Scots.

As a reward to Torquil for his gallantry, he was granted, by King Kenneth, the son and successor of Alpin, the whole of the northern shore of Loch Awe, from Avich to Ard-an-aiseig, lying east and west, and north and south from Loch Etive to Loch Awe, with the Awe and Nant as boundaries. The Chiefs of the MacCorquodales were styled Barons of Fìoun Eilean, from the island on which their castle stood.

The MacCorquodale lands have now passed into the possession of their hereditary foes, the Campbells. Though landless, however, the family has a record and a motto of which their posterity may well be proud.

JAVA.

FRANK ADAM.

CLAN CHATTAN ASSOCIATION.—The First General Meeting of this Association was held on 6th ult., in the Royal Hotel, Edinburgh—Mr. John Mcintosh in the chair. A letter of apology for absence, and one intimating a subscription of £50, were read from Mackintosh of Mackintosh, Chief of the Clan Chattan. The rules and bye-laws drafted by the Provisional Committee were approved, and it was agreed that the name of the Association should be the "Clan Chattan." The office-bearers were elected, including Mr. Andrew Mackintosh, H.M.C., 19 Crichton Place, Hon. Secretary, and Mr. J. Douglas Macintosh, 64 Princes Street, Hon. Treasurer.

The Annual Conversazione of the Clan Chattan was held in the Windsor Hotel, Glasgow, on 20th ult., the Chief, Mackintosh of Mackintosh presiding. There was a distinguished gathering of clansmen and ladies, and everything passed off most successfully.

CLAN MACKENZIE.—We believe that steps are being taken to reconstruct this Society; it has been defunct for sometime past.

THE CLAN MACMILLAN have lost one of their honorary members, by the death of Mr. Alexander MacMillan, the famous London publisher.

THE NATIVES OF ABERFELDY IN GLASGOW held their first Social Gathering on the 27th ult., Mr. D. P. Menzies, F.S.A., Scot., in the chair. The hall was crowded. The chairman delivered an interesting address on the history and traditions of the district.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.



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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

MARCH, 1896.

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OUR NEXT ISSUE.

We will give plate portraits of Mr. Theodore Napier of Melbourne, Victoria, in the Highland costume of the period of Montrose; Mr. B. A. Fletcher of Dunans, Cowal; and C. Donald Macdonald, Rosario, Argentine Republic. The usual variety of illustrated contributions will also be given.

CELTIC MONTHLY, VOLUME III.—As our third Volume is now completed, and as we are only able to supply a few complete bound copies, several of the monthly parts being already out of print, those who wish copies might kindly communicate with us without delay, to prevent disappointment. The price is 10/-, post free, and orders should be sent at once to the Editor, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

Mr. John C. Mackay, F.G.S., eldest son of Mr. John Mackay, Hereford, has a most important illustrated work in the press on "Light Railways," which will be the most authoritative volume yet written on the subject.

Mr. Alex. Macbain's "Etymological Dictionary of the Gaelic Language" is now published. It is the most correct work ever published in the language of the Gael.

We are indebted to Mr. D. P. Menzies, F.S.A., Scot., for the use of the interesting engravings which are reproduced to illustrate the Waterloo papers.

THE CLAN HISTORIAN HONOURED.

On Tuesday, 28th January, two important events took place in Inverness which will interest Highlanders in all parts of the world. There was a large gathering in the Council Chamber to do honour to that most genial and gifted of High-

landers, Mr. Alexander Mackenzie, the Clan Historian. Mr. Mackenzie has worked long and faithfully in the Gaelic cause, and his numerous histories of the Highland clans are monuments to his literary energy and historical research. If anyone deserved well of his countrymen Mr. Mackenzie is the man, and we are glad to think that his countrymen have shown their regard for him in such a handsome and tangible way. Provost Macbean presented Mr. Mackenzie with an address and a cheque for £406, as a testimony of the subscribers' appreciation of him as a man and a Highlander. Mrs. Mackenzie was at the same time presented with a handsome gold watch and chain. Mr. Mackenzie returned thanks for the handsome gifts of which he and his wife had been the recipients, and made some interesting references to his labours in the field of Celtic literature. Thereafter he entertained the company to a cake and wine banquet in the Palace Hotel. We hope our friend may live to add many more volumes to his series of clan histories.

On the evening of the same day the Gaelic Society of Inverness held its Annual Dinner, Mr. Baillie of Dochfour, M.P., in the chair. The croupiers were Messrs. J. L. Robertson and Councillor William Mackay. There was a large and influential gathering of notable Highlanders, and speeches, Gaelic song and pipe music were the order of the evening. We are indebted to Provost Macpherson, Kingussie, who proposed the toast of "The Language and Literature of the Gael," for his kindly reference to the *Celtic Monthly*. In referring to former Highland magazines he said—"let me specially commend their successor, so to speak, that bright and attractive little periodical, *The Celtic Monthly*, at present so admirably conducted by Mr. John Mackay, Glasgow, which I believe is steadily increasing in circulation among Highlanders both at home and abroad." We appreciate the learned Provost's remarks, and hope that the *Celtic* is worthy of the flattering eulogium passed upon it.

CLAN NEWS.

CLAN MACKAY.—The monthly meeting was held in Glasgow on 20th ult., and an interesting paper on "Rob Donn" by Mr. John Mackay, Hereford, was read. The Clan Booklet, extending to 24 pages, is now published, containing list of over 400 members, and full particulars of the work of the Society, finances, etc. Quite a number of "associates" have joined recently, among the latest being Mr. John Polson, J.P., Paisley (of the celebrated firm of Brown & Polson), who enrolled as a life-member. The Social Gathering takes place in the Freemason's Hall, Edinburgh, on 13th inst., Ex-Mayor George J. Mackay of Kendal, and Councillor William Mackay, Inverness, officiating.

THE CLAN CAMPBELL held their Social Gathering in the Trades' Hall, Captain Duncan Campbell of Inverneil, in the chair. There was a very large attendance, and a pleasant evening was spent.

CLAN MACLEAN.—A paper on "The Macleans of Dochgarroch," by Mr. C. Fraser-Mackintosh, was read before this Society on 14th ult.; and on March 14th a concert and dance are to be held.

THE CLAN GRANT have arranged for a Concert and Dance in the Assembly Rooms, on 28th Feb.

CLUNY AND LADY CLUNY OF THE '45, AFTER CULLODEN.

By ALEXANDER MACPHERSON, KINGUSSIE.

V.

"Am fear a dh'fhàg an dùthaich so,
Bu mhath air chul na cruadhach e,
B'e'n Gàidheal sgaiteach, cliùiteach e,
'S bu dùthchasach air Cluainidh e;
B'e'n crannchur croiseil, diùbhalach,
A dhruid a null thar chuaintean e;
Thug teisteanas fir thar cheudan leis.
'A chaoidh nach meud a bhuaidhach as."

IN previous papers some particulars have been given of the sufferings and unexampled hardships endured by Cluny and Lady Cluny of the '45 after the Battle of Culloden. Let me now proceed to give an account of some of his providential escapes from his active and relentless persecutors during the terrible times of oppression and cruelties which followed that sad day's disaster—cruelties even more inhuman, in some respects, than those we read of with such horror in the present day, as being practised by "the unspeakable Turk" on the poor long-suffering Armenians.



THE CAVE IN BEN ALDER IN WHICH PRINCE CHARLIE, LOCHIEL, AND CLUNY OF THE '45 FOUND REFUGE AFTER CULLODEN.

"Oh heavens!"—exclaimed Captain John Macpherson of Strathmashie, in alluding in 1748 to the merciless cruelties perpetrated on Prince Charlie's adherents after Culloden—"In what characters will what follows be writ! Murders, burnings, ravishings, plunderings! Ane army of fiends let loose from Hell with Lucifer himself at their head! Barbarities unheard of—noe distinctions of sex or age—cruelties never as much as named among any people who made profession of or pretended to Christianity, and all, not only with impunity, but by command. Oh!"*

Nothing, it has well been said, is more remarkable in the history of the Highlanders than the loyalty with which they clung to their kings, their chiefs, or the leaders who for the time being secured their affection. A finer example could not be given than the incorruptible fidelity of the men of Badenoch to Cluny of the '45. The experiences and hair-breadth escapes of that devoted chief, who so enthusiastically risked life and fortune for the

* Vide *The Lyon in Mourning* issued by the Scottish History Society, Vol. II. p. 93.

sake of him whom he considered his lawful King, form, next to those of the Prince himself, the most thrilling incidents in the history of the ill-fated enterprise which terminated so disastrously on the bloody moor of Culloden.

"Through all the glens, from shore to shore,
What wailing went! but that is o'er—
Hearts now are cold, that once were sore
For the loved ones lost on Culloden."

In a long and interesting review of *Glimpses of Church and Social Life in the Highlands in Olden Times*, which recently appeared in the *Times*, the reviewer says:—

"There was a price set upon Cluny's head, which would have enriched even one of the richer clansmen, beyond the dreams of his avarice. The haunts of the Chief were well known; he was always attended by a bodyguard, and surrounded by a swarm of outlying spies. Yet he lived safely among them for nine years, when he escaped to France to die in exile. He was always changing his quarters and accommodation, sometimes, like David, he had his habitation in caves, and sometimes he burrowed in cairns with the wild cats he bore as a crest. One of his common haunts was a dry but utterly dark cellar, entered by a trap door and beneath the floor of a kitchen. But his favourite summer residence was the famous cave in Ben Alder, immortalised by Louis Stevenson in "Kidnapped." . . . The family was fortunate in having its lands restored. They were given back in the next generation, thanks to the interest and generous self-denial of a Hanoverian neighbour, who might have had them for himself. We have no wish to disparage either the fidelity of the poor clansmen or the generosity of that gentleman. But it must be remembered that any Macpherson who had turned Judas must have made up his mind to execration and expatriation. His name would have been consigned to eternal infamy, and, had he dared to stay in his native glens and brazen it out, his life would not have been worth a week's purchase."

In the remarkable manuscript preserved in the Cluny Charter Chest, written in France about the year 1760, to which reference was made in the December number of this magazine, there is the following graphic description of the cave in Ben Alder, alluded to by Stevenson, in which the Prince with Lochiel and Cluny for a time found refuge:—

"About five miles to the south-westward of his (Cluny's) chateau commenc'd his forest of Ben Alder, plentifully stock'd with deer—red-lares, moorfoul, and other game of all kinds, beside which it affords fine pasture for his numerous flocks and herds. There also he keeps a harras of some hundred mares, all which after the fatal day of Culoden became the pray of his enemies. It contains an extent of many mountains and small valleys, in all computed about 12 miles long east and west, and from 8 to 10 miles in breadth, without a single house in the whole excepting the necessary lodges for the shepherds who were

charg'd with his flocks. It was in this Forrest where the Prince found Cluny with Lochell in his wounds and other friends under his care. Cluny observed on this occasion an instance of the Prince's never-failing prudent caution and presence of mind. Lord Lochell, he, and the others advanced to receive him in the respectful manner justly due his Royal Highness; 'My dear Lochell' says he immediately, 'no ill-plac'd ceremony at present I beg of you, for it is hard to say who may at this moment eye us from these surrounding mountains.' How soon the joy conceived on seeing the Prince in safety and in health gave room for cooler reflections. Cluny became anxious about his future health and safety. He was afraid that his constitution might not suit with lying on the ground or in caves, so was solicitous to contrive a more comfortable habitation for him upon the south front of one of these mountains, overlooking a beautiful lake of 12 miles long. He observed a thicket of holly-wood; he went, viewed, and found it fit for his purpose; he caused immediately wave the thicket round with boughs, made a first and second floor in it, and covered it with moss to defend the rain. The upper room serv'd for *salle à manger* and bed-chamber, while the lower serv'd for a cave to contain liquors and other necessaries; at the back part was a proper hearth for cook and baker, and the face of the mountain had so much the colour and resemblance of smock, no person could ever discover that there was either fire or habitation in the place. Round this lodge were placed their sentinels at proper stations, some nearer and some at greater distances, who dayly brought them notice of what happened in the country, and even in the enemy's camps, bringing them likewise the necessary provisions, while a neighbouring fountain supplied the society with the rural refreshment of pure rock water. As, therefore, an oak tree is to this day rever'd in Britain for having happily sav'd the grand uncle, Charles the Second, from the pursuits of Cromwell, so this holly thicket will probablie in future times be likewise rever'd for having saved Prince Charles, the nephew, from the still more dangerous pursuits of Cumberland, who show'd himself on all occasions a much more inveterate enemy. In this romantick humble habitation the Prince dwelt. When news of the ships being arriv'd reached him, Cluny convoyed him to them with joy, happy in having so safely plac'd so valuable a charge; then return'd with contentment, alone to commence his pilgrimage, which continued for nine years more. And now notwithstanding the very great difference of his present situation and circumstances to what they once were, he is always gay and chearfull; conscious of having done his duty, he defys fortune to make him express his mind unhappy, or so much as make him think of any action below his honour."

"And dear to my heart are the chivalrous ways,
And the kindly regards of the old Highland days,
When the worth of the Chief and the strength of
the clan,
Brought glory and fame to the brave Highlandman."

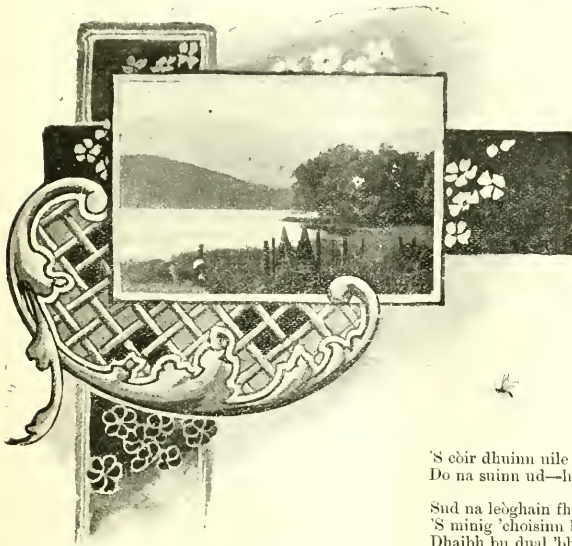
According to the narrative of Donald Macpherson of Breakachy given in *The Lyon in Mourning*, all about Prince Charlie "during his

abode in Benalder of Badenoch, were Lochiel, Cluny, Lochgarry, Dr. Cameron, and Breakachie; one Allan Cameron, a young genteel lad of Calard's family, who was principal servant to Lochiel; and four servants belonging to Cluny, particularly James Macpherson, his piper, Paul Macpherson, his horse keeper, Murdoch and Duncan Macpherson. This Murdoch the Prince generally called Murich, who, and Paul could speak no English, and were commonly employed in carrying provisions from Breakachie."

Let me express my hearty obligations to that patriotic Highlander, and excellent amateur artist, Mr. Cameron Swan of Holland Park, London, for the photograph of the celebrated cave at Ben Alder—the first of that cave, so

far as I am aware, ever taken. While on a visit to Badenoch in December last he specially, in company with Dr. Campbell of Laggan, braved the terrors of a stormy winter day in the wild and solitary region of Ben Alder, for the purpose of taking the photograph, in order that it might be reproduced as an illustration to this paper. In the letter from Mr. Cameron Swan accompanying the photograph he says;—"The principal cave is the one I am pointing to, and there are smaller ones on either side. I imagine the Prince occupying the centre cave, with Cluny and Breakachie on the one side, and Lochiel and Dr. Archibald Cameron on the other."

(To be continued).



NA SAIGHDEARAN GAELACH.

SEISD—

Hoiriunn hò, mo rùn na gaisgich,
 Hì ho rò, mo rùn na gaisgich,
 Mo rùn gaisgich luath' an fhéilidh—
 Na fir ghléusd' 'tha tigh 'n fainear dhomh.

So na h-amaibh a tha cianail,
 Bagairt cogaidh 'n Ear 's an iar oirnn;
 Tha clann daoine 'fas neo-chiallach,
 Dh' fhalbh an rian uath' mar na dheannaibh.

Ach a dh' aindeoin cruas no campar
 'Tha do Bhreatainn aig an àm so,

'S còir dhuinn uile 'bhi ro-thaingeil
 Do na suinn ud—luchd nam breacan.

Sud na leòghain fhuilteach, réubach,
 'S minig 'choisim buaidh 's an t-stréup iad;
 Dhaibh bu dual 'bhi 'n cruadal éuchdach,—
 'S mór am féum rinn iad do Bhreatainn.

Bu bheag m' fharmaid ris an nùmhaid
 'Bheireadh ionnsaidh air na Gàidheil—
 Na fir thapaidh, ghrada, làidir,—
 B' fhearr do 'n nàmh ud 'bhi fo 'n talamh.

Le 'n cuid piob 'us brataich shreannrach,
 Luaidhe, fùdar, 's lannaibh teann orr',
 Bhiodh droch coimeamh air na naimh-dibh
 'Thogadh greann air laoiach nan gleannaibh.

Cha bhí eagal oirnn no cùram
 Gu 'n tig masladh air ar dùthaich,
 Ma bhios eich a leth cho fiùghail
 Ris na diùlaich—luchd nam breacan.

R. FRASER MACKENZIE.

**ALEXANDER H. MACKAY, HALIFAX,
NOVA SCOTIA.**



ALEX. HOWARD MACKAY, B.A., B.Sc., LL.D., F.R.S.C., F.S.Sc. (London), Superintendent of Education for the Province of Nova Scotia, and President of the Dominion Educational Association (of Canada), was born May

19th, 1848, at North Mount, Dalhousie, Pictou County, Nova Scotia. His paternal grandfather, Alexander Mackay, was born in Sutherlandshire in 1762. His second son, John, the father of the subject of our sketch, was born in 1810, and with the rest of the family left the parish of Rogart for America in 1822. The brig "Harmony" bore them to the port of Pictou, in Nova Scotia. The new homestead lands were taken up about fifteen miles inland. His maternal grandfather, John MacLean, was born in the North-west of Scotland about 1758. His youngest daughter, Barbara, was born at Roger's Hill, in Pictou County, in 1823, and married John Mackay in 1847. Alexander was the eldest of a large family, several of whom have won distinguished positions already. In 1865 he was prevailed upon by the trustees of the public school in the section in which he was a pupil, to accept the mastership for a year. His success determined his future career. In the following year he took a professional course in the Provincial Normal School, and in 1873 graduated with special honours in Mathematics in the University of Dalhousie at Halifax. Immediately after he received the appointment of Principal of the Annapolis Academy, and thereafter successively filled the same office in Pictou Academy, and the Metropolitan Academy in Halifax. In 1891 he was appointed Superintendent of Education for the Province. During all these years he was actively engaged in scientific and literary studies. In 1880 he received the degree of B.Sc., with first-class honours in Biology; and in 1892 the University of Halifax conferred upon him the degree of LL.D., the first occasion on which the degree was bestowed. He was editor of the *Educational Review* from 1887 to 1891, and has been President of the Provisional and Dominion Educational Associations, the Summer School of Science, a member of the Executive Committee of the British Association, a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada, a Governor of the University of Dalhousie, a member of many

other Foreign and Canadian Scientific Societies, and Lecturer in the University. He was also appointed one of the Hon. Vice-Presidents of the World's Educational Congress at Chicago in 1893.

That he loves to think of the old country, and is anxious to keep in touch with his clansmen, was evident from the fact that when the Clan Mackay Society was started his was among the first names entered upon the Life-membership list.

In religion he is a Presbyterian of the "higher criticism" type, and is an elder and a member of the Senate of the Presbyterian Theological College. In 1882 he married Maude Augusta, only daughter of Dr. George Moir Johnstone, M.R.C.S. (London), of Pictou. They have two children, G. M. Johnstone, born 1883, and Barbara Lois, born in 1886. He takes no part in local politics, but the Superintendent has enthusiastic faith in the development of the "Greater Britain" as the possible organizer of the future Federation of the World and the Parliament of Man.

EDITOR.

A SOLDIER'S VOW!

"Cuidich an Rìgh."

THE 78TH HIGHLANDERS AT THE WELL OF
CAWNPORE.

Silent the Highland soldiers stood, with bared and reverent head,
No word they spake, no prayer they said, beside the murdered dead.—
With flashing eyes and knitted brows, and bursting hearts of pain,
They'd sought in all that slaughtered town one living thing in vain.—
Was it for this they bore the brunt of India's sweltering heat?
Was it for this they'd fought and bled, and toiled with aching feet,
O'er desert sands, 'neath scorching suns, weary, athirst, and faint,
Had borne the long and toilsome march, nor uttered one complaint?
Men who had faced the cannon's mouth and never thought to quail,
Who'd charged those guns and silenced them 'mid bullets' rattling hail;
They who had seen their foes go down like bent and broken reeds,
Line upon line as ripened corn before the scythe recedes,
Before that cursed work of hell broke down and sobbed aloud,
And for the victims of that well their oath of vengeance vowed!



A. H. MACKAY.

Then rose a veteran soldier, spake in accents brief
 and stern,
 His visage pale, his deep-set eyes thro' lured
 lashes burn,
 With gesture fierce he dashed aside the hot and
 scalding tear,
 The first his hardy manhood shed for many a long,
 long year.—
 "Up! comrades, up! is this a time for men to weep
 or rave,
 When living voices cry for aid from out a living
 grave!
 Could tears give back our butchered dead or spare
 one dying groan,
 Our very blood had turned to salt e'er deeds like
 these were shewn,
 But sound instead the slogan's peal, and beat the
 loud alarm!
 For we have need of strength of heart, and man-
 hood's strength of arm;
 Then let your claymores' edge be keen, and let your
 aim be sure,
 And brace your hardy sinews up, in patience to
 endure
 The hurried march, the weary road that yet
 before you lies,
 And think at every forward step their blood for
 vengeance cries."

From out his heart he drew with care a tress of
 long bright hair,
 The only relic left of one they knew both good and
 fair.
 "Now by our vows of chivalry that bind each
 Scottish hand,
 And by the earliest breath ye drew on that fair
 Scottish land,
 By every jagged mountain peak, by every tree that
 waves,
 By every blade of grass that grows green on your
 fathers' graves,
 Take every man his portion out, until each
 golden thread,
 Is laid upon a soldier's heart, that grew on that
 young head;
 Shoulder to shoulder! Highland men, up with the
 claymore's point,
 And pray yon distant heaven above, your trusty
 blades anoint,
 For you have sworn a holy vow, and ta'en a sacred
 trust,
 God bless your flashing eyes afire! God bless the
 bayonet thrust!
 And guard the gallant band that's bound for Luck-
 now's brave relief,
 Where kindred lives in peril dire await in fear and
 grief."

Then leapt from every ready sheath, the flash of
 glittering steel,
 As on the blood-stained earth the rows of kilted
 soldiers kneel.
 Uplifted in each strong right hand the bayonets'
 flashing gleam
 Played in the eastern sunlit rays like some bright
 mountain stream;
 No wavering nerve the steady glint of that brave
 phalanx shook,

As loud and deep in sonorous tones their soldier
 vow they took,
 For every shining silken thread of that bright
 severed hair,
 A dusky rebel life should die in wild and deep
 despair!
 Nor deem those hardened hearts that kissed with
 tears the golden tress,
 And vowed a woman's bitter wrongs their manhood
 should redress.
 In every true born Scottish heart is woman's truest
 shield,
 "Lambs in their quiet domestic life, but lions in
 the field!"

How did they keep their sacred vows, that hardy
 northern band!
 How did they fight their desperate way, how keep
 their gallant stand!
 The Charabagh bridge, the Kaiser bagh, the last
 and daring fight,
 Fought inch by inch from early dawn to deepest
 shades of night;
 With ringing cheers that spake to those long
 waiting hearts at last,
 "They come, they come, the kilted lads! thank
 God!—the pipers' blast."
 Thro' ranks of death they cut their way, shoulder
 to shoulder still!
 And every forward step they make their sacred
 vows fulfil.
 Yet, of the gallant spirits there who'd knelt by
 Cawnpore's Well,
 Upon a dozen conquered fields, a third in combat
 fell!

The gates are wide—the conquerors come, with
 hoarse and ringing cheers,
 And hands clasp brother hands across a misty veil
 of tears.
 God bless the waving tartan plaids! the Highland
 hosts are in,
 And loud and clear the slogan peals above the
 cannon's din.
 In broken ranks that told too well their loss in
 dauntless men,
 The bravest of the brave stood there, from mount,
 and hill, and glen,
 Where all stood out as heroes—no single man was
 best,
 So they pinned the cross of valour on one chosen
 comrade's breast,
 He held it for his comrades, for each such deeds
 had done,
 That every kilted soldier there Victoria's cross had
 won,
 And the proudest meed of courage that ever has
 been known,
 Was given a Highland regiment, in the cross on all
 bestown.

ALICE C. MACDONELL,
 Of Keppoch.

London.

[It will doubtless interest our readers to learn that a volume of poems, entitled "Lays of the Heather," by Miss A. C. MacDonell, of Keppoch, is now in the press, and we hope that it will have a hearty reception from Highlanders.—ED.]

THE LORDS OF LOCHABER.

by T. D. MACDONALD.



PART XIII.—ALASDAIR-NAN-CLEAS CONTINUED—
 PARDONED AND PENSIONED—RANALD OG—
 ANGUS, KILLED AT CARRA-CHORMAIG—DONALD
 GLAS THE SECOND, XI.—1623—ARGYLE
 INVADERS LOCHABER AND BADNOCH.

(Continued from page 86).

AT the same time Keppoch appeared before the council, trusting to a six months' protection he had received from the King, dated October 19th, 1621. He proposed visiting Lochaber, but was refused leave until he found sufficient security for his obedience to the laws when he got there.* Evidently he succeeded in satisfying the council on this point, for he was soon afterwards in Lochaber, in peaceable possession of his estates.

In the month of July, 1621, a commission was given to Lord Gordon against Lochiel and his clan, and a proclamation was made charging all the men in Lochaber and Badenoch to concert with Lord Gordon in the execution of it. Lord Gordon at the same time received a commission against Ranald Og, Keppoch's eldest son, who had been outlawed, and who remained concealed in Lochaber ever since 1615.† Neither of these commissions was enforced, probably because, as Gregory's says, "both Lochiel and Keppoch were vassals of Huntly's, and the latter only undertook the commissions to prevent the interference of Mackintosh, who would have pressed them to the extreme."

Alasdair-nan-Cleas, whose stirring history extends over a period of fifty years, was married

to a daughter of MacDougall of Lorn, and had issue:—

1. Ranald Og, whose name has been so frequently mentioned in connection with his father's exploits, but who did not succeed, as will be afterwards explained.

2.—Donald Glas the Second, who succeeded as Chief.

3.—Alasdair Buidhe, who succeeded his brother Donald.

4.—Angus, who was mentioned as having been given as pledge to Argyle, with his father's bond of service. He was married to a daughter of Sir James of Islay, and became the progenitor of the Achnacoichean cadets of the family.

5.—Another son, who was taken prisoner at the Siege of Inverness, in 1593, and hanged, along with Gorrie Dubh.

Alasdair-nan-Cleas was not succeeded by his eldest son, Ranald, who was an outlaw and an exile in Spain at the time of his father's death. This Ranald was married to a daughter of MacLean of Duart, and had a son named Angus; but although this son was of age at the time of his grandfather's death, even he was not chosen to succeed, another instance of how the choice of the clan could over-rule the law of primogeniture. Ranald, who has been so

* Reg. of Privy Seal, XCVII., 109; and Letters from the Council to the King, June 7th, 1621, and 21st and 28th March, 1622.

† Reg. of Privy Council, January, February, and March, 1621.

frequently mentioned in connection with his father's exploits, was a fugitive, with a price upon his head, all his life. He was for a long time hiding in a cave by the side of Loch Treig, where Sir James MacDonald of Islay kept him company for a while, he also being under the ban of the law. The cave is still known as Uamh Raonuill Oig. Tradition assigns to him a part in the discovery and the exposure of the then contemplated Spanish invasion of England, for which information he was to have been pardoned by the King, but that he died on arrival in London, on his way to be received into the good graces of his Sovereign. His son, Angus (already mentioned), headed the party of the clan who went foraging

in Stirlingshire in the year 1640. On their way home again, laden with booty, they were way-laid by the Campbells of Breadalbane, the Clan Menzies, and the MacNabs, at a place near Killin, in Perthshire. The traditional account of the battle that followed is to the effect that the Keppoch men managed to retain their booty, but, being hotly pursued, they had to leave their leader, Angus, badly wounded in a bothie, at a place called Corra-Chormaig, not far from the scene of action. Here he was soon afterwards discovered by the Campbells, who, of course, put an end to his sufferings.

The chosen Chief of the clan was Donald Glas, the second Chief of that name, and second son of Alasdair-nan-Cleas. At the time



GLEN SPEAN, LOCHABER.

of his succession, about 1639, the districts of Lochaber and Badenoch were being swept with fire and sword by the Earl of Argyle. The Earl had obtained a command from the Covenanted Parliament to "root out" from there their "intestine enemies." In this congenial work Argyle spent the summer of 1640.† James Gordon, in his "History of Scottish Affairs," says:—"It was his (Argyle's) intention to swallow up Badenoch and Lochaber, and the lands belonging to the MacDonells, natives of the place, and hated by Argyle. He had got some hold upon Lochaber and Badenoch the last year, 1639, as a cautionary pledge for some of Huntly's debts, for which he had become engaged as cautioner to Huntly's

creditors. By this means his title was legal in case of breach of condition by Huntly, yet at the same time he could not pretend so much against Huntly, therefore this expedition against the Highlanders was prosecuted for advancement of his own designs. Bearing this expedition of Argyle's in mind, it is no wonder that, four years afterwards, when Coll MacGillespuig heralded the advance of Montrose, Donald Glas of Keppoch should respond by sending the "Fiery Cross" through the Braes of Lochaber.

† Hill's History.

A TRADITION OF THE MACLEODS OF DRYNOCH, SKYE.

IN the seventeenth century there raged a fierce feud between the Macleods of Dunvegan), and the Macdonalds of North Uist. The latter island at the time belonged to Lord Macdonald of the Isles. The Macleods went on a raiding expedition to North Uist, with the intention of carrying off a "creach" or spoil of cattle and sheep. The leader of the Macleods was one *Mac Dhomhnuill Ghlais* (son of Donald Glas)*. The leader of the North Uist

men was one Macdonald of Kingsburgh, a well-known farm in Skye, and he was known as *Mac-Ian-'ic-Sheumais* (son of John, son of James), as the other leader on the Macleod side was known as *Mac Dhomhnuill Ghlais* (son of Donald Glas).

The day before *Mac-Ian-'ic-Sheumais* had arrived in Uist to resist the raiding expedition of the Macleods, *Mac Dhomhnuill Ghlais* had collected a considerable number of cattle with the intention of removing them to Harris, which was a country of the Macleods. The Macleods had the collected cattle in the neighbourhood of Carinish, Uist. The Macdonalds being informed of this went in search of the raiders,



UIST WOMEN SINGING A WAULKING SONG TO DROWN THE GROANS
OF MACDONALD OF KINGSBURGH.

whom they found at the dawn of day roasting an ox in the old chapel (now in ruins) called "Teampull Charinish." The North Uist Macdonalds led by Kingsburgh challenged the Macleods to the open field, and fight foot to foot and eye to eye. The challenge was immediately accepted by *Mac Dhomhnuill Ghlais* and his Macleods. Both parties met on a swamp, a few hundred yards from the "temple," known from the day the battle was fought to this day as *Feith' na fola*, the vein or stream of blood, for the colour of the stream was changed to a bloody hue. The swamp was intersected by a shallow, natural drain or hollow from east to west, through which the

water ran. The Macdonalds arrayed themselves on the north side and the Macleods on the south side of the water, and now the battle began. The arms were bows and arrows and swords, probably axes also.

For a considerable time the day was undecided. At last, however, the Macleods began to give way, and were ultimately defeated. *Mac Dhomhnuill Ghlais*, their leader, made for

* This Donald Glas must have lived in early times; several families are descended from him, and are distinguished by the Skye people in having the patronymic "*ic Dho'il Ghlais*" added to their names. Drynoch was the farm held by one family.

the shore, was chased, overtaken, and beheaded on a sandbank, called to this day *Oitir 'ie Dhomhnuill Ghlais* (sandbank of son of Donald Glas). All the Macleods that survived made for the Sound of Harris and got across to their own country.

After the fight was over, to the regret of the Macdonalds, it was found that *Mac-Ian-'ie-Sheumais* had been wounded in the heel by an arrow. He was removed to his foster-mother's house at Carinish, where he lay in the bed in great agony, giving expression to his pain by moans and groans. His foster-mother repeatedly requested him not to complain, as it was unbecoming in a Macdonald to flinch, even in the severest pain. But the sufferer, being unable to endure the anguish uncomplainingly, she gathered in a number of women, and set them to fulling or thickening cloth in the house (in Gaelic *luathadh*), hoping that the singing which invariably accompanied that form of occupation would drown the groans and sighs of the suffering man.

She herself extemporized a song for the occasion, in the chorus of which the numerous women joined, and in which she celebrated the bravery of her foster-son of Kingsburgh, who of course was the wounded man. She no doubt hoped the praise of her song would somewhat soothe the sufferings of her foster-son.

A Mhic Iain 'ie Sheumais
(Son of John, son of James)
'S e do sgeula th'air m'aire.
(Your condition is known to me.)

CHORUS—"Hei ho na ro o haugho
Haugheille na haugho."

Bha fuil do chuirp chùraidh a brùichadh tro'n
anart
(The blood of thy pure body is oozing through
the bandages)

Bha mi fhein ga sìghadh gus do thùchadh air
m'aineal.

(I myself was sucking it till my breath became
hoarse.)

More of the words of this weird song are not known to my informant, the Rev. John MacLean, Bracadale.

Several arrow-heads have been found at the spot where Macdonald, Kingsburgh, is said to have fallen.

My grandmother having been a Macleod of Drynoch, it was with some interest I visited the ancient burial ground on the banks of Loch Harport, in which the Drynoch Macleods (*Clann Dhomhnuill Ghlais*) were wont for centuries to bury their dead. A cluster of trees marks the lonely spot, and a wall encloses it. Inside are the ruins of an old chapel of small dimensions, 4 yards by 9 yards, internal measurements.

Two inscribed tombstones are noticeable. I will give the inscription on one of them:—

"HERE RESTS THE CORPSE

OF

JOHN McLEOD OF DRYNOCH,

WHO DIED... 1688.

AND OF HIS SPOUSE

C. CAMPBELL.

HE WAS SON OF DONALD GLAS McLEOD, KILLED AT CARINISH: ALSO JOHN, SON OF ALEXANDER, AND HIS SPOUSE, M. McLEOD, ALSO INTERRED UNDER THIS STONE, WHOSE SON NORMAN DIED IN GLENELG IS BURIED THERE, ALL OF THE FARM OF DRYNOCH."

This is a transcript from the stone. The place is not used for burial purposes now.

It is believed that only the body of Donald Glas lies in this burial ground: it is known that his head was 'on show' until recently in a chapel near Carinish, the scene of his death, where the Macdonalds were wont to worship.

Skye.

LOCKHART BOGLE.

THE STEWARTS OF APPIN AT CULLODEN.

BY DUNCAN LIVINGSTONE, OHIO, U.S.A.

(Continued from page 93.)

T^N speaking of the valor of the clans at Culloden, Lord Mahon says;—"No where, not by their fathers at Bannockburn, not by themselves at Preston and Falkirk, not in after years when discipline had raised and refined the valor of their sons, not on the shores of the Nile, not on that other field of victory, where their gallant chief with a prophetic shroud (it is their own superstition) high on his breast, addressed to them only these few words:—'Highlanders, remember Egypt!'—not in those hours of triumph and glory was displayed a more firm and resolute bravery than in this defeat at Culloden."

Fourteen of the colors belonging to the Prince's army were captured by the enemy, and for which a reward of sixteen guineas each was paid.

According to Chambers, in order to put a great public indignity upon the honor of the insurgents, these disconsolate emblems of departed glory were, on the 6th day of June, 1746, carried by a procession of chimney-sweepers from the castle to the Cross at Edinburgh, and there burned by the hand of the common hangman, with many suitable marks of indignity and contempt.

The colors borne by the Stewarts of Appin and the Mackintoshes were, however, saved both in the same manner.

Logan, in his "History of the Highland Clans," in speaking of the part taken by the former in the Battle of Culloden, states:—

"Appin, the chief, had not gone out; and Stewart of Ardsheal led the clan, which evinced its usual bravery. He escaped from Culloden, but a great number of his officers and men were killed and wounded in their impetuous charge on the cannon and Scots Fusiliers, before whom they were planted. When the standard-bearer was slain, one of the corps called Mac an t-leidh, from Morven, tore the banner from the staff, and wrapping it around his body, carried it off."

In the "History of the Stewarts of Appin," written by John H. J. Stewart, F.S.A., Scot., and Lieutenant-Colonel Duncan Stewart, late 92nd Highlanders, the authors say:—

"The regimental colors borne by the Stewarts of Appin at Culloden is still in possession of the head of the Ballachulish branch of the family. It is of light blue silk, with yellow saltire, or cross of St. Andrew, the dimensions being five feet hoist, with a fly of six feet seven inches.* Its gallant bearer, one of the Ardsheal family, was killed and the banner is stained with his blood. It bears the marks of having been torn from the color staff, which accords with M'Ian's account, that when the standard bearer was slain, one of the corps, called Mac an t-leidh, from Morven, tore it from the staff, and wrapping it around his body, made good his retreat from the field. The banner thus escaped the fate of those twelve Highland clans, which were taken at Culloden, and burned at the Market Cross on the 6th of June following."

It is evident that the authors of the foregoing account knew but little of the person above referred to as Mac an t-leidh. He was Domhnuill Mac an Leigh, or, as he would be called in English, Donald Livingstone. He was known among his friends and acquaintances in Morven, by the Gaelic sobriquet of Domhnuill Molach, on account of his thick, heavy, curly hair and beard. The Gaelic name of Livingstone seems to be spelled in many different ways in that language—MacInlaith, MacInledh and MacDhunileibhe, Mac an Leigh, as well as others, while some have abbreviated and anglicised the name into MacLeay, instead of taking the Lowland name of the original progenitor of that sept, and of which the Stewarts in their history of the clan, give the following account;—

"This family of Livingstone, commonly called the Barons of Bachuil, received in early times a grant of lands in Lismore, which they still hold as keepers of the Bishop of Lismore's crozier,

or baculuum, called in Gaelic "Bachuil Mor." The crozier was given up by them a few years ago to the Duke of Argyle, when he granted a confirmation of their title to their old possessions. The sept of MacLeay, or Livingstone, seems to have been very anciently seated in Appin, where they held lands as tenants of the Stewarts, and have always followed their banners to war. At Culloden four of the name were killed and one wounded. David Livingstone was of this race, and some of his relations still reside in Appin, Mr. Livingstone, of Port-na-crois, being the nearest of kin. Dr. David Livingstone writes of himself:—

"Our great-grandfather fell at the Battle of Culloden, fighting for the old line of kings."

The story of the preservation of the Appin banner at Culloden the writer has often heard, when a child, from two nieces of Donald Livingstone, Mrs. Mary Livingstone Boyd, and Sarah Livingstone Burke, who got the same from the lips of Donald himself. The former, Mrs. Boyd, died in the early part of the sixties, and the latter, Mrs. Burke, in the early part of the seventies, both at a ripe old age. They were daughters of his brother, Eoghan, or Ewan.

He also heard it when a child, and after arriving at manhood, from eight other descendants of Ewan, among whom the story is well known, as well as from several persons familiar with the traditions of Morven.

* It will be noticed from the illustration given in last issue that there is the rip of a bullet across the standard, as well as other rents received in battle.

(To be concluded).

THE ANGLO-SAXON FUNERAL is the startling title of a paper which was recently read by Mr. D. A. S. Mackintosh before the Clan Chattan Association, and now published in pamphlet form. Mr. Mackintosh's purpose is to prove that the British people are not Anglo-Saxons, and their language not Anglo-Saxon, and he enters into the subject with such vigour, and with such an abundance of convincing arguments, that when we reach the end of the paper we feel convinced that after all we are not of the great Saxon race, but by blood and speech the true sons of the Gael! If only Mr. Mackintosh can convince our English friends that they are Celts he will have done a good service to the Gaelic cause. The pamphlet is a most interesting one, brimful of curious facts in history and topography, and reflects much credit upon its author.

Surgeon-Major J. MacGregor, M.D., has been elected a director of the Clan Gregor Society. He is to preside at the Paisley Gaelic Club's Gathering on 6th March, and the Lewis and Harris, in the Queen's Rooms, on 12th March.



Theodor Napier

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THEODORE NAPIER.

THE name Napier is not, so far as we know, a Gaelic one, and the family itself has long been regarded as Lowland. Traditionally the name and family are derived from Donald, the second son of one of the early Celtic Earls of Lennox, who distinguished himself by his bravery in fighting against the Danes who had invaded the country, and was as an honour thereupon called *Nae-Peer* by the King. Be this true or not, it is certainly as probable as the tradition regarding the origin of the Hay family.

The Lennox is the seed-bed of all the families of Napier, including the Kincardineshire branch to which Mr. Theodore Napier belongs. His father, Thomas, was born in 1802, at Marykirk (formerly called Aberluthnot), and when a youth was sent to London to learn business habits in the office of a relation. There he joined the Caledonian Society and delighted to wear the dress of his Country. His uncle did not appreciate the garb and signified to his nephew that he must either cease to wear it, or leave his employ. Boy of eighteen as he was his decision was to return to Scotland rather than give up wearing the dress of his ancestors. Mr. Napier has a painting of his father in full Highland costume of this period, 1820, painted by himself. The condition Scotland was in before the Reform Bill of 1832 was passed was not conducive to retain high spirited men in the Country, and in that very year he left for Australian shores, then a very uninviting place, to better his fortune. His success as a Colonist was marked, and he made his home near Melbourne, in the Colony of Victoria, where the whole of his family was born, and where the subject of this sketch was born in 1845. At the age of fourteen years the family came to Scotland on a

visit, and Mr. Napier remained for more than six years for education, at Edinburgh, spending four years at the High School and University. On returning to Australia about the age of twenty he spent several years on a sheep station in North Queensland, and then made his home in Victoria, residing at Essendon, a suburb of Melbourne. For six years he was an efficient member of the crack Melbourne Rifle Club, of which he was Vice-President; also a founder of the Caledonian Society of Melbourne, of which he was also a Vice-President shortly before visiting Scotland. He had also the honour of forming the Scottish National Association of Victoria, of which he is now the President, which has for its object the maintenance of Scottish rights and honour, and the obtaining of a National Parliament for Scotland, in conjunction with the parent Association in Scotland. In the spring of 1893 Mr. Napier re-visited Scotland, with his young family, and, after an absence of nearly thirty years, was delighted to tread once more the hallowed soil of ancient Alban, and visit many historic scenes, and places, which when a youth he had failed to see. The Highlands and Islands of Scotland more particularly have been frequented by him during his three years residence in this country, and from Muckle Flugga Lighthouse in the far north of the Shetlands, to lonely St. Kilda in the west, he has made the best use of his time here. Shortly after his arrival in Scotland he was requested by the Committee of the Bannockburn Bore Stone to unfurl the royal standard of Scotland from the flagstaff of the Bore Stone on the field of Bannockburn, on the 24th June, 1893, in honour of the noble stand made by our ancestors there against the English invaders on the 24th June, 1314. This honour, which he shared with Mr. Wallace Bruce, the U.S. Consul in Edinburgh, Mr. Napier ranks as the most prized by him in his life, and he treasures up as an heirloom the flag which he had the honour then to unfurl. Need we say, Mr. Napier wore the full Highland dress on that auspicious occasion; and well he might, for eighteen Highland Chiefs and Clans

were gathered to aid the Bruce at Bannockburn.

The Highland costume is Mr. Napier's every day garb, and nothing will ever induce him to discard it. It is a point of honour with him to wear it. During the spring of 1894 Mr. Napier joined a conducted excursion party for a three month's tour in Egypt, Palestine, etc. Although warned by the conductor that it might cause some unusual interest to the natives, he determined not to abandon the garb of old Alban for the sake of the Turk. In most of the places visited the dress was startling, if not entirely novel, but not inconvenient. At Smyrna, happening to go out by himself, he was run in by the Turkish police and detained in custody for a few hours, having been mistaken for a brigand! Possibly the tucked up appearance of the *brecan-an-fheile* might account for this mistake.

As to politics, Mr. Napier is not a party man. His party is his Country, and his aim is that the local and national affairs of Scotland shall be managed by a National Parliament of his own countrymen. It is this that has attached him to the Scottish Home Rule Association, of which he is both a Vice-President and Vice-Chairman.

Since Mr. Napier's arrival in Scotland he has been elected a Fellow of the Society of Antiquarians, besides being President of the Celtic Union, and has interested himself much in Highland and Antiquarian lore.

The following description of Mr. Napier's dress, weapons, etc., will doubtless interest many readers:—

The portrait represents Mr. Napier as wearing the garb that was worn by Highland chiefs and noblemen of the time of Montrose and Dundee, from the middle to the end of the seventeenth century; the period during which the Highland dress assumed its most brilliant character.

He wears the belted plaid or *brecan-an-fheile* of the Lennox tartan, a red and green tartan with double white stripes crossing the green sets, and double crimson stripes crossing the red sets. It is represented in D. W. Stewart's "Old and Rare Tartans," and is there described as a tartan depicted in a sixteenth century painting of the Countess of Lennox, the mother of Lord Darnley, although by Mr. Heath and others believed to be Queen Mary herself. The doublet is a short tunic of azure blue cloth, slashed on red silk, and richly embroidered and passmented with crimson silk and gold in Celtic design, after the portrait of Donald Gormie in the "Costume of the Clans."

From the belt is suspended an Andrea Ferara claymore of the same century, with a broad-plated basket hilt. The pistol is a very elaborate antique steel silver inlaid and engraved one of

the Doune type. The dirk is a *fac-simile* of a fine old specimen belonging to Mr. Millidge. The large raised silver brooch fixing the plaid is a reproduction of the famous "Brooch of Lorn," now in the possession of MacDougall, of Dunolly. The powder horn is a flat Highland one of the same period, with silver mounts and Celtic carving.

CLUNY AND LADY CLUNY OF THE '45, AFTER CULLODEN.

By ALEXANDER MACPHERSON, KINGUSSIE.

VI.

Cha bu bhras gun reusan e
 'S cha mhò bu leumach, gòrach e,
 Bhiodh làmh a' casg na h-eucorach
 'S làmh eile treun 's a' chòir aige.
 Bha truas a's iochd ri feumach ann,
 'S b'ì sìth a's rèit a b'òrdugh dha,
 'S cha'n fhaca mis le m'leirsinn,
 No neach fo'n ghrein, ri fòirneart e.

From "Strathmashie's" Elegy.

ROUND the Castle of Cluny before the '45, at different distances, we are told "were the seats and habitations of his friends and followers, who respected and rever'd him as their common father; with pleasure they received his commands, which from the ties of affection and from a personal esteem, they obeyed as a duty. In points of property his decisions were acquiesced in with cheerfulness; he was the arbiter of their differences, the reconciler of their animosities, nor was there any one marriage or a death-bed settlement believed valid without his approbation."

In the second volume of Bishop Forbes's *Lyon in Mourning*, recently issued by the Scottish History Society, a long and interesting statement of facts connected with the '45 is given, from the pen of Captain John Macpherson of Strathmashie. In that statement it is related that "in June, 1746, after all was quiet of our side, arms delivered and submission to the prevailing power given, the Earl of Loudoun, who lay at Shirroemore (a place about three miles distant from Cluny) with 1000 militia, detached about 300 of them under the command of Captains Hugh and George McKays,* with orders to burn the house, etc., of Cluny, which orders they did faithfully execute. For they not only burnt the house itself with such office-houses as were near it, but all the houses that they apprehended belonged to it at a good distance from it. It was a most pretty, regular, well-contrived

* The sons of Lord Reay of the time.

house as any be north the river of Tay; double built in the new way, only about two years before, pavilion roof'd with two pretty pavilions joined to it by colonades, and consisted of eighteen fire-rooms."

After the castle was thus burnt down, "Cluny's wife and his children in the cradle were reduced to wander from cottage to cottage, scarcely finding a place to shelter themselves from the injurie of the weather. His aged father, venerable, and respected throughout the whole country, soon sunk under the weight of so many misfortunes, and he was deprived of this so valuable a comforter in his adversities."

A number of traditions are still floating in Badenoch as to Cluny's marvellous escapes for

such a long period from his relentless persecutors. The following account has been compiled in a condensed form mainly from the narrative given by Colonel Duncan Macpherson (his only son) in a letter written by him shortly before his death in 1817 to General Stewart of Garth, a copy of which has been fortunately preserved in the Cluny Charter Chest. In that letter Colonel Duncan states that he had the information regarding his father "from a person who was well known to possess a strong memory, of undoubted veracity, and who was himself an eye witness to many of the circumstances" related in the letter. As already stated Cluny remained in Badenoch for the long period of nine years after the Battle of Culloden. During that period every exertion

131 Pherson of Clunie

As we are sensible of your and your family and integrity to us during our adventures in Scotland and England in the years 1745 and 1746 in recovering our just rights from the Elector of Hanover, by which you have sustained very great losses both in your interest and person, I therefore promise when it shall please God to put it in my power, to make a grateful return suitable to your sufferings *Charles P R*

*Dei a lazieli in Glencumyrie
of Lochbarry 48th Sept 1746*

FAC-SIMILE OF PRINCE CHARLIE'S LETTER TO CLUNY OF THE '45.

was made to apprehend him, and a reward of a thousand guineas, in addition to the command of a company, offered to any person that would take him dead or alive. What is rather remarkable is, that after the lapse of six or seven years his persecutors instead of relaxing, actually redoubled their vigilance, and placed a detachment of soldiers in almost every town in the parishes of Laggan and Kingussie—a measure so strongly resembling that adopted previous to the Massacre of Glencoe as to induce some timid people to leave the country. As an active officer who understood the Gaelic language, Sir Hector Munro, then an ensign in the army, had been selected for this service, and his conduct afterwards proved him fully qualified for such a command. Besides being

a Highlander himself, Munro was Cluny's bitter personal enemy—the fire of the Macphersons at the Battle of Falkirk having killed Munro's father and brother. To enumerate the various attempts made by Munro, and other officers, to capture Cluny, would, it is related in his son's letter, have filled a volume. Let me confine myself to three or four examples, proving, as they do, that it required more than ordinary ability on the part of Cluny, and unbounded attachment on the part of his clan, to protect him under such circumstances, for so long a period. After numberless attempts and failures Ensign Munro (whose headquarters were at Ruthven, near Kingussie), found, that whenever he ordered his men under arms, intimation of the fact was immediately conveyed

**CHARLES DONALD MACDONALD,
ROSARIO, ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.**



to Cluny. Accordingly, one night, when he had reason to believe the Chief would be at home, Munro had his men in readiness next morning at one o'clock, and he himself went to bed without indicating any intention of moving that night. At the time appointed he rose, and as he knew that he could not unbolt the door without the knowledge of some person in the house, he jumped out at a window on the second floor into a back garden, to the imminent danger of his neck, and joined his men, who slept in a barn, without disturbing a soul about the house. He also ordered a party from Dalwhinnie to approach Cluny from the Breakachy meadow: one from Garvamore, by the Balgown road: a third was discerned from the heights of Cluny: while his own party should advance by Uvie. So well were his plans arranged and his orders executed that the four detachments met at the same instant at Cluny House. No attempts, however well planned, could succeed against a chief, where every individual in the district was on the alert for his preservation. A poor man (John Macpherson) on the farm of Nuide, having heard the clashing of arms, jumped out of bed, and without waiting to dress himself went immediately to give intelligence. By the time he reached Biallid he was seized with a stitch in his side, in consequence of over-exertion, so that he had no alternative but to call up another man in his place, and notwithstanding the utmost exertion, this second express only arrived at Cluny ten minutes before the soldiers. Cluny, as they expected, was at home, and at that moment his situation was truly perilous. He first attempted to make for the hills, but here he found the clashing of arms before him. He then proposed to cross the Spey at Beallatorstie, but as he approached the ford he saw the glancing of firelocks entering from the opposite side. There was thus great and pressing danger facing him in every direction, so that he felt constrained to lie down under the bank of the river, not more than twenty paces from where the soldiers forded. There he lay till they were tired of searching for him. As soon as they departed, he went to a place of greater security.

At another time Munro had suspected that Cluny would be at the christening of a child of Hugh Macpherson of Uvie. Munro accordingly surrounded the house with a strong party before daylight, and such was his courage that he forced himself in through a window, into a room where he supposed the Chief would be in bed. Fortunately, for himself, he only found the minister before him, for Cluny was always well armed, and fully resolved never to be taken alive.

(To be continued).

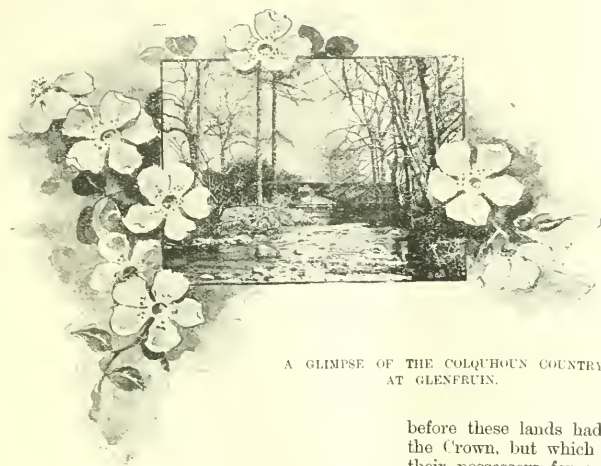
HERE are few parts of the world where a representative of the Clan MacDonald is not to be found. In common with their fellow Highlanders, they seek fickle fortune on the most distant shores, and where success can be achieved through perseverance and ability, the Highland clansman is pretty sure to make an honourable position for himself. This month we intend introducing to our readers a worthy member of the MacDonald clan, who, although living in a far country, loves the hills and glens of the Highlands with an intensity which only the exile can sufficiently understand.

Mr. C. D. MacDonald belongs to the Islay branch of the clan. His grandfather settled in Greenock, and it was from that busy town on the Clyde, that his father, Mr. Charles MacDonald, sailed for South America, some thirty-three years ago. There he hoped to make a fortune, but instead lost all he had, and seventeen years passed before he saw his native land again. Returning to South America in 1880, he was, along with his partner, Mr. Arthur Guthrie, murdered on his cattle ranch, after a severe fight with his assassins, on 12th April, 1891. Mr. MacDonald was enthusiastic in his love of his clan, and was deeply learned in its history and traditions. As a youth he was an ensign, and held a commission in the Royal Renfrewshire Volunteers. His second son, Mr. C. D. MacDonald, whose portrait we have much pleasure in giving, was born in 1868. He acted for some time as private Secretary to Mr. Cameron-Corbett, M.P. for Tradeston, Glasgow, and was also brought up to business habits in a merchant's office in London. In 1889 he entered the service of the Argentine Bank, and has acted both as manager and accountant at the important branch at Rosario, where his services have been so much appreciated at head-quarters as to be specially complimented. Mr. MacDonald's talents are specially adapted for the profession which he has chosen, and we have no doubt that before long he will have earned fresh laurels and higher honours. Last summer he paid a visit to Scotland, spending most of his holiday among the Highland hills, where he found that keen enjoyment which only those who have been long absent in distant lands can fully appreciate when they find themselves in *Tìr nan Beann*, 's nan Gleann, 's nan Gaisgeach.

EDITOR.



CHARLES DONALD MACDONALD.



A GLIMPSE OF THE COLQUHOUN COUNTRY
AT GLENFRUIN.

TRADITIONS OF THE COLQUHOUN COUNTRY.

By F. MARY COLQUHOUN.

ON the wooded shores of Loch Lomond, where so often "gloom and glory meet," there are naturally many traditions of romance and of tragedy. Numbers of these are very hazy in their antiquity, but we may perhaps be allowed to touch on several of comparatively modern date in connection with the Colquhouns of Colquhoun and of Luss.

These two families were merged into one in the reign of King David, 1383, by the inter-marriage of Sir Robert Colquhoun, 5th Laird of Colquhoun, with the daughter of Godfrey, 6th Laird of Luss, who was named the "Fair Maid of Luss."

Passing on for nearly a hundred years we may notice that Sir John Colquhoun (Knight), 9th of Colquhoun and 11th of Luss, was a witness of several Charters, notably of one of King James III., dated Edinburgh, October 14th, 1475, granting to the Cathedral Church of Glasgow, "for his singular devotion to St. Kentigern ('or St. Mungo'), and to that Saint's mother, Saint Tenew, and towards the said Cathedral, three stones of wax, in which it had stood infetted from ancient time—to be raised annually from the lands of Uddingston, in the Lordship of Bothwell and shire of Lanark,

before these lands had been appropriated to the Crown, but which had been detained by their possessors for some years past for the lights of St. Kentigern, and St. Tenew, his mother."

Two-and-a-half stones were to be distributed for the lights of the first mentioned Saint, in that Cathedral Church, upon his sepulchre, and half a stone was to be distributed upon the sepulchre of Saint Tenew in the Chapel, where her bones reposed.

This Charter His Majesty granted Sir John for his "extraordinary devotion towards Saint Kentigern, Patron of the Cathedral Church."

It is therefore fitting that one of the old burying-places of the Colquhouns of Luss is to be found in Glasgow Cathedral near the middle of the south wall, and "the masonry over the grave being high and sculptured, it is very easily seen even in the dim, uncertain light which seems to add a new sanctity to the stillness and solemnity of the place."

HOW BLACK HUGH MACGREGOR GUARDED HIS PRISONERS.

We need not here advert to the feuds of the Colquhouns and MacGregors as so much has been written of them by others, and as those wars have long been amicably arranged, and their differences settled when Sir James Colquhoun "footed" the "Highland Fling" in concert with Sir John Atholl MacGregor on the summit of Ben Lomond, shaking hands cordially at the close of the dance.

An incident, however, in connection with those battles may be told, as recently related by the Marquis of Lorne:—

After the conflict at Glenfruin forty students

from a College in Dumbarton, of the Clan Colquhoun, who fell into the hands of the MacGregors, were placed for safety in a barn, and given over to a man named "Black Hugh" to guard.

When his Captain next saw "Black Hugh" he inquired what he had done with his charge.

Hugh replied by drawing his dirk from his belt, and shaking it above his head, saying—"Ask that dirk, and God's mercy what has become of them."

"May God look on us," said MacGregor, "if you have killed the lads, no mention shall be made of a MacGregor henceforth."

He then hurried to the barn, where he found all the youths had been butchered.

MacGregor turned angrily on "Black Hugh," saying, "Why have you done this?" Hugh answered, "After the lads had been for a time in the barn they became turbulent. I do not know why, but they spoke a great deal of English and I could not understand a word of



THE LADY HELEN SUTHERLAND, WIFE OF SIR JAMES COLQUHOUN, BART., 25th OF LUSS.

From the original painting at Rossathu, Loch Lomond.

what they said, and I shook the dirk at them, and told them in Gaelic to keep quiet, which they should have understood, but they would not, and attempted to get out in spite of me. It seemed to me I might just as well lose my own life as let the prisoners escape, and as they came forward, one by one I killed them as quickly as they got within reach. I do not

know what it means, but every one of them as he was pierced with the dirk seemed to call out something like "God's mercy!"

"It was not to hurt them, nor to keep them prisoners, but to protect them, that I sent you to the barn," sternly replied MacGregor.

It was only then that Hugh perceived that he had blundered.

All the MacGregors regretted the event, and MacGregor himself was greatly distressed.

SAINT KESSOG.

A paper ever so short, on Loch Lomond, must contain reference to the distinguished Missionary Bishop, Saint Kessog, who came with the devoted band from the great monastic schools of Ireland to plant the Christian Church in Scotland, in the 5th and succeeding centuries. Saint Kessog was of Royal lineage like Columba, and came of that dynasty which held the commanding Rock of Cashel his birth-place.

Space forbids our lingering on the early days of Kessog, and so we pass on to the last years of his life.

Of all Loch Lomond's thirty islands, Inch Ionaig, "the Colquhouns' Deer Forest," is the loveliest, and it is on its shores that the yews, or rather their descendants, from which many a bow and arrow were furnished for Bruce's armies, flourish.

It is said that one of these bows and a shaft of arrows were presented by King Robert to a "Priest soldier," and successor of Kessog of Levenax, at Bannockburn.

But it was on Inch na Vanach, "Island of the Monks," Kessog sought a resting place.

The pine, the rowan, and the hazel grow there in rare luxuriance, while the birches and alders "weep and wave" on the loch from the islet which was honoured in being a sanctuary of the martyr Bishop.

There, outside his modest Chapel, he would ring his little bell in calling to the holy offices of the faith, that bell which, down to the 18th century was held in so great veneration in "the Levenax," for we find that so late as the year 1765, James, Earl of Perth, was restored in the lands of Barnachillis with the Chapel and holy bell of Saint Kessog. Since then the saintly bell has ceased to chime.

How long Kessog lived in Inch na Vanach, or how his death was compassed, is not known.

Tradition asserts that he fell by the hand of assassins at Bandry, or suffered martyrdom there for the truth. Alas! that some of earth's loveliest spots should have been witness to such scenes of cruelty and bloodshed!

(To be continued).

THE GREY BOTHY.

AN ARGYLLSHIRE STORY.

THE storm was fearful, and the three men, struggling on exposed to the fury of the wild gusts from the loch, could scarcely keep their feet. The fine snow stung

like a whip-lash and whirled hither and thither. The three belated sportsmen had several miles yet between them and "the house." Suddenly the middle one, a mere lad, stumbled, then stopped.

"Its no use," he panted, "I'm dead beat, I can't go another yard." His gasping breath attested the truth of his words.

"Keep up, Rupert, boy," the elder man said cheerily, "we can make for Muuro's farm, it's only a mile or two."

But the lad, weakened by a recent illness, soon gave in again, plucky as he undoubtedly was.

"Look here, Ian, we are just abreast of the old bothy on the hill, we'll have to go there," the other man said quickly in a low tone, not meant for the boy's ear. "No! anywhere but *there*," Ian said curtly. But the lad had heard.

"Any roof is better than this storm; surely Cameron you are not afraid?" he said painfully.

Cameron set his teeth but made no reply. A wilder blast, a louder shriek of the wind seemed to decide him. He wheeled round abruptly, "Come on then, Alan, if anything happens it is not *my* blame," he said, as he turned and begun to toil up the hillside. Alan took Rupert's arm and followed. Evidently Cameron knew the way, for, after a climb of ten minutes or so, a low, rude hut, standing in a little cleft was reached. All was dark, but as they shut the door behind them a curious sound became audible, a low, sighing sound, unutterably mournful. Dark as the interior was they could make out a rough settle beside the deserted hearth, and here the three sat down; two of them at least thankful for the shelter, for, unpromising as it looked, the hut was dry, under foot as well as overhead, and the door good. Cameron struck a vesta and looked at his watch—"Half-past eight, I thought it was much earlier," he murmured. "In a hour or two the storm may slacken and let us get home," Alan Baird said cheerfully. "Hallo! here is Rupert sleeping already," he added, as the lad's head sank upon his shoulder.

"Let him sleep," said Ian Cameron gruffly, "and the less you and I talk the better."

The vesta burnt out, the grey darkness fell again, and with folded arms the two men sat, their regular breathing the only sound audible in the hut, besides the eerie moaning.

The shriek of the wind in the corries and chasins of the lonely mountains never drowned that sound. The ears that listened would fain have shut it out but could not. Ceaseless, dreary, it filled the dark sheiling with a strange, unknown terror.

The minutes passed, the young Englishman slept from sheer weakness and weariness; he

had joined the others in their sport that day, though they had been sure his strength was not equal to the toilsome climbing. Cameron and Baird sat beside him in silence—not even smoking—they had no desire for cigars or pipes in that melancholy place. It was past ten by Cameron's watch when the storm seemed to have reached its worst. Soon afterwards it seemed to be subsiding, but the curious moaning sounded louder.

"It is time we were going," said Cameron restlessly, "I'll look out, Alan; but don't wake the boy just yet."

As he drew the door open a fierce blast of wind rushed into the shieling; a long, loud scream rang out. A *something*, vague, intangible, formless, seemed to pass in on the wings of the tempest. Cameron staggered as though a blow had been dealt at his breast, and his breath came in quick gasps. A moment's pause and he had dashed back into the hut, seizing Rupert. "Come out Alan—for the love of heaven come out at once," he yelled, as he dragged the stupefied lad with herculean strength towards the door. Alan sprang up, and together they got Rupert outside, as the door of the hut clanged to behind them.

The storm had suddenly ceased its raging; the snow lay pretty deep, but no more was falling, and in the dark clear sky innumerable stars twinkled. The two men supporting the boy plunged down the steep hillside, and the road was soon reached. As they looked back, the hut they had just quitted stood out, a grey spot on the vast white expanse; its roof and sides without a speck of white upon them. Ian Cameron drew his breath hard.

"Always the same—the curse must cling to it for ever," he muttered.

"Come along now! we can reach Munro's in less than an hour," he said aloud, and set forward as rapidly as the drifted snow permitted.

By midnight the three were sitting by a rousing fire in the cosy farm parlour, the supper over and their host (a sturdy Highland farmer) handing round tumblers of steaming hot toddy. He had been briefly told of their sheltering in the bothy and of their precipitate retreat, but made no comment.

"Tell the story of the Grey Bothy, Munro," said Ian Cameron grinsly. "Until to-night Mr. Baird would not believe that the place was uncanny. Mr. Hillgar, being an Englishman, thinks me superstitious of course." Munro hesitated, looking rather uncomfortable, but a nod from his landlord decided him. He began at once—"It was in my grandfather's time that Coll McKinnon came home, paid off from a Highland regiment that had fought at

Waterloo. Coll had lost two fingers in the battle, but he was in his prime and took service with my grandfather as shepherd. He built the Grey Bothy for himself, and meant to marry bonnie Katie, his fellow-shepherd's daughter. But a day or two before the wedding a foreign woman came here asking for him. She was a wee bit of a thing but handsome in her way, as dark as a gipsy, and queerly dressed. She could not speak Gaelic, but they knew she wanted Coll, for she held up her brown hand with two fingers turned down. She was seen to go to the shieling, but she was never seen again. After the wedding Katie suddenly went home to her father, she would not live with Coll. She had been a pretty, fair haired lassie, but she returned to her people a grey-haired, feeble woman, and she died in a few weeks. She would neither speak of, nor see Coll after she left the bothy."

"By and by it got about that he never slept in his house; but, wet or dry, summer or winter, spent the dark hours on the hills. No one visited him, he never asked a creature to enter his door. One terrible winter he was found dead in a snow-drift, and since then nobody has lived in the bothy: those that tried never stayed more than one night. It is a strange, but undoubted fact that however fierce the snowstorm may be, not a flake sticks to its walls or lies on its roof, neither has it fallen into decay, it is the same just now as it was sixty years ago. If anyone remains there after eleven o'clock, it is said they either die or go mad, for the moaning of the foreign woman, who was murdered there, never stops day or night. That's the story, gentlemen: have I told it rightly, Mr. Cameron?"

"Quite correctly, Munro: thank you for repeating the tale. Now we will get to bed, for we must start early to-morrow."

The Grey Bothy still stands in its sheltered cleft in the lonely hills, as strong and untouched by time as ever, and carefully avoided by all whose occupation or pleasure leads them into its neighbourhood. But where its exact situation is I am bound in honour not to divulge.

JANET A. McCULL OCH.

GAELIC SOCIETY OF LONDON.—This flourishing Society held its annual dinner in the Holborn Restaurant, on 25th February. There was a large turn out of notable London Gaels, the Earl of Dunmore presiding, and addresses were delivered by Mr. J. E. Baillie, M.P.; Mr. D. N. Nicol, M.P.; Dr. Norman H. Forbes, of Forbes; Rev. Alexander Macrae (Wandsworth); Mr. John Mackay, Hereford, etc. The entire proceedings were most enthusiastic, and reflect credit upon the arrangements made by the able secretaries, Messrs. W. A. Martin and A. Dunbar.

NOTES ON THE HIGHLAND CLANS, THEIR BADGES, SLOGANS, MUSIC, &c.

By FIONN.

CLAN CHATTAN—CLANN CHATAIN.

THE historical Clan Chattan flourished in the 15th, 16th, and early 17th centuries. The earliest contemporary mention of the clan is in the Gaelic MSS. of 1450-67, when it is called "*Clann an Toisigh* i [that is] *Clann Gillacatan*"—the "Mackintoshes or Clan Gillacatan" or Chattan. In 1465 and 1467 we hear of Duncan Mackintosh, captain and chief of Clan Chattan; the Dean of Lismore knows the clan as "Cattanich agis Toissich"; and M'Vurich enumerates the "powerful, active, numerous, arrogant Mackintoshes around the chief of Clan Chattan" in the muster-roll of clans that stood by John, last Lord of the Isles. Their possessions lay from Lochaber right across mid-Inverness-shire to Petty, but both they and their chief held of the powerful earls of Huntly and Moray.

The historical clan was a confederation really, but, barring the M'Leans of Dochgarroch, the component septes were all clearly descended from the same clan or tribal stock. It was only the peculiarity of the clan's situation that did not allow them to amalgamate into one name, like the Mackenzies, Frasers, Macdonalds, Campbells, and Macleods. Their chief was under the superiority of Huntly and Moray. He never, during the palmy days of chiefship and clanship (1400-1600), attained to that independent position—holding of the crown—which alone could enable him to weld the members into a complete working unit. Nor did Huntly latterly let him. He detached the Macphersons of Badenoch from the general body of the Clan Chattan in 1543 and onwards, and this is really the origin of the dispute as to the chiefship. Though the Macphersons returned to the Clan Chattan fold in 1609 in a "Clan Chattan Bond," owing to Huntly's fickle policy, they never more acted cordially with the Mackintoshes, nor was it necessary any longer to do so, for most of the leading families were rapidly acquiring proprietary rights over the lands, held as tacksmen by their ancestors.

The 1609 Bond gives us the real components of Clan Chattan. These were—Mackintoshes, Macphersons, Macqueens, Macbeans, [M'Leans of Dochgarroch], Macgillivray, Shaws, and also the Macphails. The Farquhars of Braemar are an early off-shoot, and sporadic names like Gow, Gillander, and Clark are claimed. There seems to be good reason to believe that Davidson also formed a part of the Macpherson clan, though the whole name of Davidson is of much wider connotation than attaches to Clan Chattan.

The name Cattanach, as we saw, interchanges with Mackintosh in the oldest records. About 1600 the habitat of these septes mostly lay thus: Mackintoshes all over the Clan Chattan country; Macpherson in Badenoch and in Strathnairn, Petty, &c.—indeed, it may be questioned if the original "parson" was not from the vicinity of Inverness; Macqueens in upper Strathdean; Macbeans in Dores and thereabouts; Shaws in Rothiemurchus and Strathnairn; Macgillivray in Strathnairn.

In the above sketch we have adhered strictly to what can be proved as historic facts outside any of the clan histories and legends. Were we to admit these, we should at once be launched on the tumultuous waves of the disputed chiefship of the Clan Chattan.



"CLAN CHATTAN ASSOCIATION"

The Clan Chattan Association with Mackintosh of Mackintosh as its chief, was founded in 1893, and has already attained a firm footing. Its head quarters are in Glasgow, the Hon. Secretary being Mr. W. G. Davidson, 51 West Regent Street, a branch or centre has recently been formed in Edinburgh and several others are contemplated.



An organization bearing the generic title "The Clan Chattan" has been recently founded for the purpose of having the whole clan organized—with Cluny Macpherson of Cluny Macpherson as chief. This organization has centres at Edinburgh, (Mr. D. Macpherson, 23 Broughton Place, Edinburgh, Local Secretary,) and in Badenoch (Provost Macpherson, Kingussie, Local Secretary,) while the Clan Secretary is Mr. N. C. Macpherson, Broomhall, Bearsden, near Glasgow

(To be continued)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.



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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

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OUR NEXT ISSUE.

PLATE PORTRAITS will be given of Sir Hector Munro, Bart., of Foulis, Chief of the Clan Munro; Colonel Alan J. Colquhoun, R.A., Edinburgh; and Miss Jean MacFarlane Scott, a representative of the ancient house of MacFarlane. Quite an attractive variety of new and interesting illustrated contributions will appear in our May issue, including two original complete Highland stories, from the pens of well known writers.

CLAN CAMERON.—The monthly meeting of this clan took place in the Assembly Rooms, on 3rd ult., when Dr. Cameron, Fettercairn, lectured on "Clan Origins, Territories, and Histories," illustrated with lime-light views.

CLAN GRANT.—The annual re-union was held in the Assembly Rooms, on 28th Feb., Mr. Francis J. Grant, W.S., in the chair. There was a large attendance. The chairman gave an interesting address on the origin and early history of the clan; and Mr. James Grant also addressed the meeting.

CLAN MACKENZIE.—An interesting lecture was delivered to this society by Mr. James Mackenzie, F.S.A., Scot., in the Trades' Hall, on 27th Feb., the subject being "Clan Life and Customs."

"RED AND WHITE BOOK OF MENZIES."—Mr. D. P. Menzies, F.S.A., Scot., has received from the "Privy Purse" the sum of five guineas, being Her Majesty the Queen's subscription for a copy of this valuable work.

THE PAISLEY GAELIC CLUB held their annual social gathering on 6th March, Surgeon-Major John MacGregor, M.D., in the chair. The hall was crowded. The chairman delivered a spirited address

on current Celtic topics, and Dr. A. C. Cameron of Fettercairn, also made an interesting speech.

DEATH OF A NOTABLE HIGHLANDER IN SIAM.—It is with sincere regret that we have to record the death of Mr. R. K. Black, Bangkok, Siam. He was a native of Mull, and a most enthusiastic Highlander. His letters to ourselves were usually written in Gaelic, of which language he had a complete mastery. Curiously, we have just received a letter from our friend, Mr. Frank Adam, who is now on his way to Java, in which the sad death of Mr. Black is referred to in a somewhat remarkable connection. Mr. Adam says:—"The mail before I left home brought a letter from my young brother in Bangkok, Siam. It contained a gratifying, though very sad tribute to the verses of mine on "A Sprig of Heather," which you were kind enough to insert in the *Celtic* recently. There was, it seems, in Bangkok a very enthusiastic young Highlander named Black, a native of Mull, and a subscriber to the *Celtic*. It seems that when the mail came in, bringing the *Celtic*, which contained my verses, signed "F.A.," Black brought the magazine round to my brother, and asked him if the verses were written by me. He was very pathetic over them. That same night poor Black took cholera, and next day my brother helped to bury him. 'His coffin,' my brother writes, 'was literally smothered in heather, which had been left over from the Scotch ball.'"

MACKAY.—At Tortola, W.I., on the 12th Feb., of malarial fever, Alexander Robert Mackay, the Commissioner of the Virgin Islands, son of the late Hugh Mackay, of Sandwood and Kinlochervie, J.P., county Sutherland, and of Mrs. Mackay, 18 Moray Place, Edinburgh. Mr. Mackay was a life member of the Clan Mackay Society, and was well known in the Reay country.

THE CLAN CHATTAN.—A large meeting of this newly organised Society was held in the Religious Institution Rooms, Rev. D. M. Macgillivray, M.A., in the chair. Apologies for absence were read from the Chief—Cluny Macpherson of Cluny; Colonel Macpherson, of Glentruim; Mr. John Macpherson-Grant, yr., of Ballindalloch, etc. The chairman spoke at some length on the objects and aims of the Society, as set forth in the rules, and congratulated the members of the Society on the enthusiasm already evinced in its welfare and growth, which was phenomenal. The Secretary intimated that upwards of 200 members were already on the roll of membership.

THE LEWIS AND HARRIS GATHERING was held in the Queen's Rooms, on 12th ult., Surgeon-Major J. MacGregor presiding. There was a good turn out, and the re-union passed off very successfully.

THE NATIVES OF MULL AND IONA completely filled the St. Andrew's Hall on the 28th ult., Mr. J. W. Mellis, of Gruline, Mull, presiding. Addresses were delivered by the chairman, and Rev. N. MacDougall. The energetic Secretary, Mr. J. M. Murray, is to be congratulated on the complete success of the gathering.

LONDON INVERNESS-SHIRE ASSOCIATION.—The last Cinderella Dance of this season will be held in the Grand Saloon, Freemason's Tavern, on Saturday, 28th March.

THE STEWARTS OF APPIN AT CULLODEN.

By DUNCAN LIVINGSTONE, OHIO, U.S.A.

(Continued from page 120.)

"Shades of the gallant and the brave,
Who faithful to your Stuart fell,
No trophies mark your common grave,
No dirges to your memories swell;
But generous hearts will weep your fate,
When far has rolled the tide of time,
And bards unborn shall renovate,
Your fading fame in loftiest rhyme."

JOHN GRIEVE.

It would be inferred from the language used by both Logan and M-Ian, in their accounts of the incident, that as soon as Dugald Stewart, the standard bearer, was shot down, Livingstone took up the flag and tore it from the staff; but such was not the case. Dugald Stewart was killed in the charge; after the Highlanders failed to break the second line, and the retreat began, some member of the clan took up the flag. The fire of the enemy was then directed against the color bearer, and one after another was shot down, almost as fast as the colors would be taken up, until in all, seventeen were killed under it. Donald Livingstone then turned back, under fire, to where it lay, and



MEMORIAL CAIRN ERECTED ON THE FIELD OF CULLODEN.

snatching it up, carried it safely from the field. Though under full fire of the enemy during this time he escaped without a scratch. The banner itself indicates that it was *cut*, not *torn*, from the staff. The writer never heard the persons above referred to say anything about the banner being cut, or torn from the staff. The impression conveyed to him by Mrs. Boyd, Mrs. Burke, and the others most familiar with the story, is that the flag was cumbersome, heavy and difficult to carry, and on that account incommoded the retreat of the bearer, and caused him to lag behind, thus exposing him to the fire of the enemy. It is probable that when Donald saw this, in order to facilitate

his retreat, he cut it from the staff. When a council of war was held by the Prince and Chiefs, after the Battle of Culloden, and Charles came to the conclusion that he would no longer prosecute the war, but disband the army, the men of Appin then disbanded, and after the Highland fashion, started home separately, each man to shift for himself. Donald took the banner, and on his journey home to Appin came suddenly upon an English soldier, an officer, who was fishing in one of the numerous streams with which the country abounded. Supposing that he had fallen into an ambuscade, he started to run, when the officer called on him to halt, and at the same time, struck at

him with the fishing-pole and line. The hook passed entirely through Donald's nose; he drew his dirk, cut the line, and when he and the officer parted, tradition says there was one less soldier in the army of King George. Donald was unable to get the hook out of his nose until he reached Appin, where it was cut out.

The flag was by him taken home to Appin, and it is supposed that Ardsheal, before he escaped to France, left it for safe keeping with Alexander Stewart of Ballachulish, in whose family it has ever since remained.

It is a singular fact that the banner of the MacIntoshes, the second clan to the Stewarts'

left, was saved in substantially the same manner. Eneas MacIntosh, in his notes, says that when the standard bearer was shot dead, a comrade seized the colors, tore them from the pole, wrapped them around his breast and carried them safely from the field. (See Notes on Anldearn, Moy, and Culloden, by David Cameron, *Highland Monthly*, Vol. V, No. 51, page 185. Published by Duncan Campbell and Alexander MacBain, June, 1893.)

David Livingstone lies buried in the Cill,* the old parish burying ground of Morven, and his grave is marked with a granite stone. He had two children, Robert and Anna, but the writer does not know whether they married



STONES MARKING THE GRAVES OF THE STEWARTS OF APPIN AND OTHER CLANSMEN WHO FELL AT CULLODEN.

and left any descendants. The former was known in Morven by the Gaelic sobriquet of

* Being desirous of reproducing in the *Celtic Monthly* a photograph of the stone covering the remains of this gallant clansman, we applied to Mrs. Stuart of Dalness, but found that a photo was not to be had. This lady, however, kindly procured for us, from the Rev. Donald Macfarlane, Minister of Morven, a copy of the inscription upon the ancient stone of the Livingstones in the Churchyard of Morven, which is as follows:—"Here lyes the corps of John Livingstone who dyed in the year 1757 aged 57 years. This tomb is intended also for the remains of Anna MacInnes his spouse. This stone was erected by Donald Livingstone their son." Mr. Macfarlane adds that the Donald Livingstone

who erected the tombstone was standard bearer at Culloden, but there is no separate stone or inscription to his memory. The stone is in an excellent state of preservation. At the top is the Livingstone coat of arms, well sculptured. Underneath the inscription a skull, hour glass and trumpet are represented. There are lineal descendants of the Livingstones still surviving. Dr. Livingstone, the traveller, was related to him.

We have also to express our indebtedness to Mr. John Stuart, the present custodier of the Appin *bratich*, for kindly supplying us with photographs of this ancient clan relic. He mentions that, by a curious irony of fate, the colours of Burrell's regiment, which opposed the Appin regiment at Culloden, and the Stewart colours, are deposited in the same box.—Ed.

Rob Mac Dhombhail Mholuach. Donald, at the time of the Battle of Culloden, was about seventeen or eighteen years of age. He and his brother Angus went out with Alexander Stewart of Invernahyle, when he came back to the Highlands to recruit after the victory of Prestonpans. Angus Livingstone was killed at Culloden under the following circumstances:

Following the battle, immediately after they had left the field, one of his comrades, a particular friend, who had been wounded in the charge, and was, on that account, unable to keep up with the main body of the clan, was about to be overtaken by some three or four of the enemy (troopers, I believe), who had advanced beyond Cumberland's main line. He called out to Angus to come back and help him. The latter then left the main body of the clan, returned to assist his friend, and succeeded in protecting his retreat, until he in safety reached his comrades; but was himself killed by the enemy. Although I heard, I cannot now recall the name of the person thus rescued, but he got back safe to Morven.

When Cumberland sent troops to Morven to punish the inhabitants for the part taken by a large number of them in the rebellion, Donald and the rest of the family fled to the wilds of Ardnamurchan, where, according to the Highland adage, they "listened to the wind on the hill, till the waters abated."

The Stewarts of Appin according to several authorities, suffered the most of all the clans engaged in the Battle of Culloden. Of the fifty or sixty of that name who took part in that engagement, twenty-two were killed, and twenty-five wounded. The following is a list of the killed and wounded, made out by Alexander Stewart of Invernahyle, and which is still preserved in the Achnacone branch of the family:

Ardsheal's family:—Killed—John Stewart, of Benmore; John, son to Alexander Stewart, of Acharn, James, son of Alexander Stewart, of Acharn; John Stewart; John Stewart; Duncan Stewart, uncle to Ardsheal; and Dugald Stewart, the standard bearer (8). Wounded—William Stewart, Alan Mohr Stewart, and William Stewart (3).

Fasnacloich's family:—Killed—James Stewart, from Ardnamurchan, and Alan, his son (2). Wounded—James Stewart, uncle to Fasnacloich; James Stewart, younger, of Fasnacloich; John Stewart, son to Fasnacloich; John Stewart, son to Duncan Stewart (4).

Achnacone's family:—Killed—Alexander Stewart, brother to Achnacone; Duncan Stewart (2).

Invernahyle's family:—Killed—Alexander Stewart, son to Ballachulish; Donald Stewart,

nephew to Invernahyle; Duncan Stewart; John Stewart, from Balquidder (4). Wounded—Duncan, Donald, Dugald, and Alan Stewart, nephews to Ballachulish; John Stewart, from Ardnamurchan; Charles Stewart, from Bohallie; Alexander Stewart, of Invernahyle; James Stewart, brother to Invernahyle; Duncan Stewart, from Inverphalla; Donald Stewart, from Annat; Alan Stewart, who died in the East Indies; and John Stewart (12).

Stewarts, followers of Appin: Killed—Duncan Stewart, from Mull; John Stewart, alias Mac Alan; Malcolm Stewart; Dugald Stewart; Donald Stewart; Robert Stewart (6). Wounded—Duncan, Hugh, and John Stewart, from Glenlyon. John Stewart, alias Mac Alien Bhan; Duncan Stewart, alias Mac Alan; Robert Stewart (6). Making a total of twenty-two Stewarts killed and twenty-five wounded.

Followers of Appin:—Killed—McColls, 18; MacLarens, 13; Carmichaels, 6; MacCombichs, 5; MacIntyres, 5; MacInneses, 4; MacEldews or Blacks, 1; Mackenzies, 2; MacCorquodales, 1; Hendersons, 1; MacCormacks or Buchanans, 5; McLankens, 1; MacLachlans, 2; MacLeays or Livingstones, 4; MacArthurs, 1; and George Baldane, nephew to Lanrick, Ardsheal having married Haldane of Lanrick's sister. Total, 70. Wounded—McColls, 15; MacLarens, 4; Carmichaels, 2; MacCombichs, 3; MacIntyres, 5; MacInneses, 2; Mackenzies, 3; MacUchaders, 1; Hendersons, 1; MacCormacks or Buchanans, 1; Camerons, 1; MacDonalids, 1; MacLeays or Livingstones, 1. Total, 40. Making a total of 95 killed and 62 wounded, out of about 300 men.

On September 17th, 1746, Ardsheal succeeded in getting on board a vessel, and escaped to France, where he died at Sens, March 15th, 1757. During the time he lived there, his tenants paid a double rent, one to the agents appointed by the government over the forfeited estates, and the usual rents called for by their leases, to Ardsheal, in order to support him in exile. It is hardly necessary to add that the latter were cheerfully and voluntarily paid by his clansmen. He was thus enabled to dispense hospitality, and render assistance to some of his companions in exile less favourably situated.

[CONCLUDED.]

THE COUNTY OF SUTHERLAND ASSOCIATION (Glasgow) have arranged to hold a social meeting in the Berkeley Halls, on Wednesday, 22nd April. Tickets are only to cost 6d. each, and a large attendance is expected.

THE EDINBURGH CAMANACH CLUB held their annual assembly in the Queen Street Rooms on 6th ult., and was attended by about 120 ladies and gentlemen. The proceedings were of the most enjoyable nature, and showed that there is still a good deal of vigour in the veteran club.



PART XX.—(Continued from page 105).

THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE—QUATRE BRAS, WATERLOO.

ABOUT six o'clock Napoleon detached Lobau's corps and the young Guards to oppose the Prussians, and Wellington some time later brought Chasse's Dutch Belgians into line, to fill up spaces between his British and German attenuated battalions, so that towards six to seven p.m. the relative strength of the opposing forces stood thus:—

	Batt.	Squad.	Guns.
Total British and all Allies,	75	98	156
French in front of British,	80	106	186

Of the assistance derived by Wellington from this augmentation of Dutch Belgians being brought into line, nothing need here be said, the foregoing story tells its own tale. The Dutch Belgian cavalry, of which there were 3,205 merely served to make up numbers, and were not, for sufficient reasons, brought into the fighting line, hence the brunt of all the cavalry contests devolved exclusively upon the British and German Dragoons.

The co-operation of the Prussians has been detailed in previous chapters. It was expected by Wellington much sooner, but setting aside all considerations of the delay that attended the arrival of Blücher, it is equally doubtless that the tardiness of that co-operation had a more decided influence in the general result of the battle. Many military arguments may be advanced as to the result of the Prussians coming into full contact with the French right

earlier than six o'clock. No doubt, had the Prussians succeeded an hour earlier in driving the French out of Planchenoit, combined with the general advance of Wellington's forces, the whole French opposed to the Prussians would have been compelled to surrender at discretion, since their retreat would have been cut off by the British advance.

As to the actual share which the Prussians had in the battle, it may be affirmed that the contest maintained by the Prussians under Bulow against Lobau's troops and a portion of the Imperial Guard was most obstinate and sanguinary, but after all it is undeniable that the blow which decided the victory was that given by Wellington in defeating for the last time the grand attack of the Imperial Guard, and instantly following up that defeat and boldly attacking and penetrating the centre of Napoleon's lines, sustaining it by the general advance of the whole army. Yet is equally true that the powerful diversion effected by the Prussians diminished the strength of the French confronting the British forces. In short, and in fact, both British and Prussians admirably and honourably performed the respective parts assigned to them, the one holding its defensive position with unparalleled bravery and unmitigated perseverance, until its great chief, having defeated the last desperate effort of his great opponent to force his line, leads his whole army instantly onward and prevents the possibility of a rally. Blücher's operations made the effect of Wellington's advance more decisive, and the victory more complete by vigorous pursuit. Thus was consummated the tactical solution of the plan

which had been with so much fore-sight and skill, strategically preconcerted by Wellington and Blucher.

From the contemplation of the triumph, the glory, and the result of such a battle, we are impelled to turn our thoughts upon the sad and melancholy spectacle of the awfully severe losses sustained by both the victors and the vanquished, whose heroic exertions and noble endurance could not but be attended with immense sacrifice.

The British and Allies had to deplore a loss in killed, wounded, and missing of nearly

15,000 men and 3,000 horse.

The Prussian loss at Waterloo in killed, wounded, and missing was 6,775 men and 752 horses, which tests the severity of their three hours struggle with the French. The losses of the French have never been accurately ascertained, but have been computed at 30,000 in killed, wounded, and missing.

LIST OF SCOTTISH OFFICERS WHO FOUGHT IN THE WATERLOO CAMPAIGN.

Abercrombie, 1; Adair, 1; Adam, 2; Aird, 1; Alexander, 3; Allan, 4; Anderson, 7; Arm-



SAD NEWS FROM THE FIELD OF WATERLOO. "For him there was no returning."

strong, 9; Baillie, 1; Bain, 1; Baird, 3; Bruce, 3; Brown, 23; Black, 4; Buchanan, 2; Callander, 2; Cameron, 17; Campbell, 31; Cargill, 9; Carmichael, 3; Carruthers, 3; Cathcart, 2; Chambers, 4; Chisholm, 3; Christie, 2; Clarke, 16; Cockburn, 3; Cochran, 3; Colquhoun, 1; Colville, 2; Cowan, 1; Craig, 1; Crawford, 5; Crichton, 1; Crowe, 2; Cumming, 1; Currie, 1; Dallas, 2; Dalrymple, 1; Davidson, 2; Dick, 1; Dickson, 3; Douglas, 8; Drummond, 4; Duff, 1; Duncan, 1; Dundas, 1; Elliott, 4; Erskine, 4; Finlayson, 1; Fleming, 1; Fletcher, 1; Forbes, 5; Fraser, 17;

Gardner, 2; Gallie, 1; Gillespie, 1; Glendinning, 1; Gordon, 11; Graham, 7; Grant, 11; Gregory, 3; Gunn, 1; Guthrie, 1; Halkett, 2; Hall, 4; Hamilton, 11; Hay, 5; Henderson, 5; Hepburn, 1; Home, 3; Hood, 1; Hope, 2; Horne, 1; Horner, 1; Hume, 3; Innes, 4; Johnstone, 15; Keith, 1; Kennedy, 5; Kerr, 4; Kidd, 1; Knox, 1; Lamont, 1; Lennox, 2; Leslie, 5; Lindsay, 5; Little, 1; Lochart, 3; Lundie, 1; Logan, 4; MacArthur, 2; MacAulay, 1; MacCulloch, 1; MacDiarmid, 1; MacDonald, 20; MacDougall, 4; MacGlashan, 2; MacGregor, 3; MacIntosh, 3; MacIntyre, 2;

Mackay, 5; MacKenzie, 9; MacLachlan, 2;
 MacLaren, 1; MacLeod, 7; MacMillan, 1;
 MacMunn, 1; MacNab, 3; MacNair, 1;
 MacNeil, 3; MacPhee, 1; MacPherson, 9;
 MacRae, 1; MacAlister, 3; MacBean, 3;
 MacFarlane, 1; Mackie, 3; MacKinlay, 1;
 MacKinnon, 1; Maitland, 4; Malloch, 1;
 Malcolm, 1; Munn, 1; Martin, 8; Menzies, 2;
 Miller, 8; Milne, 3; MacInnes, 1; Moffat, 2;
 Moneypenny, 1; Montgomery, 1; Moray, 1;
 Munro, 5; Murdoch, 2; Murray, 3; Nicolson, 2;
 Ord, 2; Orr, 2; Patterson, 1; Paton, 1;
 Pringle, 1; Ramsay, 2; Reid, 3; Robertson, 11;
 Robson, 1; Ross, 13; Roy, 1; Rutherford, 1;
 Ryrie, 1; Saltoun, 1; Scott, 11; Shaw, 5;
 Simpson, 4; Sinclair, 6; Smith, 6; Stuart, 20;
 Telford, 1; Thompson, 7; Todd, 2; Trotter, 1;
 Urquhart, 1; Waters, 2; Wallace, 4; Wenys, 2;
 Williamson, 2; Young, 4.



[CONCLUDED.]

ADDRESS TO THE BAGPIPES.

BY PIPE-MAJOR RICHARD STEWART,
 79th CAMERON HIGHLANDERS.

Come under my arm, delight of my fathers
 And wake thy wild echoes with war-notes so shrill,
 Come under my arm, thou pride of the bravest,
 And gather our clan from each heath-covered hill.
 Thou hast oft led to glory the pride of our Nation,
 While foemen have trembled to hear thee from far,
 Midst death and midst danger with carnage surrounded
 Thy notes mingled wild with the deep elang of war.
 Come under my arm, O how deeply I love thee!
 Thy wild notes of war, O sweet music to me!

Come under my arm, till our clansmen we gather,
 And make the rocks ring to thy *Cogudh-nasith*.

Come under my arm, my heart let me press to thee,
 And gather our clan from each mountain and glen,
 Come under my arm, how I long to caress thee,
 And sound the proud march of the Cameron men.



S

Thy notes were loud heard in the far land of Egypt,
 At Egnont-ap-Zee midst the cannon's loud roar,
 And at famed Waterloo midst the trumpet-sound blended,
 You have wailed o'er the brave who would battle no more.

Come under my arm, may that day be far distant
 Which will sever our ties with my own gallant corps,
 Yet laid on my bier let this wail be played o'er me,
 Alas! I'll return to "Lochaber no more."

Stirling Castle, January, 1861.

[We are indebted to Mr. Norman Graham, Edinburgh, for the above verses on the Highland Bagpipes. They were composed in 1861, but were never before published, we believe.—ED.]



F. MARY COLQUHOUN.

F. MARY COLQUHOUN.



MISS F. MARY COLQUHOUN is a member of one of the most ancient and distinguished of our Highland chieftain families—the Colquhouns of Colquhoun and Luss. Her father was John Colquhoun, the famous sportsman, best

known perhaps to Scotsmen as the author of that ever interesting work "The Moor and the Loch," her mother being the authoress of "Rhymes and Chimes." Miss Colquhoun is therefore cousin to Sir James Colquhoun, Bart, the estimable Chief of the Clan. The subject of our sketch has distinguished herself in various spheres, but her tastes are distinctly literary, for she has published several works, both in prose and verse, which show that she is gifted with a literary genius of no common order. Among her best known works may be mentioned "Songs of Christian Warfare," "A Communion Afternoon," "The author of 'The Moor and the Loch,'" "Ridley Herschel," "St. Kessog and his Home," etc. Recently she published a most attractive little volume of Highland stories entitled "A Bit of the Tartan," which met with a most flattering reception. Naturally, Miss Colquhoun is intensely Highland in her sympathies, and to her there is no place so romantic or beautiful as the country of her clan, stretching along "The Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomon." She is deeply learned in the old time traditions of the district, and has kindly promised to contribute a series of sketches to the *Celtic* (the first of which appears in this issue), which cannot fail to interest all members of the clan. It may also be mentioned that she is bardess to the Clan Colquhoun Society.

It may be also interesting to add that Mrs. Walford, the popular novelist, is a sister of Miss Colquhoun, while other two sisters are married to notable Highlanders, Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod of Inverness, and Mr. Colin Macrae, of Colinton, Chief of the Clau Macrae. Another sister is wife of the accomplished Vicar of Cobham, Kent. Her brother, Colonel Alan J. Colquhoun, R.A., late of the gallant 42nd Royal Highlanders, "Black Watch," and now Colonel of the Edinburgh Artillery Militia, is well known, and I understand the Editor intends giving his portrait and a biographical sketch, in the next number of the *Celtic Monthly*.

Glasgow.

NEIL CAMPBELL COLQUHOUN.

THERE'S NOTHING IN THE GARISH DAY.

Translation of a Gaelic song composed by Rob Donn, the Reay country bard, "as by Kirsty Brodie," Colonel Mackay's sweetheart, after he had gone off to the West Indies.

There's nothing in the garish day,
Since thou hast gone across the sea,
I fold my heart and lay
As treasure hid my love for thee.

Tho' I should call would'st thou return
From that far land of which I hear?
What tho' my love like fire doth burn,
None sees me shed the silent tear.

None sees me shed the silent tear,
For love and theft are close allies,
And none but thee shall know how dear
The passion burns that purifies.

Return, return to me from far,
Lest poison in thy chalice hide,
Lest that the sun thy beauty mar,
Lest other love thy heart divide.

Lest other love thy heart divide,
The very thought is bitter woe,
For life and love go side by side—
How could I live if it were so!

Then go my thoughts across the sea,
I ask of him such love who wakes
To guard and quicken thine for me,
And keep us for our true love's sake.

Late of Durness.

ROBINA FINDLATER.

DUNSTAFFNAGE CASTLE,
LOCH ETIVE.

In lonely grandeur frowns the ancient keep,
Around its roofless towers the wild wind sings:
Upon the shore the loch's blue waters sleep,
Or lashed by winter storms to fury, fling
Its foam aloft,—o'erhead the eagles sweep
Majestic, sailing slow on wide spread wings.

Grim sentinel, spared from the historic past
Unvanquished, faithful through the countless
years,
Through changing dynasties, whose records vast
Were written on its stones in blood and tears.
When might was right,—when war and hate held
fast

In iron grip that knew not ruth or fears.

How many moons have silvered Lora's tide?
How many sunsets flushed the eternal snows
On mountain heights, since in their rugged pride
The massive walls of the great fortress rose!
Since the wild slogan rang, and side by side
The clansmen torrent-like swept down their foes.

Those days of power are gone!—why should we
wail!

Or wake the echoes of this solitude
With vain regrets!—the Sassenach and Gael
Have buried with the past each bitter feud.
Let dark oblivion drop a softening veil,
Even as the ivy hides time's havoc rude.

JANET A. McCULLOCH.

THE LORDS OF LOCHABER.

by T. D. MACDONALD.



PART XIV.—SECOND BATTLE OF INVERLOCHY—
 IAIN LOM—ALASDAIR MACCOLLA AND
 MONTROSE—JOINS CHARLES II.—WARS
 WITH CROMWELL.

(Continued from page 117).

IN that year, 1644, he joined Coll Mac Gillespuig with his clan.* In the Carse MSS., in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, there is a letter from Colonel James MacDonald, of Alasdair MacColla's regiment, giving an account of the events of the times. Among other things it says that "after the defeat of the Covenanters, near Aberdeen, September 13th, 1644, Alasdair MacColla came to Blair Castle. Colonel James was sent to Lochaline, where he was joined by the Captain of Clan Ranald and his men, and by the Clan Ranald of Lochaber, etc., all of whom went with Alasdair MacColla to lay waste Argyle's lands: then they went on to Lochaber, Glengarry, and Fort Augustus, till hearing of Argyle's approach, they returned on their march and attacked Argyle and his army at Inverlochy, on Sunday, 2nd February, 1645, gaining a brilliant victory."

This account is in agreement with the contention that Montrose did not command in person at this Battle of Inverlochy, and Napier's "Memoirs of Montrose," page 483, Vol. II., confirms it. Napier, who was himself a kinsman of Montrose, says:—"The Clan Campbell in full gathering, like an exasperated bee-hive, numbering with the Government troops about 300,† confronted Keppoch, Clan

Ranald,‡ Glengarry,§ Lochiel, MacPherson, MacGregor, and Strowan,† with at least contingents of their septs, Sunday, February, 2nd, 1645. . . . The military power and prestige of Argyle perished for ever."

Colonel James MacDonald, *alias* O'Neil, from whose letter the first account of this battle here given is taken, is the same whom the historians, who allege that Montrose commanded in person, say was in command of the reserve. He should therefore surely know who was in chief command.

Iain Lom, the famous bard of Keppoch, who brought the news of Argyle's advance on Lochaber to the Highland army at Fort Augustus, and whose celebration of the victory in Gaelic song is so well-known, makes no mention of Montrose. Yet Iain Lom was an undoubted admirer of Montrose, and he immortalised his name in verse with unstinted praise.§ In any case Alasdair MacColla proved himself not only an able ally, but essential to the success of Montrose. Without his aid Montrose proved a failure. But our desire here is simply to record the fact that Donald Glas of Keppoch and his clan formed part of the Highland army at this battle. The battle was a disastrous one to the Clan Campbell, no

* Spalding.

† This is evidently a misprint for 3000, the undisputed strength of Argyle's force.

‡ Robertson of Struan.

§ Iain Lom and other distinguished members of the clan will be fully dealt with later on.

less than 1000 of the name, besides over 500 of their allies, are said to have been left dead on the field, a number equal to the whole of the Highland army.

In 1646 Donald Glas and the Captain of the Clan Ranald had 1300 men ready to assist the King, in conjunction with the Marquis of Antrim.* Donald Glas joined the Royalist forces soon afterwards, and shared all their perils. Charles II. was crowned at Scone on the 1st January, 1651, but on the 23rd of the preceding month Parliament approved of a list of Colonels for the different regiments of horse and foot about to be raised. Those approved of for the Highlands and Isles were "MacDonald, the tutor of MacLeod, Clan Ranald; the tutor of Keppoch, the laird of Lochaber; the tutor of MacLean, Lochiel, MacNeil of Barra, Lachlan Mackintosh, and the laird of Jura."†

It will be seen that Donald Glas is here styled "the tutor of Keppoch," probably in acknowledgment of the fact that he had an elder brother, or nephew. But the fact remains that he was then the acknowledged Chief, and that he retained possession of it, he and his descendants. He and his clan were among the body of Highlanders who "particularly distinguished themselves; during the engagement between Charles' troops and those of Cromwell, fought between the North Ferry and Inveikething on the 20th July, 1651. The Scots, however, had to give way, the Chief of the MacLeans and about a hundred of his clan being left dead on the field.

Donald Glas was also present at the Battle of Worcester, fought on the 3rd September of the same year. At this battle Charles' forces numbered only 14,000, of whom 2,000 were Englishmen who have been accused of being only lukewarm in his cause. Opposed to them were over 30,000 of Cromwell's trained and disciplined "Ironsides." "The King himself, at the head of the Highlanders, fought with great bravery; his example animated the troops, and had he been supported by Leslie's cavalry, as was expected, the issue of the struggle might have been different. As it was, the Royal army was completely defeated, and the King had to provide for his personal safety by flight.‡ Cromwell himself admits this battle to have been "as stiff a contest for four or five hours as ever he had seen."

Donald Glas returned to Lochaber unscathed, and along with Clan Ranald, Glengarry, and Lochiel, refused to come to terms with Cromwell's Lieutenant in Scotland. The rest of the kingdom was by this time wholly subdued, when, in the summer of 1652, General Monk directed three distinct parties

to cross the mountains with the view of forcing the Highlanders to lay down their arms. Colonel Lilburn advanced from Inverness towards Lochaber on the one side, and General Dean led his troops from Perth in the same direction on the other, and Colonel Overton landed in Kintyre with a force from Ayr."|| "But they were all obliged speedily to retrace their steps, amid the jeers and laughter of the Highlanders."**

Tradition assigns to Donald Glas a part in the insurrection under the Earl of Glencairn in 1653; and indeed, as history records the fact that his neighbouring Chiefs, his colleagues through all the campaigns under Charles II., Glengarry and Lochiel, were two of the Glencairn's favourite Lieutenants, it is difficult to imagine him being absent. But there are no records of what part (if any) he played in that rising.

He died about the year 1656. His wife was a daughter of Forrester of Kilbeggie, and by her he had issue:—1—Alexander, his heir; 2—Ranald, murdered along with his brother in 1663; 3—A daughter who died unmarried.

* Letter from Charles II., then Prince, at St. Germain, to Marquis of Antrim, approving the project.—Hill's History, Note, page 274.

† Bal., Vol. IV., pp. 210-212.

‡ Keltie.

§ Keltie's History, page 289.

|| Keltie's History, page 281.

* Balfour, Vol. IV., page 349.

JOY GO WITH MY LOVE.

Oh, joy go with my love

In his marching to the war,
With the ribbon blue above,
And the slogan sounding far,
With the white rose at his brow
Making sweet the misty way,
Oh, joy go with my love now,
Go with him night and day!

Oh, joy go with my love,

Like the princely bride's ring
Leading through the birken grove,
Many a claymore following,
With the white rose at his brow
Making light the darkening way,
Oh, joy go with my love now,
Go with him night and day!

SARAH ROBERTSON MATHESON.

GOVAN HIGHLAND ASSOCIATION.—A grand concert and ball are to be held in the Masonic Hall, on Tuesday, 7th April, at 7.30 p. m., Mr. John Mackay, *Celtic Monthly*, chief of the association, in the chair.

MO NIGHEAN DONN, BHOIDHEACH MY BROWN-HAIRED MAIDEN.

KEY B₃.—*Moderato*.

{ : s₁ d : -t₁ l₁ : s₁ d : - s₁ : s₁ d : -r f : m r : - r SEISL. Ho ró, mo nighean donn, bhòidheach, Hi ri, mo nighean donn, bhòidheach, CHORUS. Ho ró, my brown-haired maid - en, Hee ree, my brown-haired maid - en,	{ : m₁ s : f m : s s₁ : - d : t m : - r : -d d : - - Mo chailleag laghach, bhòidheach, Cha phòs - ainm ach thu. My bonnie, winsome mai - den, I'd wed none but thee.
---	--

A Pheigi dhonn nam blàth-shul,
 Gur trom a thug mi gràdh dhuit :
 Tha d' iomaigh ghaoil, 'us d' àilleachd,
 A ghnàth tigh'inn fo m' uidh.

Thine eye with love is gleaming ;
 Thy face with beauty beaming ;
 When waking, or when dreaming,
 My thoughts dwell on thee.

Cha cheil mi air an t-saoghal
 Gu bheil mo mhian 's mo ghaol ort :
 'S ged chaidh mi uait air faondradh,
 Cha chaochail mo rùn.

Forget thee will I never,
 But I will love thee ever ;
 Though many miles us sever,
 I'm still true to thee.

'N uair bha mi ann ad làthair,
 Bu shona bha mo làithean—
 A' seallbhachadh do mhànrain,
 'Us àille do ghnùis.

When I was staying near thee,
 Thy presence sweet did cheer me ;
 And charming 'twas to hear thee
 Sing gaily and free.

Gnùis aoidheil, bhanail mhàlda
 Na h-òigh a's caoinhe nàdur ;
 I snairce, ceanail, bàigheil,
 Làn gràis agus mùirn.

Of cheerful, comely features ;
 Of gentle, kindly nature ;
 There ne'er was living creature
 More lovely than thee.

Ge hurach air a' chabhraisair
 Na mnathan òga Gallda,
 A rìgh ! gur beag mo gheall-s'
 Air bhì sealltainn 'n an gnùis.

Though Lowland girls are fine, love,
 E'n some may say divine, love,
 There's none can thee outshine, love,
 Or lure me from thee.

'S ann tha mo rùn 's na beanntaibh,
 Far bheil mo ribhinn gheannar,
 Mar ròs am fasach Shamhraidh,
 An gleann fad o' shùil.

For 'mong the hills she's dwelling,
 Where chrystal streams are welling ;
 Like rose, all flowers excelling,
 The maiden for me.

Ach 'n uair a thig an Samhradh,
 Bheir mise sgriob do 'n ghleann ud,
 'S gu 'n tog mi leam do 'n Gbaldachd,
 Gu h-annsail, am flùr.

When summer comes again, love,
 I'll seek your Highland glen, love,
 Mine own to make you then, love,
 And take thee with me.

Gaelic words from SINCLAIR'S "ORANAICHE." Translation by Mr. M. MACFARLANE, Paisley.

CLAN MACKAY SOCIETY.

THE EIGHTH ANNUAL SOCIAL GATHERING was held in the Freemasons' Hall, Edinburgh, on 13th March, Councillor William Mackay, Inverness, president, in the chair. There was a very large gathering of the clan and friends, the hall being crowded. Among those present were Sheriff Ennes J. G. Mackay, Colonel A. Forbes Mackay, Dr. George Mackay, Messrs. John Mackay (Ben Reay), W. D. Mackay, R.S.A., John Mackay, Hon Secy., A. R. Mackay, Asst. Secy., James R. Mackay, Thomas A. Mackay, Donald Mackay "Strathnaver," John Mackay, Alex. Mackay, LL.D., Colonel Alan J. Colquhoun, R.A., Surgeon-Major John Macgregor, M.D., Rev. Robert Blair, D.D., and representatives from the various clan societies and shinty clubs, etc. Tea and cake were provided and served by a committee of ladies of the

clan, presided over by Mrs. Sheriff Mackay. The learned chairman delivered an eloquent address, in which he reviewed the past history of the society, and the useful work it has performed, and commented upon the present flourishing state of its membership and funds. He considered it a very great honour to have been chosen as president of the society. An attractive programme of vocal and pipe music and Highland dancing was then gone through. Colonel Forbes Mackay proposed a vote of thanks to the chairman, and a special cheer for his wife (a daughter of John Mackay, Hereford) who was present, which were given with great heartiness. Three rousing cheers were also given for Mr. Mackay, Hereford, the "grand old man" of the Mackay clan, which sufficiently expressed the high respect in which he is held by his clansmen. The chairman returned thanks for these expressions of goodwill. A dance followed, which was well attended.



SIR HECTOR MUNRO, BART.



LADY MUNRO.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

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**SIR HECTOR MUNRO OF FOWLIS,
BARONET.**



their residence at the head of the Ro does not approve itself. The name as known in Gaelic, "na Roich," ignores both "Bun" and "Mun," limits itself to the plural of the final Ro or Roe, and it must be left to Gaelic philologists like Rector Macbain of Inverness, to settle the true significance of the word.

The first Munro in Ross is stated to have been Donald, and the name of his possession is over eight hundred years later, still clung to by old people in Ross as Ferrindonald, or the portion of Donald. Three generations bring us to Robert the 4th Fowlis, whose daughter Anna married Angus de Yle, and was mother of John, last independent Lord of the Isles.

Donald the 5th erected in 1154 the Tower of Fowlis, the oldest private building within the county.

Robert, 8th Fowlis, in company with the Earls of Ross and Sutherland, fought at Bannockburn, and while receiving no harm himself, had the misfortune to lose his eldest son, George. This George's son, also called George, fell at Halidon Hill, 23rd July, 1333. George, 12th Fowlis, was in the year 1454 killed at the well-known fight of Bealach-na-brìg.

William 14th for various good services was knighted by James IV. Sir William had a Commission of Justiciary within the County of Inverness, was killed in 1505 by Ewen vic Allan, for which the latter was executed at Elgin in his sixtieth year.

Robert 16th fell at Pinkie, 8th September, 1547.

Robert 17th, styled Mor, was one of the most celebrated of his house, reigning for forty-one years, 1547-1588. He was Bailie to the King over the Earldom of Ross, and Lordship of Ardmearach. He voted in the Parliament of 1603 for the overthrow of the Ancient Church, and for the ratification of the of the Scottish Confession of Faith. A family of Beaton or Bethunes were hereditary surgeons to the family, and this Robert gave to Neil Beaton a heritable tack of the lands of

THE three leading names in the County of Ross are those of Mackenzie, Ross, and Munro. All have been land owners in the county for hundreds of years, and all, with that curious perverseness prevalent two centuries ago have had assigned to them an Irish origin, just as many Lowland Scots have a mythic Norman ancestry.

For myself I desire neither supposititious Irish nor Norman descent, nor if I have the blood of either, boast of it, inclining rather to take my stand on Japhet. Therefore, the tradition that the Munros were first Bunnoroes, originally dwellers at the foot of the river Ro, in Donegal, and afterwards Munroes from

Culmaskeach. The family of Beaton spread in Ross-shire, and also made a home in Skye, and a very interesting little book on the Bethunes and their ramifications was lately privately printed by Mr. Bethune Baker, Barrister, one of the family.

The Munros and a section of Mackintoshes as far back as 1454 met as foes at Clachna-

harry, near Inverness. A subsequent inter-marriage having removed any ill feeling, the close connection was again renewed by the marriage of Robert 16th to Margaret Ogilvie of Findlater, relict of the ill-fated William Mackintosh of Mackintosh, judicially murdered at Strathbogie by order of the Earl of Huntly. Robert died in November, 1588, and was such an extreme Protestant, that he would not permit his remains to be interred at Fortrose near his predecessors, and left orders to be buried at Kiltearn, where subsequent lairds are interred. The lairds of Mackintosh, of

whom four in succession met with violent deaths in course of the 16th century, were so harassed and troubled that on more than one occasion their charters and papers had to be placed in friendly custody. Robert Mor's receipt for some of them, without date, but necessarily prior to 1588, is in these terms:—

"I Robert Monro off Fowlis granttis me to

have resanit fra ane honourabill man, Lauchland M'Kintose of Dunnachin, the charttouris with the instrument of sesying of the samyn on all and hail the landis of Glenroy Glenlowyn-toun florum and Lochbarkak with the stewardric of the hail lordship of Lochquhaber; and als hes resanit the awadenttis of the baronie of Bewfuird with the instrument of the samyn

quhilkis awadenttis verwarwe will kepit befor my resait quhilk ewidenttis is gevin me in custodia befor thair witnes honorabill men James M'Kintose of Gask, Hector Monro of Kuldarmore, William M'Queen, persone of Assint, and Dougall M'fersonne in Esse, with others dyvers.

(Signed)

Robert Mo'ro of Fowlis "

'Col Robert Munro was the 19th Baron. commonly known as the Black Baron of Fowlis. He succeeded 15th February, 1603, and married 1st, Margaret, eldest daughter of Lord Duffus, by whom he had one daughter, and 2nd, an Englishwoman, Mary



FOWLIS CASTLE, ROSS-SHIRE.

Wyre. He is well known, like his cotemporary Donald, 1st Lord Reay, in whose regiment he served as Colonel, as a strong supporter of Gustavus Adolphus. The great levy of Highlanders in the Swedish King's support took place in 1626, and Colonel Munro's account termed "Munro, his expedition with the worthy Scots regiment called Mackays," published in

London, 1637, is of considerable interest. Colonel Munro's exertions for the Protestant religion put him to great pecuniary straits, and turned out very unfortunately for Mackintosh and some others who had been security for him, and who had to "pay the piper" as late as the time of Sir John 23rd, then heir of entail in possession of Fowlis. Sir John was known as the "Presbyterian Mortarpiece," and easily allowed his scruples as to paying his predecessors' obligations to prevail.

Robert 19th died, without issue, of wounds received at Ulm, in March, 1633.

Robert's brother, Hector, who succeeded, was created a Baronet of Nova Scotia in 1634.

Sir Robert, 22nd Baron of Fowlis, succeeded as heir of entail, being the descendant of Colonel John Munro of Obsdale, second son of Robert Mor, before mentioned. He served in Ireland, and is best known as the friend and patron of the Rev. Mr. Hogg of Kiltarn, whom he supported, though subjected himself after the Restoration to fines and imprisonment.

Sir John 23rd, already mentioned as the "Presbyterian Mortarpiece," succeeded, and is described as a good soldier, but so corpulent, that if he lay down it took five or six men to raise him up.

Sir Robert 25th is one of the few prominent Highlanders who fell on the Hanoverian side during the insurrection of 1745. He was killed at Falkirk, 17th January, 1746, and buried there, having sat in Parliament as member for the Northern Burghs.

Sir Harry 26th was educated at Dr. Philip Doddridge's Academy at Northampton, having Mr. Gilbert Robertson, afterwards Minister of Kincardine, as his tutor. It is recorded that he was a profound scholar and composed a commentary on the Psalms. He married Anne, daughter of Hugh Rose of Kilravock, and died 12th June, 1781, being succeeded by Sir Hugh 27th. Sir Hugh's career was uneventful publicly, while his chequered private life gave rise to much ill feeling and litigation with the next heir male and of entail. He lived chiefly in London, and formed what would be held in England to be an irregular marriage with an English woman, Jane, daughter of Alexander Law. Lady Munro on a visit in 1803 to the North was drowned while bathing off Fowlis point, to Sir Hugh's great grief. She left two children, a son who died in infancy, and a daughter, Mary Seymour. Through the malevolent interference and suggestions of busy bodies, it came to Sir Hugh's ears that the next heir, Mr. Charles Munro, descended of George, brother of the 3rd Baronet, intended to dispute the legitimacy of his daughter, Miss Mary Munro,

then next heir of entail. This idea, fostered by needy limbs of the law, ended in a tremendous litigation. After going to the House of Lords the case was finally determined in favour of Miss Munro. Sir Hugh died 3rd May, 1848, and Miss Munro survived only a few months, dying 12th January, 1849. Sir Charles, who succeeded, lived until 1886. He was in the 45th (Sherwood Foresters), and fought under Wellington in the Peninsular Wars, and got the medal and six clasps—was one of the party who composed the "forlorn hope" at Badajoz. The medal is in the possession of Sir Hector at Fowlis. He was succeeded by his son Charles, well and popularly known in the North. Sir Charles Munro, born in 1824, served in the Ross-shire Militia as Captain, and many years Major, Ross-shire Volunteers, and died 29th February, 1888, when he was succeeded by his eldest son, the present Sir Hector Munro, Lieutenant-Colonel in the 3rd Battalion Seaforth Highlanders, who is a popular and esteemed country gentleman, taking an active part in county matters, and a lively interest in the well-being of the people of his estates, in which last he is well supported by Lady Munro, eldest daughter of Mr. Stirling of Fairburn. Sir Hector was educated at the Academy, and University of Edinburgh, and has had the management of the estates since 1875. He is Vice-Chairman of the County Council, and Chairman of the Mid Ross, his own district, and of the School Board, etc. Sir Hector is also an ardent Freemason, and been for seven years Provincial Grand Master of the Province of Ross and Cromarty, and was for several years Master of the Fingal Lodge of Dingwall.

Sir Hector made a very favourable impression as chairman of the recent gathering of the men of Ross in Glasgow, and while the Clan Munro have every reason to be satisfied with their present head, 38th of his house, Highlanders generally cordially desire continued success and prosperity to the honoured family of Fowlis. The heir apparent is about a year old.

To the great regret of the family and of antiquarians generally, many of the Fowlis papers have been lost or destroyed; and it is understood amongst these interested, that many were maliciously destroyed by persons in whose keeping they happened to be after Miss Munro's death in 1849, and for the purpose of prejudicing Sir Charles 29th.

Mr. John Munro, the well-known factor of Fowlis, fortunately had made notes and extensive extracts from the Fowlis papers with the object of publishing a history; and from a MS. in possession of the late Mr. D. Munro of

Allan, a short genealogical account was published in Inverness in 1805. I may observe that Sir Charles, then Mr. Munro, writing from London, 12th October, 1836, refers to and quotes an account of the fight at Clachnaharry, as from "an old manuscript book written by Sir John Munro of Fowles in 1683." It is believed, however, that ample material still remains for a comprehensive and satisfactory history to be edited, say, by a gifted man such as Dr. Gustavus Aird, and it is to be hoped Sir Hector Munro will have this in view.

Drummond, Inverness. C. FRASER-MACKINTOSH.

HIGHLAND PEN AND HIGHLAND SWORD.

IT has been said that if the North Pole is ever reached a *Scotsman* will be found there! Well, I doubt not that this will prove to be the case, for there are few places in the world which Scotch enterprise has left unexplored. A long absence from my native country has, unfortunately, given me more experience of the Southern Cross than of the Northern Lights. However, I have found that Scotch enterprise is as keen beneath the light of the Southern Cross as it is under the rays of the Aurora Borealis. In the course of my wanderings I have come across the Scot and his descendants located in many a strange place. I remember meeting, in the interior of one of the islands of the Netherlands East Indies, an individual, black as a sloe, and unable to speak a word of English. This worthy, however, rejoiced in the name of "MacGillivray," and was proud of his crest with its motto, "Touch not the cat bot the glove." However, I am wandering from my subject, so must haste back to it.

It is much to be regretted that it has been impossible to keep a record of the struggles against fortune of the gallant Highlanders, who, in consequence of their devotion to Prince Charlie, were forced to leave their native country in the dark days which followed the '45. The history of their doings and those of their descendants would, if written, form, I fancy, a large and interesting library. I shall give one instance of how a Highland family regained, by the *pen*, some of the possessions which the fortune of the *sword* had deprived their ancestors. I hope that other readers of the "*Celtic*" may be able to relate similar instances, and thus initiate a series of what will, I trust, prove very interesting articles.

In the early part of the present century the Chief and representative of one of the West

Highland clans set sail for the golden East. His ancestor had taken a leading part in the stirring events of the '45, and his clan had been out for Prince Charlie. As a consequence of the backward swing of the pendulum the clan suffered deeply, while its Chief paid for his loyalty to the Stuart cause by the loss of lands and money. The heir of this narrative set himself to repair the fallen fortunes of his family. With that object in view he sought voluntary exile in the Dutch East Indies. These were the days when the pagoda tree still flourished, and when fortunately the mail steamer and the telegraph cable were unknown. Time rolled on and fortune was kind to the exile. He founded a large commercial house (which still bears his name) in one of the Dutch Indian possessions, took to himself a wife, and amassed a large fortune, as well as a fine collection of Eastern curios. At length the object of his exile was achieved, and with a light heart and well lined pockets the Chief was able to make preparations for turning his back on the island of his exile, and seeking again his native isle, the birth-place of his clan. When all was ready for his departure the Chief purchased, or chartered, a vessel, freighted her with his collection of curios, and with a large portion of his fortune in specie. Accompanied by his family and a few friends he sailed for home. It was, however, alas! decreed that he should "return to Lochaber no more," for his ship did not reach home, and to this day has never been heard of!

Happily, however, the mystery does not end here. The brother and successor of the lost Chief followed his predecessor's footsteps in the paths of commerce, with success. He was able to end his days in the old country, and his son now reigns in the ancestral home of his father's clan.

Java.

FRANK ADAM.

[We presume the foregoing refers to the MacLaines of Lochbuie.—Ed.]

THE CLAN CHATTAN.—Mr. Ian Macpherson Grant presided at the General Business Meeting of this Society held in Edinburgh. There was a large attendance. Arrangements were made for the first Annual Social Gathering of the Clan to be held in Glasgow in May, at which the Chief (Cluny) will be present. The Glasgow Branch of this Clan held a very successful Concert in Glasgow on 24th March, Ex-Bailie Duncan Macpherson presiding. The hall was crowded, and a very pleasant evening was spent.

CLAN MACMILLAN.—At the Annual General Meeting held recently the Rev. Hugh MacMillan, M.A., LL.D., was re-elected Chief of the Society; President, Mr. Donald MacMillan, Partick; Treasurer, Mr. Donald MacMillan, Main Street, Anderston; and Secretary, Mr. W. S. MacMillan, 102 Bath Street. Very satisfactory reports were read.





COLONEL ALAN J. COLQUHOUN.

COLONEL ALAN JOHN COLQUHOUN.



THERE are few representatives of the ancient Clan Colquhoun better known or more highly respected among Highlanders and Lowlanders alike than the subject of this brief sketch. Colonel Colquhoun served his country for ten years in the gallant

"Black Watch," and now commands the Edinburgh Artillery Militia. He is a trustee of the Soldiers' Home at Piershill Barracks, and an elder in St. George's Parish Church, Edinburgh. He had the honour of receiving, in 1893, the Saxe-Ernestine Order from the Duke of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, a decoration which few have been granted. Naturally, Colonel Colquhoun takes a deep interest in the success of the Clan Colquhoun Society, of which he is Vice-President, and we think much of the prosperity of this useful Association is due to the great personal interest which the Chief, Sir James, and the various members of the Luss family, take in its work and progress. The various philanthropic and benevolent institutions of Edinburgh occupy much of his attention. He married in 1884 Justine, second daughter of Mr. Kennedy of Underwood, Ayrshire, and has two sons and three daughters.

Glasgow.

NEIL C. COLQUHOUN.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

THE CHIEF OF THE CLAN MACRAE.

Newark-on-Trent.

In the April number of the *Celtic Monthly* there is a statement made with regard to the Chief of the Clan MacRae which it would seem desirable to have corrected in the next issue of the magazine, if the space can be afforded for that purpose. For many years the genealogy of the Clan MacRae has been a subject of the greatest interest to the writer, and he has spent time, and taken trouble to get information regarding the descent of the different families from "Finlay dubh MacGillechrist," the supposed founder of the clan in Kintail, down to the present day. On no occasion has he been able to find mention made of the clan being assembled under a chief of their own, or any reference even made to such an individual. It would appear that each family came into prominence in Kintail according to the individual merits of its members. In the fighting which was continually taking place between the different clans, and families in, and about Kintail, the MacRaes are generally alluded to as if they were present in small numbers, independently, not as a clan under its chief.

Even at the time of the Battle of Sheriffmuir (November, 1715) when the Clan MacRae was assembled in probably greater numbers than at any other time, and when it was almost exterminated on the field, the MacRaes are mentioned as forming part of the three Kintail regiments under the Earl of Seaforth, "High Chief of Kintail," and not under any chief of their own. The writer's great-great-grandfather, John MacRa of Conchra, Lochalsh, who was killed on the field along with most of the other gentlemen of the clan and their followers, was holding a Major's commission in one of Seaforth's Kintail regiments, and the writer has not found any reference whatever made to a chief of the clan, though there were assembled there members of all the principal families of the name, and it is fair to presume that if a chief had been recognised at all, he would have been mentioned on that occasion. The conclusion the writer has come to, is that there never was a recognised Chief of the Clan MacRae when the MacRaes existed as a clan, though of late years the designation has sprung into existence and been used by some people who think that every clan, large or small, must necessarily have had a chief, and accordingly bestow the title on the representative of, possibly the only family of the name they happen to have heard of. If any of the readers of the *Celtic Monthly* can show proof of a recognised Chief of the Clan MacRae ever having existed, no doubt the MacRaes of the present day would be glad to hail his representative as such. Apart from the question of the chieftainship of the clan comes the question as to who represents the (supposed) founder of the Clan MacRae in Kintail—Finlay dubh MacGillechrist? This is claimed by the representatives of, at least, three families of the name, namely:—

The MacRaes of Conchra, Lochalsh, in the person of Colin MacRae, Esq., of Camden, South Carolina, U.S.A., head of Conchra family and 12th in descent from the said Finlay dubh MacGillechrist, and after him in the person of his brother, Duncan MacRae, Esq., J.P., D.L., Kames Castle, Isle of Bute.

The MacRaes of Inverinate, Loch Duich, represented by Colin George Macrae, Esq., Moray Place, Edinburgh, head of the Inverinate family and 14th in descent from Finlay dubh MacGillechrist.

The MacRaes of Torlishich, Glenshiel, represented by Farquhar Macrae, Esq. (in India), head of the Torlishich family and 14th in descent from Finlay dubh MacGillechrist.

JOHN MACRAE,

Late Captain, 1st Batt. "The Black Watch."

[We may mention that the reference in our last issue to Mr. Colin G. MacRae being chief of the clan, was added to the sketch by ourselves, as we have frequently heard Mr. Macrae referred to in this connection. This seems only another instance of the uncertainty and confusion which seem to exist in regard to the identity of the chiefs and heads of many ancient clan families. Captain MacRae's letter cannot fail to be of interest and service to those of our readers who make a study of such matters.—EDITOR.]

TRADITIONS OF THE COLQUHOUN COUNTRY.

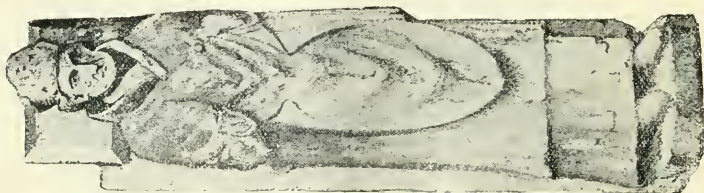
By F. MARY COLQUHOUN.

(Continued from page 127.)

A TRADITIONARY legend narrates that Saint Kessog suffered martyrdom in a foreign land, and that his remains, being enbalsmed with sweet herbs, were brought for interment to the church of his adoption, which then bore the name of Clachan-ubhd, "the black hamlet." One of the herbs sprang up from his grave and spread itself over the wall of the church, a circumstance

for which the Parish took the name of Luss, a word which in Gaelic signifies a plant or herb. This herb, it is added, continued to flourish so long as the old church stood, but when it was pulled down it perished. The church thus became celebrated, and numerous devotees went to it in pilgrimage for the performance of religious duties.

St. Kessog then became the tutelar Saint of the Church of Luss, and was held in profound reverence in the whole district of the Lennox, and in other places, his anniversary being duly observed on the 10th of March. A mile-and-a-half to the south of the present Parish Church of Luss, in Bandry, on the Luss Road, on the east side, was the cairn called "Carn na Cheasaig," or the cairn of St. Kessog.



EFFIGY OF ST. KESSOG AS FOUND IN HIS CAIRN.

In the middle of last century, when the military road along Loch Lomond was formed, this cairn having been partly removed, a large stone, carved as a recumbent effigy for the tomb of an ecclesiastic, was discovered there.

The stone effigy, and a stone fort beside it, which appertained to the Chapel at Rossdhu, are now preserved in the modern Chapel built by the present Chief. This medieval successor of St. Kessog represents a Bishop in Abbot, mitred and habited, in eucharistic vestments alb, stole, tunic, chasuble, maniple, and amice.

When gazing at the serene features of the Celtic Saint, we can imagine how he almost welcomed the death-wounds which paved the road to his victorious rest, and made him more like his Lord. We can fancy his rapt look into the glories of an opened Heaven, and almost hear his earnest voice praying for his murderers, like St. Stephen, and like a greater than he, who cried with His last breath "Father forgive them, they know not what they do."

Perhaps the dark deed was done when the shades of evening were approaching, the

moon in her autumn glow on the brow of Ben Lomond, and casting her pale beams over the still lake.

Nature would almost hold her breath: the devoted disciples of their noble teacher would utter a bitter cry—"My Father! my Father! the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof!" while notes of rejoicing were being sounded in the Heavens from those who had been led thither by him, who had then gained the martyr's crown!

We cannot close this brief sketch of Loch Lomond without noticing the tragic death of the late Sir James Colquhoun, December 18th, 1873, who was drowned in its deep waters with four of his "keepers." He had gone to Inch Ionaig to shoot deer for the Christmas gifts to the poor on his estates. The boat, being heavily laden with the deer, and the "keepers" not being the usual well experienced oarsmen, was upset in a squall, on the homeward passage to Rossdhu.

The loch was dragged in every direction, and Sir James' body was recovered by the barge of the Duke of Montrose, under the

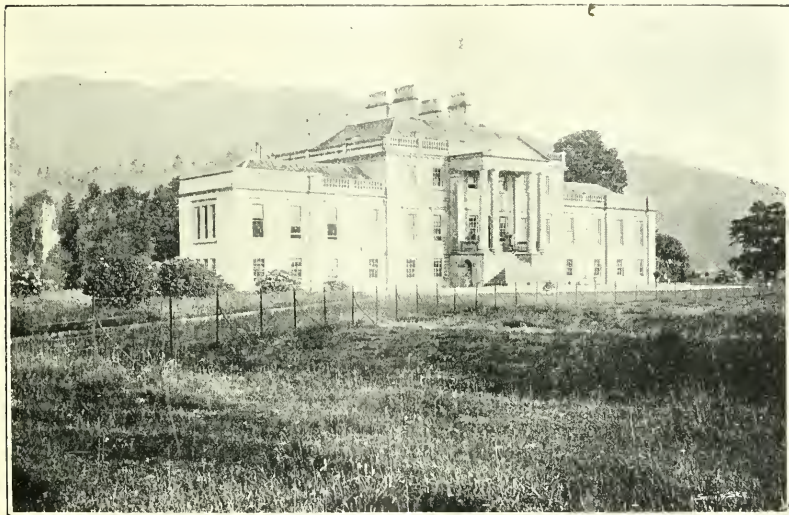
charge of the Duke's keeper. Two of the bodies still lie, doubtless, in some of the rock ledges of the deep loch, but the remains of the other keepers were found near the body of Sir James.

Sir James and his brother, the distinguished author of the "Moor and the Loch," and the third brother, William, were the sons of the "good" Lady Colquhoun, who bade farewell to them saying—"Meet me, I charge you, at the right hand of the Throne of God." All

three listened to that charge, and have years ago met that good mother in glory.

I hope I may be allowed to finish this part of my inadequate sketch of the "Colquhoun country" with the "Luss setting" of the "Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomond."

By you bonnie banks an' by you bonnie braes,
Whaur the sun beams bricht on Loch Lomon',
Whaur we twa hae pass'd sae mony blithe days,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomon'!



ROSSDHU CASTLE, LOCH LOMOND—SEAT OF SIR JAMES COLQUHOUN, BART.

REFRAIN—

Oh! ye'll gang the hie road, an' I'll gang the laigh
road,
An I'll be in Scotland afore ye!
For me an' my true luv will yet meet again,
On the bonnie, bonnie shores o' Loch Lomon'!

We'll meet whaur we parted in bonnie Luss glen,
'Mang the heathery braes o' Loch Lomon',

Starts the roe frae the pass an' the tox frae his den,
While abune gleams the mune thro' the rowan!

Wi yer bonnie Land-shoon an yer buckles sae clear,
An yer plaid owre yer shouthers sae rarely,
Ae glance o' yer e'e wad chase awa' my fear,
Sae winsome are yer looks, O my dearie!

(To be continued).

FORMATION OF A CELTIC SOCIETY IN FORFAR.
On 9th inst. a number of gentlemen met in the Drill Hall for the purpose of forming a Celtic Society, over twenty being present. Mr. A. Mackintosh, Farr Lodge, presided, and Provost MacDougall, the chairman, and several others addressed the meeting. A resolution was passed unanimously to form a Society in Forfar, and after a committee had been appointed to frame rules, etc., the meeting adjourned for a fortnight.

GLASGOW COWAL SHINTY CLUB.—The Annual Concert was held in the Grand Hall, Waterloo Rooms, on 25th March—Bailie Alexander Murray in the chair. The hall was completely filled, over 1000 persons being present. The proceedings were of the most pleasant description; and the ball was also well attended. The success of the concert may be taken as an indication that the splendid record of this club has earned for it the hearty support of Highlanders in this city.

REVIEWS.

THROUGH THE BUFFER STATE, A RECORD OF RECENT TRAVELS THROUGH BORNEO, SIAM, AND CAMBODIA, BY SURGEON-MAJOR JOHN MACGREGOR, M.D. LONDON: F. V. WHITE & Co. The author of this important work requires no introduction to the readers of the *Celtic Monthly*, nor indeed to any Highland audience. His contributions to Gaelic and English literature are of permanent value, and the most competent authorities admit that his latest work is the most important book of travel of the season. The most successful books are those which are entertaining as well as instructive, and Surgeon-Major MacGregor has produced a work which combines these essentials in a remarkable degree. In its pages the distant lands of Borneo, Siam, and Cambodia are described, the habits and customs of their inhabitants gracefully touched upon, while the Major's own personal experiences, often of the most amusing character, add a piquancy to the volume which makes it doubly interesting. In the very limited space at our disposal this month it is impossible for us to enter upon greater details—suffice it to say that the volume extends to about 300 closely printed pages, is illustrated with a number of fine process plates, is attractively bound, and thoroughly deserves the large sale and hearty welcome which have been already extended to it. To our readers we would merely say, do not forget to order a copy.

LYRA CELTICA, AN ANTHOLOGY OF REPRESENTATIVE CELTIC POETRY, EDITED BY ELIZABETH A. SHARP, WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY WILLIAM SHARP. EDINBURGH: PATRICK GEDDES AND COLLEAGUES.—The publication of this handsome and valuable volume is one of the practical results of the Celtic renaissance. It is a collection of translations of ancient Irish, Alban, Gaelic, Breton, Cymric, and modern Scottish and Irish poetry. The beauties of our Gaelic muse have been too long hid from the sight of the philistine Saxon, and the publication of a choice selection of suitable translations will be welcomed by Highlanders and Lowlanders alike. The compiler has shown rare taste and judgment in the selection of examples, which cover pretty well the whole field of Gaelic poetry. We take it as a compliment to the *Celtic Monthly* that so many of the examples given of the modern and contemporary Scoto-Celtic period should have been selected from the pages of this magazine. We are pleased to note that contributions which have appeared in our pages from the pens of Misses Alice C. MacDonell, Anice MacDonell, Mrs. Sarah Robertson Matheson, Mr. Henry Whyte (Fionn), etc., are honoured with a place among the productions of the representative Celtic poets of the present day. There is just one remark that we might venture to make here, not so much in regard to *Lyra Celtica*, as to the tendency of the Highland literature of the present day, and that is, we fear that too much is being made of the solemn side of the Highlander's nature. To read some recent books and newspaper articles one would fancy that the Gael of to-day was a miserable groaning, moping creature, whose very shadow was a source of terror to him. The Highlander no

doubt has, like every human being, his solemn moments, but he is by no means a dull, gloomy fellow. He loves the pipes and the merry Highland dances, he throws more robust abandon into his amusements—such as shinty for instance—than you will find anywhere else in the kingdom—in fact touch the mainspring of his nature by music or by any incitement and he becomes immediately as lively and amusing as his kinsman of the Emerald Isle. Professor Campbell Black, the other evening, hit off the "Celtic Gloom" very neatly. A Highland Reel was being danced to a large gathering at the Glasgow Cowal Shinty Club Concert, and while the audience was excitedly encouraging the dancers to greater efforts, the witty Professor, with a twinkle in his eye, remarked to his neighbours "There's a sample of Highland renaissance gloom for you! They don't look as if they suffered from melancholia!"

We hope that we will hear no more of this topic—the only gloom that we ever found in the Highlands was that associated with a large section of the Highland clergy, who if allowed to exercise their will would do their best to make the Highland people the "gloomy, sorrow-laden" race that English tourists go north in search of, but never find. *Lyra Celtica* is by no means a reflex of the "weird" side of the Celt, but a book which will give pleasure and amusement. It is most attractively got up, and is worthy of a place on every Highlander's book-shelf.

MR. DAVID GLEN, 8 GREENSIDE PLACE, EDINBURGH, has just published parts 1 and 2 of his Collection of Ancient Piobaireachd or Highland Bagpipe Music. Each part contains thirteen of our most celebrated pipe tunes, a list of which were given in our last issue. This is the first time that piobrach music has been published at a popular price, and Mr. Glen deserves to be well supported in his enterprise. Each part can be had for 4/-, or any separate tune for 1/-.

Mr. Glen has also published a large volume containing the largest collection extant of Quicksteps, Strathspeys, Reels, and Jigs—over 800 tunes are given, relating to every Highland clan and county. That this authoritative work has met with a generous support is evidenced by the fact that it is now in its eighth thousand. We are glad of this opportunity of recommending Mr. David Glen's bagpipe music publications to the notice of our readers—when in want of any particular tune, or desirous of procuring a reliable collection of Highland music, they could not do better than apply to Mr. Glen, who will be always able to supply their wants.

THE CALEDONIAN MEDICAL JOURNAL FOR APRIL is entirely devoted to contributions from Highland doctors on that much debated and most attractive subject "Old Highland Remedies and Superstitions." The various articles afford most amusing reading, the remedies being often of the most startling nature. After perusing these articles our personal feeling is that we cannot be sufficiently thankful that we live in an age when small-pox is no longer cured by an application of "fried mice," or toothache by contact with a "rusty nail taken from a coffin in a churchyard."

NOTES ON THE HIGHLAND CLANS, THEIR BADGES, SLOGANS, MUSIC, &c.

By FIONN.

CLAN CHATTAN—CLANN CHATAIN.—Continued.

THE name *Catan*, or *Gille-Chatain*, means the servant of St. Catan, which denotes "little cat," and the crest, motto and armorial bearings of the clan bear evidence that this was understood to be the meaning of the name. Each organization admits as members such as bear any of the following surnames:—Cattanach, Clark, Crerar, Davidson, Farquharson, Gillespie, Gillies, Gow, Macbean, Macbain, Macgillivray, Mackintosh, Macphail, Macpherson, Macqueen, Noble, Shaw. We shall refer to these names, as they appear in the ordinary alphabetical order, which we propose to follow.

CHISHOLM—SÍOSALACH.

The Chisholms, strictly speaking, are not a Highland clan, as the chief hailed from Roxburgh, where the estate of Chisholm still retains its ancient name. The first of the *de Chisholms* went north in the fourteenth century and became Constable of Uiquhart Castle. The chief is called in Gaelic *An Siosalach*, and is the only Highland chief entitled to have "The" prefixed to his name. The badge of the clan, according to some is *Fearna*, alder, according to others *Raineach*—the fern. Salute—*Fáilte an t-Siosalach*—The Chisholm's Salute. Lament—*Cunha an t-Siosalach*—The Chisholm's Lament. Motto—*Ti aut virtute*—By virtue and valour.

CLARK OR CLERK—CLEIREACH.

The Clerks are a sept of the Clan Chattan. They are of ecclesiastical origin. We have also *Mac d'Chléirich*—which in the south takes the form *MacChlerly*.

THE COLQUHOUNS—CLANN A' CHOMPAICH.



Colquhoun is a place name. In the reign of Alexander II. Malduin, Earl of Lennox grants charter of the lands of Colchoun to Humphry Kirkpatrick. He was the first to bear the surname Colquhoun. Sir Humphry Colquhoun, twelfth Laird of Luss, acquired the heritable Coronorship of Dumbartonshire in 1583. He fought the bloody battle of Glenfruin against the MacGregors in 1602, in which he was defeated with the loss of 200 men, hence, doubtless, the Lament of the clan,—*Ruaig Ghlenfruin*—The rout of Glenfruin.

Sir Humphry Colquhoun, XVII. of Luss, married a daughter of Houston of that ilk, by whom he had a daughter only, Annie, who in 1702 married James Grant of Pluscardino, second son of Grant of that ilk; and being resolved that the young people should succeed him in his whole estate and honours, in 1704 he resigned his baronetcy to the Crown, and obtained a new grant, to himself in life rent, to his daughter and son-in-law in fee, providing that their heirs should adopt the name and arms of Colquhoun, and that the estates of Grant and Luss should never be conjoined. Sir Humphry died in 1715, and was succeeded by James Grant as Sir James Colquhoun; but his elder brother dying without issue in 1719 he succeeded to the estates of Grant, and resuming that name was succeeded in the estates of Luss by his second son, Sir Ludovick, who on the death of his elder brother, unmarried, also succeeded to the estates of Grant, and that of Luss went to his younger brother, from whom the present Laird of Luss is descended. The present Chief of the Clan is Sir James Colquhoun, 12th Bart. of Colquhoun and Luss, born 1844—principal seat, Rosdhu House, Luss.* Branches—Tillyquhoun, Camstradden, Killermont, Garscadden, Kennuoir, Kilmardenny, Barnhill, Duuyelder. The Badge of the clan, according to some, is the Sauch Tree or Willow—*Seilench*, according to others, *Bravoileag nan con*—Dogberry. Gathering tune, *Ceann na Drochaide bige*—The Head of the Little Bridge. March, *Caismeachd Chloim a' Chompaich*—The Colquhouns' March. Motto, *Si je puis*—If I can. War-cry or Slogan, *Cnoc Ealchlain*.

A Clan Society was formed a few years ago—the Secretary is Mr. N. C. Colquhoun, 64 Couper Street, Glasgow.

* For portrait and sketch of Chief see *Celtic Monthly*, Vol. II., page 61.

(To be continued.)

MR. JAMES A. CHISHOLM, of the Eastern Telegraph Company, and a prominent member of the London Caithness Association, has been appointed Assistant Secretary of the Highland Society of London. There were many applicants for the post.

THE BLACKIE MEMORIAL.—The sum already subscribed for this deserving object is still far short of the amount required, and an appeal is again made to Highlanders to contribute. Subscriptions should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, Mr. James MacDonald, W.S., 21 Thistle Street, Edinburgh, or the Hon. Secretary, Mr. George Macphail, W.S., Edinburgh.

"MANSON."—A correspondent is anxious to learn particulars as to the origin and history of this name. It is common in Caithness, and doubtless Mr. Thomas Sinclair, or some other Caithnessian learned in county matters, will be able to supply the information desired.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.



TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—The CELTIC MONTHLY will be sent, post free, to any part of the United Kingdom, Canada, the United States, and all countries in the Postal Union—for one year, 4s.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

MAY, 1896

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OUR NEXT ISSUE

Will contain plate-portraits of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. F. A. Mackinnon, Folkestone; Mr. Arthur Bignold of Lochrosque, Ross-shire; Dr. Norman Hay Forbes of Forbes, Tunbridge Wells; and Miss Jean MacFarlane Scott (held over from this issue). A short serial illustrated article on "The Highland Claymore," by Mr. Drummond Norie, will commence in our next number; and the usual variety of interesting contributions will also be given.

"THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING."—Mr. Kenneth Mathieson, Jr., Glendevon, writes us saying that this popular air was composed "at a place near the foot of Lomond Hill in Fife, in allusion to a march of the clan in that direction," and that "in these days of the 'Celtic Renaissance' we of the Central Highlands can't afford to let any composition get the credit of a West Coast origin to which we have a prior claim."

CLAN MACKAY NOTES.—Members of the Clan will be glad to learn that two of the Councillors of our Society have just received important appointments. Lieut. William Mackay, Glasgow, has, out of a large number of applicants, been the successful candidate for the Chief Constableness of Rothesay. He is a native of Caithness, as is also another of our members, Mr. John Mackay, who is Chief Constable of Bute—so that both county and town have Mackays as Chief Constables. Lieut. Mackay's removal will be a severe loss to the Society, for he has always been one of our most active members. Mr. Thomas A. Mackay, of the British Linen Company Bank, Edinburgh, has been promoted to be Agent at the Inverness branch. The Edin-

burgh council can ill afford to lose such an energetic and accomplished member of council.—At St. Mary's, Edinburgh, on 8th ult., Dr. George Mackay, son of Surgeon-General George Mackay, M.D., was married to Elise Marjory M'Hardy, second daughter of Colonel M'Hardy. On the evening before the marriage Dr. Mackay was presented with a handsome silver "loving cup" from the members of the clan, as an expression of their esteem for him, and in acknowledgment of the many valuable services which he has rendered to the Society.—Mr. Hugh Mackay Matheson, Banker, London, has contributed five guineas to the Society as a "Life Associate," and a similar sum to the clan bursary.

GLENGARRY.

I sab an' I sigh for the days gane bye,
An' my heart has tint a' smilin',
Sae I weary sair an' I greet wi' care,
For the joy o' love's beguiling;
The roses sae red frae my cheeks hae fled,
Nae mair i' the glen I roam in,
An' a' the day lang whaure'er I should gang,
I sing frae the daw to the gloamin',—

*The wee burnies row an' the wild flowers grow,
An' the sun shines bricht in Glengarry,
But Donald my ain will never come again,
To my lane, lane hame in Glengarry.*

We baith vowed to love by The Ane above,
An' we pledged our troth for ever,
But the loveless sea has ta'en him frae me,
To come to his love, oh! never;
My heart noo is deid an' I cauld, cauld as leid,
An hope's bonnie licht is faulin',
I dream he is near but a' that I hear,
Is the win' frae the wild sea wailin',—

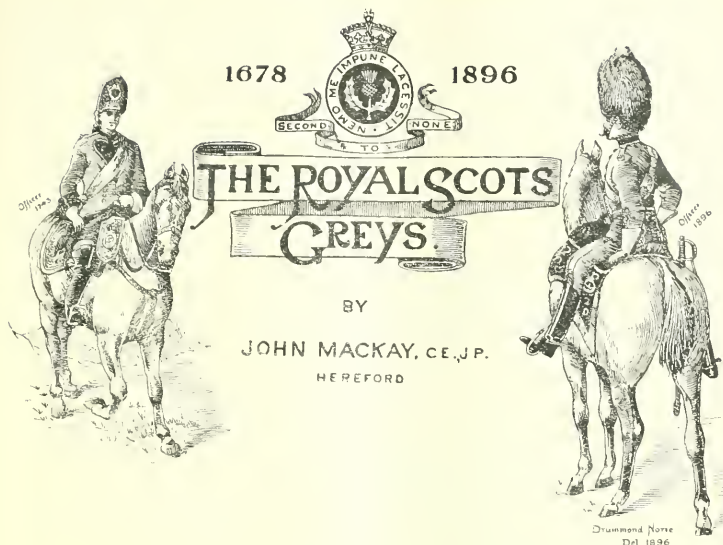
*The wee burnies row an' the wild flowers grow,
An' the sun shines bricht in Glengarry,
But Donald my ain will never come again,
To my lane, lane hame in Glengarry.*

Sunderland.

WILLIAM ALLAN.

THE GLASGOW CELTIC SOCIETY CHALLENGE CUP, which some ten years ago was so keenly contested for by the various clubs, is now offered for competition among Shinty clubs in Lanark, Dumbarton, and Renfrewshires, and the Lothians. An effort is being made to arrange an inter-city contest between Glasgow and Edinburgh clubs, which if carried out will do much to renew an interest in the game, and would certainly attract a great crowd of spectators to witness the match. Particulars can be had from Colonel C. Macdonald Williamson, 194 West George Street, Glasgow, Secretary to the Celtic Society.

CELTIC MONTHLY, VOLUME III., tastefully bound, can still be had, price 10/- (post free), apply Editor, Celtic Monthly, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow, W.



REGIMENTAL BADGES.

1—**T**HE Thistle, within the circle of St. Andrew; Motto, *Nemo me impune lacessit.*

2—An Eagle, the word "Waterloo," Legend, "Second to none."

"Second to none" the gallant Scots Greys has ever proved itself to be since it became a regiment. For dash and bravery in the field, and good conduct in quarters this *beau idéal* of a regiment has always been "second to none," surpassing many.

In Germany, Belgium, France, it acquired and maintained a character notable for good conduct and orderly habits, qualities that soon attracted the notice and appreciation of the French, amongst whom they were quartered after Waterloo. They were wont to say, "*Ces hommes aux chevaux gris, qu'ils sont bons garçons, si doux, si gentils*" (These men with the grey horses, what good fellows, so mild, so nice).

A Belgium nobleman, remarking upon the conduct of the troops quartered throughout Belgium prior to Waterloo, stated, "Amongst these respectable warriors, the Scots Greys deserve to be particularly commemorated, and this honourable mention is due to their discipline, their mildness, their patience, their

humanity, and their bravery almost without example.

"On the 16th and 18th June, their valour was displayed in a manner the most heroic. Multiplied, constant, and almost unheard of proofs were given, I do not say merely of courage, but of devotion to their country, quite extraordinary and sublime. Nor must we forget that these men, so terrible in the field of battle, were mild and tranquil out of it. The Scots Greys in escorting the French prisoners on the evening of the 18th showed compassion to these unfortunate victims of war, while as yet the result of that decisive day was unknown and perhaps uncertain."

This is high praise, and corroborates public opinion in both France and Belgium.

This estimable National Corps had its origin in three troops raised by Graham of Claverhouse in 1678 to assist him in suppressing conventicles. Three years later other three troops were added, and incorporated under the name and style of "The Royal Regiment of Scots Dragoons." It shared with Claverhouse the defeat of Drumclog, the only one it sustained in two centuries.

It was with Monmouth at Bothwell Bridge. In 1688 it was summoned to England, and placed by James the II. with some other

cavalry regiment under the command of Graham of Claverhouse, now Viscount Dundee. James' army was assembled at Salisbury. William Prince of Orange had then landed at Torbay. The general welcome given by all classes to the hero of Protestantism convinced James that resistance would be futile. He therefore ordered his army to retire upon Reading, and he himself fled to London. No sooner had the King gone than his General,

Lord Feversham directed the army to disband.

The "Scots Greys" were in a dilemma, left without pay or provisions in the midst of people that were hostile to them, but the Prince of Orange having come up, soon satisfied them, and shortly after took them into his own service, and quartered them in various places in Oxfordshire. Their Colonel, the Earl of Dunmore, adhering to James, was replaced by Sir Thomas Livingstone, an officer of high



1743—ROYAL SCOTS DRAGOONS ON THE MARCH—SHOWING UNIFORM OF THE PERIOD.

reputation in the Scots Brigade in the service of Holland.

General Hugh Mackay, being by William appointed Commander-in-Chief in Scotland, the Royal Scots Dragoons were ordered to march to Edinburgh.

Several of its officers were Jacobites, and wished to entice the regiment to go over to Dundee as soon as a favourable opportunity occurred. Dundee was in Lochaber and

Badenoch. Mackay went there to oppose him, taking the Scots Greys with him. When he was rapidly moving upon Dundee's forces the plot was discovered. The officers implicated were immediately arrested and sent prisoners to Edinburgh. The young officers and men remained true as steel to their duty as soldiers. The regiment afterwards went into cantonments at Inverness.

In the spring of 1690 General Buchan, who

had been sent over by James from Ireland to take the command of the Highland forces after the mortifying repulse at Dunkeld, mustered about 1200 men and marched down Strathspey. With a singular want of tact and judgment he encamped upon the Haughs of Cromdale, a spot open to attack. Sir Thomas Livingstone with several troops of the "Greys" was lying eight miles down the Speyside. He received notice of Buchan's march, and determined to attack him. Collecting all the infantry he could gather together, and taking four troops of his cavalry, he marched for the Haughs of Cromdale, which he reached in the early dawn of the 1st of May. Crossing the river he instantly dashed forward amongst the sleeping Highlanders, who had been partially aroused by the sentinels.

A most singular scene was now witnessed, some were seen half-naked running away, others quite panic struck and with only their shirts on, disposed only to escape, while a great number shouting their "war cry;" fought sturdily with claymore and targe as they retired, without any clothing, so complete was the surprise.

Livingstone's horse mingled fiercely with them and did terrible execution with their long straight swords, for there was now bitter animosity between the adherents of the old and new Governments. In one little hamlet a party of Macdonalds defended themselves with the greatest resolution, though not a man among them had the least particle of clothing on his body.

The very commanders were taken by surprise as much as the men. Buchan escaped in his shirt and night cap, without his wig, hat, coat or sword. Cannon ran away with nothing on him but his shirt. It was a complete stampede.

From these sad pictures of civil broils and futile attempts of carrying on warlike operations, we turn with pleasure to the more honourable and stirring scenes of war waged by Britain and its allies against the aggressive ambition of Louis XIV. Early in 1694 the Scots Greys and other cavalry regiments embarked for Flanders, and joined King William's army in Brabant. Soon after they arrived they were twice engaged in skirmishes with the French horse, and each time routed them.

In 1695 King William undertook the siege of Namur, a fortress deemed the strongest in Europe. It was defended by ditches and ravelines, and its citadel, or castle, situated on a high and craggy rock had then the reputation of being impregnable, and its bastions and batteries towered in their strength above the gaunt blue coloured streets of the city below. Steep on all sides the rock is yet fortified to

perfection, and has a deep well with two springs of very good water. From a military point of view it is of very great importance. To Cohorn's batteries, Louis, when it came into his hands a few years before, added all the latest masterpieces of Vauban, and over one of its gates he placed a vaunting inscription challenging the allies to wrest it from the grasp of France.

(To be continued).

CLUNY AND LADY CLUNY OF THE '45, AFTER CULLODEN.

By ALEXANDER MACPHERSON, KINGUSSIE.

VII.

"Cha bu duine gòrach e,
A chuireadh bòsd á threubhantas;
Mu 'nàdur gu dearbh b' èdlach mi,
Bha cuid de m' sheòrsa dh' èireadh leis:
Ma's buidheann ghasd an còmhraig sibh
Bidh na 'Nìot an còmhluaidh beusach dhuibh,
'S ma's bratach thais an còmhstri sibh,
Cha chluinnear beòil a' seis unaibh."

IN accordance with the desire expressed by Prince Charlie that the Chief—outlawed though he was—should remain in the Highlands, to guard, as far as possible, the interests of the Royal exiles, Cluny prolonged his perilous stay in Badenoch for a period of nine years after Culloden, thereby subjecting himself not only to the risk of capture and death on the scaffold, but to the most terrible hardships and privations. During that long period his haunts were numerous. There were natural caves in Ben Alder, Meall-a-Chuaich, and other high mountains which he frequented in summer. In the cold seasons he had artificial caves at Ralia, Biallidmore, Nessintully, and Strathmashie. At Ralia his cave was dug under the floor of the house of his kinsman, Macpherson of Ralia, but as that house was liable to more than ordinary suspicion, Cluny never remained there very long. At Biallidmore the cave was made under the floor of a sheep-cot belonging to Donald Macpherson, a particular confidant, and there Cluny frequently took refuge, having every reliance on the fidelity and prudence of Macpherson and his brothers. While at Biallidmore he could, besides, enjoy almost daily the society of his clansmen, "Banchor"

and "Ralia," whose residences were in the immediate neighbourhood. But it was at Nessintully he found the greatest "quietness and security, until the cave was accidentally



TOMB OF THE STUARTS IN ST. PETER'S, ROME.

discovered by a trifling fellow who divulged the secret, and Cluny never afterwards occupied it. This cave was made by James Dubh Leslie and his brother Peter in a sequestered part of

the Nessintully wood. They wrought at night only, and all the soil was carefully put into sacks and carried to the river Spey. The inside of this cave was carefully lined with deal; the roof being covered with tanned hides, with a layer of gravel, the whole being covered over with green sods. Within were placed a comfortable bed, a table, two chairs, and a press, with a small pane of glass to give light, and the whole was so ingeniously contrived and executed as to make a discovery almost impossible. Naturally enough Cluny could not readily forgive the fellow that deprived him of the only comfortable lodging he had. All his haunts were well known to every gentleman in the country, and he was occasionally a guest with many of his tenants, on whose prudence he could rely. He never, however, allowed more than one family at a time to know the place of his concealment, so that the most of his followers, if asked by his enemies, could truthfully declare that they were ignorant of his whereabouts, and thereby save themselves and him from being subjected to any risk that could be avoided. If by accident he was observed by any person not in the secret he would immediately change his quarters. There were only four that knew where he was to be found on all occasions, viz: James Macpherson (his own piper), Samuel Macpherson from Breakachy, and the two Leslies already mentioned. These four brought him provisions and other necessities, and it was to them that his friends applied when they had anything particular to communicate to him. When any extraordinary movement of troops was observed, application was immediately made to one of the four to know whether Cluny was in any danger. Should he have the misfortune to fall into the hands of his enemies it was fully intended to attempt to retake him by force. From all the circumstances it is evident that he could not have been so long concealed without the entire support of his clan.

On another occasion when Cluny was at a small house inhabited by the family after the castle was burnt down, the house was suddenly surrounded by a party of soldiers, or red-coats as they were then called. Ensign Munro who commanded the party had received such correct information, and managed matters so secretly, that there was no possibility of Cluny making his escape. His presence of mind, however, did not forsake him. He stood firm and collected, and although under the imminent risk of being captured and suffering an ignominious death, he deliberately stepped into the kitchen, where a servant man happened to be sitting and exchanged clothes with him.

All this was the work of a moment. When Munro rode up to the door, Cluny without any hesitation ran out and held the stirrup, while Munro dismounted and walked the horse about during the time that officer searched the house. When Munro came out, Cluny again held the stirrup, assisting Munro to mount. The supposed servant being asked if he knew where Cluny was, immediately answered he did not, and if he did he would not tell. "I believe you would not," replied Munro. "You are a good fellow—here is a shilling for you."

There can be no doubt that Cluny possessed vigilance and foresight in no ordinary degree. Many instances might be related in the way of proving that he had a considerable knowledge of human nature, yet the result proved that any particular precautions, in so far as his own clan were concerned, were quite unnecessary. Notwithstanding the big reward offered for his capture, dead or alive, only one man—an alien—attempted during the nine years of Cluny's outlawry and stay in Badenoch, to betray him, and that man was obliged to fly the country and never afterwards returned.

One circumstance relating to the Chief is worth alluding to. James Leslie formerly mentioned was met by a party of soldiers as he returned from one of Cluny's caves, and as he had a tablecloth and some dishes in his possession, they rightly concluded he had been with some victuals to Cluny, and threatened him with instant death unless he led them to the Chief's hiding-place. Leslie declared that he knew nothing about Cluny, and had not seen him for twelve months. The red-coats desired the worthy man to give his oath to that effect, and he accordingly swore point blank on a drawn sword (a mode of swearing held most sacred in the Highlands at the time) that he did not know where the Chief was, and had not seen him for twelve months previously. Being asked where he had been with the dishes he declared that he had been with the breakfast of people casting peats. Let us hope that the saving of Cluny's life justified the oath, and that the untruth was ultimately pardoned to his devoted follower.

Another well authenticated incident deserves to be recorded. On one occasion as the soldiers were returning from a fruitless search for Cluny, they met on the road a young lad who was carrying, what proved on inspection, to be a savoury dinner of venison. Concluding that this was intended for the Chief, they threatened the boy with immediate death if he did not conduct them to Cluny's hiding-place. After leading the party for several miles over the hills, the rigour of his captors somewhat abated, and the boy's spirits beginning to

revive, he asked them questions about their arms and accoutrements. In particular, he expressed great wonder at the weapon the drummer carried, and in broken English asked what sort of animal they carried in so large a cage. Amused at the question, the drummer, in reply, beat a tattoo, which afforded great delight to the Highlander, who offered the dinner he was carrying if the drummer would allow him to handle the wonderful instrument. The drummer slipped off the belts by which the drum was suspended, and hung them round the boy's neck. No sooner did the boy get possession of the drum than he seized the drum-sticks, and with no feeble hand plied them till the hills far and wide echoed with the sound, and the soldiers called on him to desist. They soon arrived at the mouth of the cave, where the Chief had been concealed, but only to find it empty: the distant roll of the drum had warned him of the approach of the soldiers in time to enable him to escape. The disappointment of the men and their leader was great, but no suspicion fell on the lad, in whose innocent appearance there was nothing to suggest the clever device by which he had saved his master.

(To be continued).

THE HON. JOHN M'KENZIE, NEW ZEALAND.

THERE are few more patriotic and warm-hearted Highlanders than the genial subject of our sketch. The Hon. John M'Kenzie is a native of Ross-shire, having been born on the estate of Ardross in 1838. After a curriculum at the parish school young M'Kenzie worked for some time on his father's farm, but resolving to try his fortune in some distant land, he selected New Zealand as the scene of operation, whither he sailed in 1860. The district of Otago being almost a purely Scotch settlement, he naturally leaned towards his own countrymen, and settled with the other "canny Scots" in Otago, and took up employment on a station, similar to that with which he was accustomed in the old country. In course of time, however, he determined to start farming on his own account, and with this end in view took up land at Shag Valley, Otago, where he has resided ever since and reared a handsome family of sons and daughters.

The quiet pursuits of a country farmer did not afford scope for his energy, and his friends encouraged his aspiring to public life. The first positions of this nature held by him were Clerk

and Treasurer to the local Road Board, as also Secretary to the School Committee.

In 1868 he unsuccessfully contested with Mr. George M'Leau a seat in the Provincial Council, but was soon afterwards elected to that body, and held his seat until the abolition of the Provincial system of Government. He also had a seat on the County Council, was Property Tax Assessor for the district, and a Justice of the Peace. In 1881 Mr. M'Kenzie entered the House of Representatives, and two years later was elected a member of the Otago Education and Land Boards. His first appointment in the House was that of whip in the Stout-Vogel Government of 1884-7, and when the late Hon. John Ballance formed his Cabinet at the general election in 1890 he offered him the Portfolios of Minister of Lands and Immigration, together with that of Agriculture, and Commissioner of Forests, which multifarious offices he still retains.

The "Honourable John," as he is popularly known throughout the Colony, is a fine specimen of the Highlander, standing over six feet in height and well proportioned—a manly and courteous bearing, and intense love for the Gaelic language and Gaeldom, with a keen appreciation of wit and humour—is a credit to the Highland race at home and abroad.

At the last general election he defeated Mr. Scobie M'Kenzie, Conservative, with over 300 of a majority. At one of the meetings a lady asked the "Hon. John" which of the M'Kenzie tartans she was to vote for? The reply instantly came—"The true M'Kenzie, without a streak of Scobie in it."

He is also the possessor of a valuable gold watch, presented to him by his first constituency for his faithful services.

Mr. M'Kenzie is Chief of the Gaelic Society of New Zealand, having succeeded the late Rev. Dr. Stuart of Dunedin, and on his first official visit to Napier was entertained at a banquet and presented with an address of welcome by the Hawkes Bay Highland Society, in which he was alluded to as the Gaelic champion of Australasia.

"Saoghal fada, maireann, buan dha."

JOHN MURRAY GRAHAM
Napier,
New Zealand.
(Claverhouse).

CLAN CRUISE.—Full particulars will be found in our advertising pages of a joint Clan Cruise which has been arranged to take place to Campbelltown on the 9th May. A large attendance of all the Clan and County Societies is expected.

THE LONDON INVERNESS-SHIRE ASSOCIATION concludes the session with the Annual Dinner, which will be held on Wednesday, 29th April, Sir R. B. Finlay, Q.C., M.P., in the chair.



HON. JOHN M'KENZIE.

AN OLD

HIGHLAND BOUNDARY DISPUTE,
AND HOW IT WAS SETTLED.

On the banks of the Glass a story is told
Regarding a dispute about marches of old,
Between the stout Chief of that green winding vale
And lordly Mackenzie, the Chief of Kintail.
Tho' the dirk and claymore were then high in repute
As the means for deciding each feud and dispute,
Those Chiefs being ingenious and peace loving men
Employed two old women of three score and ten.
'Twas agreed that the women should at the same
hour
Start from Erchless' old castle and Donan's grey
tower,
And the spot where they met should for aye be the
bounds
Of the two noble Chieftains' far-reaching grounds.

Ere the sun's morning rays shone upon the fix'd day,
The women with escorts were up and away;
Each bent upon widening her Chieftain's domain,
And resolved the renown of her clan to maintain.
Where bald Scoor-na-lapich looks down from on
high
On the lochs and green corries around it that lie,
Near Longart, Glencannich, each other they view,
And, like magic, the sight seems their youth to
renew.
Their stooped figures straighten, their eyes flash
with fire,
They forget the commands of their Chiefs in their
ire;
But remember'd are rivalries bitter and old,
When dirks were unsheath'd by the shieling and
fold.
The ground intervening they cover like deer,
Soon leaving their escorts, amazed, in the rear;
They meet, and they clutch at each other's grey
hair,
And rend with their shrill Gaelic curses the air.

They strike and they scratch, they tug and they
tear,
Till their faces are bleeding, and bosoms are bare;
Till with tags of torn tartan, and grey hair, the
ground
Is strewn, as with raven pluck'd feathers, around.
When the escorts arrived on the scene of the fray,
On the brown, broken heather the combatants lay,
Panting, exhausted, and grimy with dust,
Yet, each able to shake at the other her fist.

Thus, the boundary dispute was settled that day,
But from it has sprung one regarding the fray:
In Strathglass it is said the Strathglass cailleach
won,
In Kintail—that their cailleach the other outshone.

A LAST CENTURY "NEW WOMAN."

"Y^e'LL have some say in the matter—that
ye may be sure of. I'll not be chaffered
for like one of your stirks when
ye send it to the market."

"Ye'll just have to be like other lasses
Helen—wait till ye're speired for."

"Will I?—not me. I'll soon find a way of
letting the right man know, when I find him—
and the wrong ones will just have to take 'no'
for all their speiring."

"Ye think so now my lass when ye're but
twenty; but wait till ye're thirty and an auld
maid. Ye'll not be so doity then."

"Well, if I *am* an auld maid ye'll not suffer
by it. Hamish will get as much that way as
the other."

"But the lad likes ye, and——." But the
speaker had to stop for he was alone.

The girl who had protested so vehemently
was Lady Helen Maclean, an orphan and an
heiress, the greatest catch in the matrimonial
market of the time; the man was her uncle
and guardian, an impecunious Highland peer.
Had Lady Helen lived in our day she would
certainly have been a "new woman" of the
best type, for she knew that apart from her
wealth she was worth having for her own sake,
a fact of which her guardian was profoundly
ignorant. He mistook independence for pride
of position—frankly expressed opinion for
impudent forwardness, and (as she was not
pretty) thought both out of place. He knew
nothing of the strong, loyal heart that lay
beneath the firm will, and was vainly trying to
scure the heiress for his son—a match most
repugnant to his ward.

They were travelling to Sutherlandshire to
attend the wedding of a relative. In those
days—the middle of last century—journeys
were tedious, therefore visits were prolonged;
the Earl and his niece expected to remain
several weeks.

Sir Ewen Mackay's house was lively, the
guests were numerous, and the young heiress
received much attention. Only one man held
aloof, Captain Fergus Gunn, the handsomest
but also the poorest of the gentlemen there.
He never sought to monopolize Lady Helen as
the others did, paid her no special attention,
instead rather avoided her, and the result was
what might have been expected. She fell
deeply in love with the one man who did not
pester her with flattery; but nobody, least of
all Captain Gunn, suspected her feelings.

A few evenings before the wedding there
had been a dance and games for the young
people, and a group of them stood talking and
laughing before retiring.

"Helen says she'll ask the man herself when she finds him—she'll not wait like the rest of us," the bride observed, with a rather malicious laugh.

"Will you really go down on your knees and ask a man to marry you, Helen?" questioned Flora Gordon in shocked tones, as the rest joined in the laugh.

"I wish she would—to one man I know," young Ewen Mackay remarked meaningly.

Helen's colour rose as the chorus of "would you, Helen?" "what will you say?" and similar queries came from the girls, but she stood her ground bravely.

"I should find some way of asking if I really wished," she answered laughing. "But I've got to find my man first, you know."

"He's not here then?" cried several girls at once; and Helen laughed and coloured again. For one instant her eyes in their merry pretended search met those of Fergus Gunn, but nobody noted the glance, and the young man himself thought nothing of it. His pride and poverty alike forbade any idea of trying to win the heiress, but he stood near her unconcernedly while the glasses of mulled wine were handed round, and bowed with the rest of the men when she passed out.

"Have you lost a glove, Helen?" enquired Flora Gordon, observing that her friend's right hand was bare."

"Oh! I'll find it again," answered Lady Helen indifferently, as she said good night. But after Miss Gordon was gone she paled and flushed strangely more than once. And just then in his room, a few steps from her, Fergus Gunn stood staring at a long, white silk mitten he had found in his pocket, and his face, at first puzzled, suddenly grew scarlet; he dropped the article as though it had burnt his fingers. But second thoughts are generally best. Captain Fergus picked up the glove and for hours sat gazing into the fire, absently smoothing the silken "*gaze d' amour*" lying across his knee. So it came to pass that Lady Helen, drinking her usual morning draught of new milk (there was no such thing as the getting-up cup of tea in those days), found in the tumbler the turquoise ring that had erstwhile adorned the hand of her chosen lover. She had got her answer, and sooner than she expected. The unique courtship was very happy, the stolen interviews, quite unsuspected, were very sweet. Captain Fergus proved a most ardent lover; he soon began to understand the noble character of the girl who had flung conventionality aside for his sake, while she discovered what an honourable, gallant gentleman she had given her heart to. On the wedding night when the festivity was at its

height, they met by appointment in the deserted picture gallery.

"If I ask ye from the Earl, he'll call me a fortune-hunter to my face," said the young man ruefully, "yet have ye I must and will, my dear."

"Ye'll just have to run away with me, Fergus," the girl said, laughing softly.

"And be denounced as a land louping thief," he replied. "Nay, my lassie, ye had better for that matter run away with *me*, and so shut your uncle's mouth."

Lady Helen blushed in the darkness, she was shy for all her high courage. But the courage sustained her.

"If I've dared so much already, I may e'en dare that too," she said bravely, as he kissed her.

It was noticed that Lady Helen was in high spirits that night, also that Captain Gunn talked long with the Rev. Peter Sutherland, who having come a long distance to perform the ceremony was staying for the wedding supper. Brides of last century did not generally depart at once, so it was the following day, immediately after dinner, that the family, guests, and servants assembled to see the newly married pair drive off in the bridegroom's stately coach, laden with luggage and escorted by many retainers. Neither Lady Helen nor Captain Gunn were among the assembled guests, but as the prolonged gaiety of the preceding evening had kept a few others invisible, no notice was taken of their absence. The amazement of the company may be imagined then, when the pair were seen approaching in most extraordinary fashion. Lady Helen in her dark velvet riding pelisse, and broad hat with ostrich feathers, was mounted upon one of her own carriage horses, while sitting behind her on the pillion, his handsome face serenely looking over her nodding plumes, was Captain Gunn. For a moment the onlookers were dumbfounded, but the Earl recovered himself and rushed forward.

"Lady Helen Maclean! what means this foolery?" he cried, hoarse with passion. I aye thought ye a bold hussey, but I never counted ye shameless. What means this I say?"

Lady Helen brought her ambling steed to a halt, looked calmly behind and spoke to her companion, who instantly dismounted and lifted her tenderly to *terra-firma*. Then she turned coolly to her irate kinsman:—

"Let me present to ye my husband, my lord," she said, sweeping him a profound curtesy. "I am not Lady Helen Maclean, but Lady Helen Gunn. We were married just

two hours ago by the Rev. Mr. Sutherland."

The state of matters was plain; cheers and laughter maddened the already furious Earl.

"Ye scoundrel! ye traitor!" he raved, "Ye've run away with her, and she under age. If there's law in Scotland ye shall dearly rue your work of this day."

His niece confronted him with calm audacity.

"Ye make a little mistake my good uncle," she said sweetly. "He did not run away with me, I ran away with him."

The real situation dawned upon the company. Cheers and laughter rang out, hands were shaken, good wishes and congratulations were showered upon the errant pair. The Earl fled into the house to vent his fury unseen, leaving his niece mistress of the position.

"Egad, I wish ye had run off with me, Helen," young Ewen remarked, "but I don't grudge ye to a better man for all that."

"Ye're a brave lass, Helen, my dear, though ye'did' take the bit between your teeth, and

we'll have as good a wedding supper, and as blythe a dance as we had last night," Sir Ewen Mackay declared, as he saluted the new bride and led her in.

"Did you ask him? Did you go down on your knees? What did you say? What did he answer?" Flora Gordon, Margaret Munro, and the other young ladies all asked in a breath. But Helen only looked mischievously at her husband, who returned the look, and both laughed, though the curiosity of the damsels was not gratified. Lady Helen and her husband were a supremely happy pair; neither ever regretted that unusual elopement, and the independence and loyalty of one parent, the personal beauty and chivalrous devotion of the other, have been perpetuated in a goodly number of descendants. The "New Woman" is not so new after all; Lady Helen has proved that beyond the shadow of a doubt.

JANET A. McCulloch.



THE "THISTLE BRIDGE," STANLEY, PERTHSHIRE.

HOW THE THISTLE BECAME THE BADGE OF SCOTLAND.

EVERY true Scotsman knows that the badge or emblem of his country is the thistle, yet it seems strange that so few know of the circumstances which induced Scotsmen to give it this proud distinction. The

story is a very old one—it takes us back to those wild and stirring times when the Highlanders, and the Danish and Norse Vikings, struggled for supremacy in Scotland. How that prolonged and bloody contest ended is recorded in history—the Norse power was crushed, and the Gael won and kept the upper hand.

The district of Stanley, in Perthshire, is rich

in legendary lore, and anyone desirous of visiting "landmarks" in Scottish history could not do better than visit this part of the country. A short distance from Stanley, on the Perth road, there is a trap dyke which at one time extended across the Tay. It is called the "Thistle Brig" because of the following incident. The Scottish army lay encamped near the banks of the river. Desirous of surprising them the Norse invaders attempted to cross the river by the trap dyke in the night time. Happily for the Scotsmen a Norseman trampled with his bare feet upon a thistle, and gave an ejaculation of pain which immediately aroused the Scots, who grasping their weapons attacked the enemy so furiously that they were completely routed.

Hence it was that our forefathers adopted the thistle as the badge of Scotland, and what Scot is not proud of it? Evan MacColl has sung its praises in sweet flowing Gaelic verse, which Mr. Malcolm MacFarlane translates as follows:

"Langsyne the invaders cam owre to our shore,
And fiercely our thistle they scutched and they tore;
When they maist thocht it deid, 'twas then it up
bore,
And it bloomed on their graves quite as strong as
of yore.

My blessing be yours! is there Scotsman ava
Would stan' by and see ony harm on ye fa'!
Is there gentle or simple wha lives in our land,
Wad refuse to drink health to the thistle sae grand.'



THE DYKE ON THE TAY AT STANLEY.

It is also said that it was across this bridge that the Norse Vikings went on their way to Luncarty, where they suffered a signal defeat at the hands of the natives. A stone is still shown on Denmark field, below Luncarty, where tradition asserts John de Luce rested himself after the battle. It is also believed that Macbeth, after his defeat at Drumbeth by Malcolm Canmore, retreated over the Tay by the Thistle Brig.

The other view represents the dyke which was erected for the purpose of raising the river

to supply Stanley Mills with water. This part of the Tay is a favourite haunt of the fishermen. It was near here that John Bright caught his last salmon; and here also that Leech pictured "Briggs" in *Punch* landing his first salmon in his arms! The water on the upper part of the dyke is called Burnmouth water and belongs to the Duke of Atholl; while below the dyke is Stanley water, the property of Colonel Sandeman, a grand-nephew of the poetess Lady Nairn, authoress of "The Land of the Leal," etc.

Glasgow.

W. SUTHERLAND HUNTER.

CLAN CAMERON.—At the Annual General Meeting held in Edinburgh on 4th ult., the following addition was made to the constitution—"Persons, children of

Cameron mothers or grandmothers, who use the name Cameron in conjunction with any other surname," shall now be admitted as members.



F. A. MACKINNON.



THE HON. MRS. F. A. MACKINNON.



ALINE EMILY HOOD MACKINNON. ALEXANDER HOOD MACKINNON.
ARTHUR AVALON MACKINNON.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

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[Price Threepence.



FRANCIS ALEXANDER MACKINNON.



FRANCIS ALEXANDER MACKINNON was born August 9th, 1848, and is the eldest son of William Alexander Mackinnon, Acryse Park, near Folkestone, Kent, present and thirty-fourth chief of the clan, who was M.P. for Rye 1852-3, and for Lymington 1857-1863, and High Sheriff of Kent 1885.

He was educated at Harrow and St. John's College, Cambridge, where he took his degree in January, 1871. He is a J.P. for Kent, and served in the Royal East Kent Mounted Rifles (Yeomanry Cavalry) from 1870 to 1893, when he retired, owing to ill health, with the rank of Honorary Major. He was County Councillor for the Elham division of East Kent from January, 1889, till March, 1893, retiring from the same cause. He has travelled much in China, Japan, Africa, America, etc., and was a member of Lord Harris' cricket team to Australia in 1878. He was a first-class

cricketer, being remarkable for fine defensive powers as a bat, and represented Cambridge against Oxford in the famous match of 1870, when the latter were defeated by *two runs*. He was for ten years a member of the Kent County Eleven, 1875-85, and was President of the Kent County Cricket Club in 1889.

Mr. MacKinnon has always taken the keenest interest in farming, and undertakes the management of a farm on his father's estate in Kent. He is deservedly popular with all classes, and especially so among the agricultural labourers. He resides at 40 Castle Hill Avenue, Folkestone.

The Honourable Mrs. F. A. MacKinnon is the eldest daughter of Admiral Lord Hood of Avalon, G.C.B. This distinguished peer is the second son of Sir Alexander Hood, Bart., sometime M.P. for West Somerset. He was born in 1824, entered the Royal Navy in 1836, and retired in 1889. He served on coast of Syria, 1840 (Syrian and Turkish medals with clasp), in naval brigade at Sebastopol (medal with clasp, Turkish medal and 5th class medjidie), and in command of H.M.S. "Acorn" during the China War, 1857-8, and was present at the action of Fatshem and capture of Canton (medal and clasp), was Director of Naval Ordnance, an A.D.C. to the Queen, Second Lord of the Admiralty, 1877-80, in command of Channel Squadron, 1880-1, and Senior Naval Lord of the Admiralty, 1885-9; is a J.P. for Somerset; C.B. 1871, K.C.B. 1885, G.C.B. (military) 1889; was created Baron Hood of Avalon, Co. Somerset (Peerage of the United Kingdom) 1892; married, 1855, Fanny Henrietta, daughter of Sir Charles Fitzroy Maclean, Bart., chief of the clan, by whom he has two daughters:—

1—Hon. Emily Isabel, married in 1888 F. A. MacKinnon, Esq., J.P., and has issue Alexander Hood, born 1892; Arthur Avalon, born 1893; and Aline Emily Hood, born 1889.

2—Hon. Fanny Sophia.

This illustrious family has had three Peerages and two Baronetries conferred on it for services rendered to the British Navy.

DONALD D. MACKINNON.

CLUNY AND LADY CLUNY OF THE '45, AFTER CULLODEN.

By ALEXANDER MACPHERSON, KINGUSSIE.

VIII.

"Clann Mhuirich,

Choisinn urram anns na blàraibh;

Bha iad treun bhualadh bhuilleann,

Anns gach cunnart is buaidh-làrach,

Leis an t-sròl-bhrataich uain' tha 'n Clainnidh,

Nach do ghabh an ruaig roimh namhaid."

IN the opinion of the late Dr. Skene, the distinguished historiographer for Scotland—who has been justly characterised as "the learned and most accurate of all our Highland historians"—the Macphersons "possess that right by blood to the Chiefship" (of Clan Chattan) "of which no charters from the Crown and no usurpation, however successful and continued can deprive them." Alluding in his *Highlanders of Scotland*, published in 1837, to the active share the Macphersons had taken in the Risings of the '15 and the '45 "refusing to acknowledge the title of Mac-kintosh to be either Chief, or Captain of Clan Chattan, and asserting their own preferable title," Skene thus writes:—

"In the latter insurrection the name of Macpherson has become celebrated for the distinguished part which their chief took in that ill-fated expedition, but perhaps still more so for the conduct of the clan to their chief after the defeat of Culloden had terminated the hopes of the Stuarts, and exposed Cluny to the vengeance of the Government.

"There is perhaps"—continues Dr. Skene—"no instance in which the attachment of the clan to their chief was so very strikingly manifested as in the case of the Macphersons of Cluny after the disaster of the forty-five." The chief having been deeply engaged in that insurrection, his life became of course forfeited to the laws, but neither the hope of reward nor the fear of danger could induce anyone of his people to betray him. For nine years he lived concealed in a cave at a short distance from his own house. It was situated in the front of a woody precipice of which the trees and shelving rocks completely concealed the entrance. This cave had been dug out by his own people, who worked by night, and conveyed the stones and rubbish into a neighbouring lake in order that no vestige of their labour might appear, and lead to the discovery of the retreat. In this asylum he continued to live secure, receiving by night the occasional visits of his friends, and sometimes by day, when time had begun to slacken the rigour of pursuit.

"Upwards of one hundred persons were privy to his concealment, and a reward of one thousand pounds sterling was offered to anyone who should

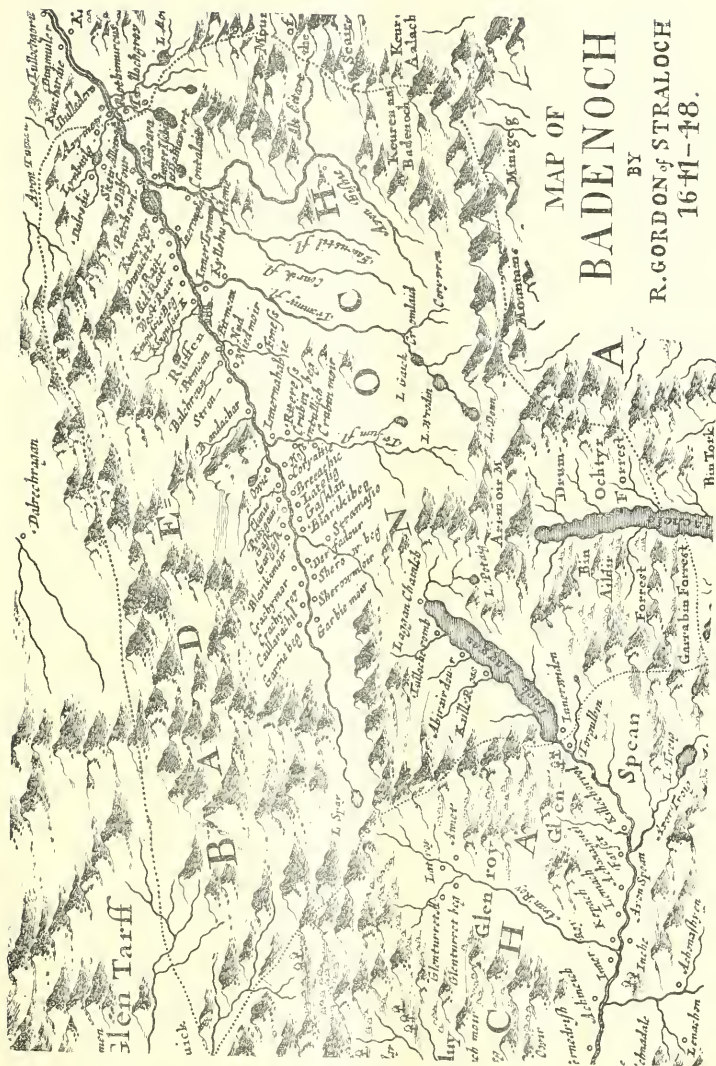
give information against him, and besides, as it was known that he was somewhere concealed upon his own estate, a detachment of eighty men was constantly stationed there, independent of the occasional parties that traversed the country throughout with a view to intimidate his tenantry and induce them by force or persuasion to disclose the place of his concealment. But although the soldiers were animated by the hope of reward, and their officers by the promise of promotion, for the apprehension of this proscribed individual, yet, so true were his people, so inflexibly strict to their promise of secrecy, and so dexterous in conveying to him the necessities he required in his long confinement, that not a trace of him could be discovered, nor an individual base enough to give a hint to his detriment. Many anecdotes are still related in the country of the narrow escapes he made in eluding the vigilance of the soldiery, and of the fidelity and diligence displayed by his clan in concealing him until, after ten years of this dreary existence, he escaped to France and there died."

"After his death"—Skene concludes—"the estate was restored to the present family, in whose possession it remains, and who are the lineal representatives of the ancient chiefs of the Clan Chattan."

It has been alleged that Dr. Skene subsequently changed his views as to the chiefship of Clan Chattan, but the allegation has not the shadow of a foundation, and apparently the wish has simply been "father to the thought." In an autograph letter written by him on 4th March, 1889—little more than three years before his lamented death—he says:—"The only thing I have published on the subject (i.e. the chiefship of the Clan Chattan) is contained in my original work on *The Highlanders of Scotland* now out of print, and an allusion to it in *Celtic Scotland*." I never—he concludes—"had any doubt as to the Macphersons of Cluny being the true chiefs of the Clan Chattan." The allusion to which he refers in that letter is contained in the first edition of the third volume of his *Celtic Scotland*, page 329, and is repeated in the second edition. In the later edition, published only about two years before his death, there is a foot-note on page 365 in the following terms:—

"In the main the author has seen little reason to alter the distribution of the clans in an earlier work, *The Highlanders of Scotland*, published in 1837, to which the reader is referred for their detailed history."

Pre-eminently worthy as the chiefs of the House of Cluny have always proved themselves of such loyalty and affection, the "unbounded attachment" displayed by his clansmen to Cluny of the '45, which "no gold could buy, nor time could wither," has continued unabated on the part of the clan towards the successive chiefs down to the present day.



MAP OF BADENOCH

BY
R. GORDON OF STRALOGH
1641-48.

To Cluny of the '45 might indeed, *mutatis mutandis*, be appropriately applied Sir David Brewster's touching epitaph on a Scottish Jacobite:—

"To Scotland's King I knelt in homage true,
My heart—my all I give—my sword I drew;

Chased from my hearth, I reached a foreign shore,
My native mountains to behold no more—
No more to listen to *Spey's* silver stream—
No more among its glades to love and dream,
Save when in sleep the restless spirit roams
Where *Ruthven* crumbles, and where *Fatag* foams.

From home and kindred on Albano's shore,
I roamed an exile till life's dream was o'er—
Till God, whose trials blessed my wayward lot,
Gave me the rest—the early grave—I sought;
Showed me, o'er death's dark vale, the strifeless shore,

With wife, and child, and king to part no more.
O patriot wanderer, mark this iried stone,
Learn from its story what may be thine own:
Should tyrants chase thee from thy hills of blue,
And sever all the ties to nature true,
The broken heart may heal in life's last hour,
When hope shall still its throbs, and faith exert her power."

(To be continued)

DUNO LLIE CASTLE, LOCH LINNHE.



Ruined thy towers Donollie—chill and mute
Those halls where dwelt a noble race of old,
When brave Macdougall clansmen, staunch and bold,
Gathered around their chieftain ere the foot
Of Sassenach trod the heath,—or poisonous root
Of avarice throve, or greed of alien gold.
From thy grim battlements the banner's fold
Unfurled by wild Atlantic breezes, flung
Defiance stern when through Loch Linnhe swung
King Haco's galleys, and the war-cry rolled
It's awful summons through the echoing hills
When Gael met Norseman 'mid the combat's throes,
As the fierce Lords of Lorn upon their foes
Rushed like the whelming flood.—Now memory fills

The scene with phantoms of that stormy past,
Visions of strife and blood, ambition vast,
And deeds of mighty heroes.—Ne'er can fade
Those lurid memories till melt the snows
On heights where form of man ne'er shadow east,—
Till every stone of thine Time's hand has laid
Beneath Loch Linnhe's waves, whose ceaseless moan
Mourns for thy vanished power, thy glory flown.

JANET A. McCULLOCH.

ARTHUR BIGNOLD, LOCHROSQUE, ROSS-SHIRE.

ONE of the subjects of our monthly portraits is Mr. Arthur Bignold of Lochrosque, who, although a resident for more than twenty years in Ross-shire, has only recently been prominently before the public.

Mr. Bignold is a son of the late Sir Samuel Bignold, formerly member for the city of Norwich, and one of the original members of the Carlton Club. He inherited from Sir Samuel an ample fortune, and was educated at the University of Cambridge, where at Trinity Hall he won an open scholarship and afterwards attained the degree of LL.B., his name figuring in the Tripos List of 1861.

Mr. Bignold married Miss Lake, an Irish lady, and has one daughter, married to the Marques de Torre-Hermosa, by whom she has two children.

Mr. Bignold subsequently entered the honourable Society of the Inner Temple but was never called to the Bar, electing to pass most of his time for some years in foreign travels. When in England Mr. Bignold paid long and frequent visits at the house of his godfather, the late Duke of Wellington, at Strathfieldsaye, and there it was that he made the acquaintance of the late Lord Beaconsfield, whose guest he was at Hughenden in 1867, when the right honourable gentleman was leader of the House of Commons.

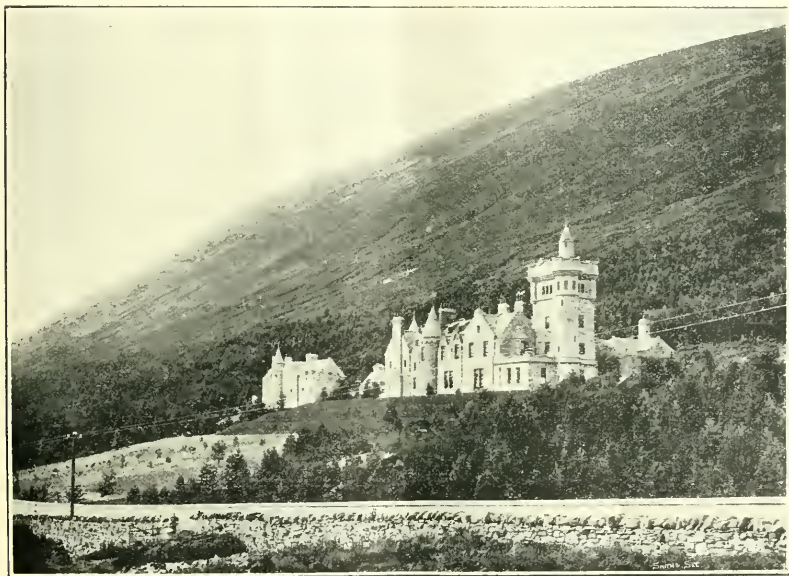
Among the improvements on his own estate Mr. Bignold has successfully accomplished the hitherto unattempted task of the acclimatisation of Japanese deer. His first venture was to import from the Himalayas the well-known sambar and axis, but owing to the breeding season being in the depth of winter this attempt failed, yet nothing daunted Mr. Bignold accepted from Lord Powerscourt a present of six Japanese deer, with which he has been highly successful, and there are now in the forest of Achanault a herd of twenty-three Japanese deer strong and healthy, and with every promise of spreading in time over the



ARTHUR BIGNOLD.

Highlands. It should be remembered that a century ago the fallow deer were unknown in the north, and in their new forest the Japanese deer are understood to have developed a partiality for the ground, which augurs well for the future. This experiment has excited great interest with the Royal Zoological Society of London, of which Mr. Bignold is a Fellow. The unostentatious but useful work of his later life has mainly been to improve the condition of the crofters and cottars in the neighbourhood of his estates, and we understand that he is now devoting his attention to the welfare of

the fishermen on the north coast of Scotland. Although a member of the Carlton, Junior Carlton and Constitutional Clubs, Mr. Bignold is eminently Radical in his social opinions, proclaiming as his motto "the greatest good for the greatest number," whilst his devotion to the interests of Ross-shire, the glorious country of his adoption, is well known and highly appreciated. It may also be mentioned that he has been recently adopted as candidate by some of the Northern Burghs, and was asked to contest the county. It ought not to go unrecorded that he has erected a handsome



LOCHROSQUE CASTLE.

church on his property, where divine service is performed throughout the year every alternate Sunday, Mr. Bignold being closely identified with the Free Kirk of Scotland.

We append a short description of Lochrosque Castle, a sight of which would repay the time of a visitor in the neighbourhood, and which is open to the view of the public during the greater portion of the year. The estates of Lochrosque, Strathbran, and Achanault, which extend to some fifty-five square miles, contain objects and landmarks of historic interest, notable amongst them being Roder-

ick's Leap on the Grugie river, immortalized by the exploit of Roderick of Fairburn who, it is averred, leaped over the river from rock to rock with a deer-hound under each arm, at the spot which bears his name. Also in the valley of the Bran still stands the house where Alistair Scholar, the malefactor, slept the night before his arrest for the crime for which he suffered death on the gallows at Tain. Near the road in this strath a huge cairn is visible marking the spot where five years ago the body of the stalker, John Macleunan, was found two days after the stag had pierced him through

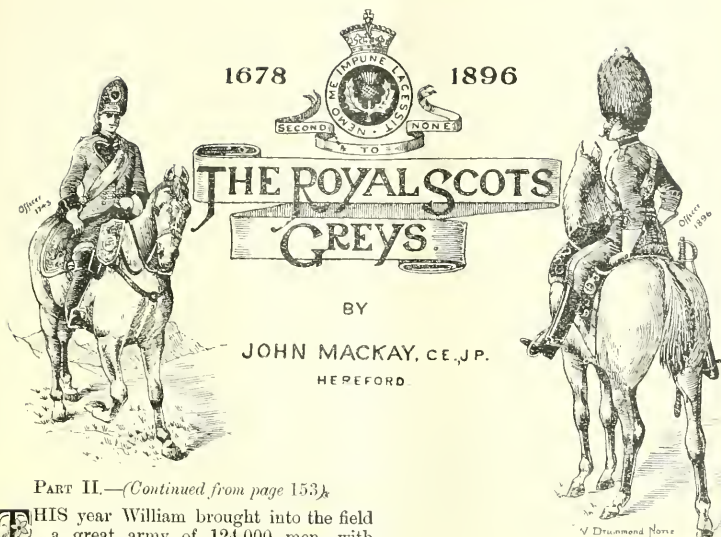
and through—poor John lies buried in the graveyard of Loch Broom, and Mr. Bignold, who attended the funeral, erected a tombstone, with the following inscription, to his memory:—*"Tot cervorum Victor non senectuti sed cervo cessit."* The county road passes for fifteen miles through the property, and some two miles from its western extremity stands Lochrosque Castle and, seven hundred feet above it, a small artificial loch constructed for the manufacture of electricity, the water being led in clay and iron pipes to the turbine, three-quarters of a mile below the artificial loch. This is the greatest fall of any water power installation in the British islands. The electric light is utilized in every part of the precincts, whilst in an archway is seen an electrical clock which shews the time at night from far off in the hills. The golden eagles in their house by the stables are a constant source of amusement to the passing tourist, the crag where their parents built their eyrie being also visible from the road. The wood around the castle has yet to grow, for the oldest trees can boast no more than seventeen summers, but the terraces with their Nairnshire stone steps are finished to perfection and provide a delightful promenade on an autumn evening.

Lochrosque Castle itself, of which we subjoin a photograph, though erected upon an admirably chosen site above the waters of the loch whose name it bears, shews at a glance that it has been the subject of reconstruction and additions, but what it loses in symmetry it certainly gains in comfort and convenience. The view from the battlements of the eastern

tower, eighty-five feet in height, is really fine. On this tower is a nautical search-light of a hundred candle power, through which night can be almost converted into day, upon any spot where the rays are thrown. It is, however, the interior of the castle which is so perfect, probably surpassing any house in Scotland. There are seven reception rooms. The two ante halls of the castle are of plain stone with oak dados and ceilings, and from the interior of the two a door opens leading downwards to the heating chambers which send out their pipes beneath the building and upwards to a winding stair of some hundred stone steps to the battlement above the tower. The hall itself and all the galleries and passages are covered with ancient Spanish leather stripped from the walls of an old house in the Netherlands, whilst the ceiling of the hall is of olive-wood from Spain. The principal staircase is of carved oak, and when on view in Aberdeen some years ago was greatly admired. The library, also formed entirely of Austrian wainscot, contains many presentation copies of books, and first editions, notable amongst which is a fine copy of the first edition of the plays of Shakespeare. The long drawing room divided by a marble pillared archway is the feature of the house, the walls being draped with silk and ornamented with real silver sconces and balustrades. Space prevents a description of the statuary, which is magnificent, and of the pictures, but to a connoisseur it would be a real delight to examine the china and hard-stone carvings which were on view at the South Kensington Museum.



COAT OF ARMS OF MR. BIGNOLD



PART II.—(Continued from page 153.)

THIS year William brought into the field a great army of 124,000 men, with which he made demonstrations to bring on a battle, but finding Marshal Villeroi unwilling to engage he determined to recover Namur, leaving a portion of his army to confront and watch the movements of the French.

Marshal Boufflers, finding that Namur was threatened, threw himself into it at the head of a cavalry force, a body of sappers and miners, and artillery, increasing the garrison to 16,000 men.

When the natural and artificial strength of Namur are considered, the quality of the troops defending it, and the well-known skill and valour of the Marshal commanding, the attack on Namur may be deemed an undeniable proof of William's courage and temerity, but he had entire confidence in the indomitable pluck and courage of his English and Scottish soldiers fighting at close quarters, and the event justified both the judgment and confidence of the soldier King.

The Scottish regiments employed at the siege were, Coldstream Guards, Scots Foot Guards, Royal Scots, Edinburgh Regiment (25th). The Scots Greys were amongst the cavalry of the army covering the siege operations.

By the 1st July, 1695, the besiegers closed in on every side, and the circumvallation lines were complete. When tidings of all this were reported at Versailles they caused no alarm,

the citadel and ramparts were known to be of vast strength, the magazines stored with provisions and all kinds of munitions of war. Namur was considered to be as safe as the Bastille in Paris.

The siege operations were vigorously pressed by William. The scientific portion of them was conducted by the eminent Dutch military engineer Cohorn, who had, some years previous to the capture of the place by Louis XIV. in 1692, greatly increased its strength, and was now spurred to exert his utmost skill to retake it.

The trenches opened on the 2nd July. On the 8th the first assault was made by contingents of Dutch, English, and Scottish. General Ramsay led the Scots. They encountered a terrific fire without returning a shot till they reached the enemy's palisades, then they poured in a volley which threw the French into confusion. The palisades were instantly torn down, and with loud shouts the assailants rushed on to carry the second covered way with pike and bayonet. The Dutch wavered, but the Royal Scots came to their support, and flushed with success, Dutch and Scots, Guards and Linesmen, went on, and won the covered way, and pursuing the enemy to their own batteries on the brow of the hill, spiked the guns, the French seeking refuge in some stone pits and quarries.

William, in person, directed this attack. He was delighted. He called the attention of the Elector of Bavaria who was near him to the prowess evinced by his English and Scottish soldiers, and three days after, writing to the prime minister in London, said, "all the troops displayed considerable courage, particularly the English, the Scottish, and one of the Dutch."

On the 16th St. Nicholas gate was won. On the following day the first counterscarp of the ditch was attacked by the British Grenadiers. Rushing to the glacis and casting their grenades over the palisades into the covered

way, then following up this assault with spirit, the red-coats carried the counterscarp in the most gallant style. Now two regiments came to their aid, but when the gabions were being placed upon the glacis the French sprung several mines which caused terrible havoc. Many of the Guards vaulted over the palisades into the covered way and used their swords with incredible bravery till a lodgment was fully effected.

On the 22nd July a new battery of eighteen guns arrived from England. Being quickly placed in position it opened fire upon the bastion of St. Roche, and soon battered down



1803—PRIVATE—MARCHING ORDER.

masses of the stone-work, but it was found necessary to extend the lodgment towards Port-de-fer. This having been effected the grand assault was made on the 23rd. The stormers, led on by the gallant Royal Scots as the forlorn hope, rushed on with great fury. The Scots pressed on with such vigour and spirit that, on effecting a lodgment and planting their flag on the ramparts, their loss was very trifling, the reward of spirited audacity.

On the 24th, while preparations were being made for another combined assault, a white

flag was seen. All firing ceased, and one and all were on the "qui vive." Count De Guiscard, the commandant of the place, advanced from the breach flag in hand. He requested permission to confer with General Ramsay for the surrender of the town to preserve it from further injury. Terms of capitulation were agreed to, and signed, and in the evening Colonel Lauder with his Scottish "Mousquetaires" took possession of Port-de-fer in the presence of King William, while old Marshal Boufflers with 700 men withdrew into the citadel, having in three weeks lost in defence of

the place 5000 men and 4000 by desertion.

Marshal Villeroi now attempted to raise the siege and advanced within six miles of Namur. William strengthened his covering army and proceeded to observe Villeroi's movements. Seeing William's dispositions and preparations, he judged it too hazardous to attack and risk the issue of a battle. He eventually moved away to a greater distance, leaving his brother Marshal to his fate.

William, before commencing operations to reduce the citadel, sent the Earl of Portland to Marshal Boufflers to represent to him that further resistance would be useless, as Villeroi had retired. The old warrior considered that

"further resistance" was necessary "for the honour of France."

Preparations on a grand scale to storm the citadel were now made. The 20th August was fixed upon for the assault. English and Scottish detachments, Dutch Mackays and Dutch and Bavarians took part in the grand assault. The attack was fierce, and equally fierce was the resistance. The Bavarians having given way, two hundred Scottish volunteers of the Dutch Mackay regiment highly distinguished themselves. Indignant at the miscarriage of the left attack by the Bavarians, they forced their way at the point of the bayonet through the palisades, and storming a battery which



COLOURS OF THE DUTCH MACKAY REGIMENT, IN THE SERVICE OF HOLLAND

did terrible execution among the Bavarians, they slew the gunners, and wheeling round the cannons turned them against the enemy. The other attacks were successful.

The old Marshal had done his best, he became convinced that he had done enough "for the honour of France," and next day asked for a truce of forty-eight hours to bury the slain. Before the last corpse was interred he offered to capitulate, if not relieved within ten days. He was informed to surrender immediately, or prepare for an immediate attack. After a time he yielded on condition that he and the garrison should march out with the honours of war.

On the 1st September the white flag^a was hoisted on the citadel, and the great fortress of Namur was surrendered to William, at a cost to him of 12,000 men in a siege of ten weeks—the solitary military success which brightened his career in his wars with France.

William Fraser, who lost an arm in the trenches by a cannon shot, lived till he was 118 years; he died in 1768. David Caldwell, born in 1689, commenced his military career as a drummer boy in a Scots regiment, ended a soldier's life in 1796 at the age of 107.

(To be continued)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.



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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

JUNE, 1896

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OUR NEXT ISSUE

Will contain plate portraits of Captain and Mrs. John MacRae (of Conchra), Newark-on-Trent; Mr. H. L. Macdonald of Dunach, near Oban; and Mr. Alexander Cameron, Erriicht, with biographical sketches.

LAYS OF THE HEATHER, BY ALICE C. MACDONELL. LONDON: ELLIOT STOCK.—Miss Macdonell requires no introduction to our readers, for she has contributed frequently to our pages, and a number of the poems which find a place in *The Lays of the Heather* appeared first in the pages of the *Celtic Monthly*. There are over fifty lengthy poems in the book, all of considerable poetic merit, and dealing with topics of Highland interest. The volume is one which is sure to be heartily welcomed by Highlanders. It is published at 3/9, post free, and orders should be sent to Miss A. C. Macdonell, 86 Cambridge Street, Eccleston Square, London, W.C.

THE HISTORY OF THE FRASERS OF LOVAT, BY ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, M.J.I.—Mr. Mackenzie is to be gratulated on his most recent addition to the series of Clan Histories with which his name has been so long identified. In his *History of the Frasers*, just published, he has surpassed all his previous efforts, for the volume extends to 760 pages, and in addition to the family of the chiefs, includes genealogies of no fewer than twenty-six cadet families of the clan. Mr. Mackenzie admits that there is no doubt as to the Norman origin of this powerful race, and traces its history from its earliest appearance in the south-east of Scotland to the present day, a narrative full of thrilling

incident, for the Frasers were a warlike race and left their mark on the pages of Scottish history. They produced warriors, statesmen and scholars equal to any of their contemporaries. What to us, however, has proved the most interesting part of this bulky volume, is that devoted to the life and exploits of the infamous Simon, XIIIth Lord Fraser, whose strange career has furnished material for so many publications. The story of this wicked old man's life is more absorbing than a romance. His record was a black one, varied only in the nature of his villainies, yet in his old age, when his time came to expiate his treason, he faced death in its most gruesome form on Tower Hill, with a smile on his face, and a jest on his lips. Mr. Mackenzie's account of the life of Simon Lovat of the '45 is specially interesting as it contains many facts not generally known, the result of original research on the part of the author.

The clan historian has contributed a great many works of permanent value to our Highland literature, yet we may fairly look upon the *Fraser*s as his *magnum opus*. The volume is attractively bound, uniform with his histories of the Camerons, Mackenzies, Macleods, etc., and as the edition is already pretty well exhausted those who desire copies should order them at once.

CLUNY MACPHERSON OF THE '45.

[We recently invited that leal-hearted Scot, Mr. William Allan, M.P., to write a song for our June number. We received the song, and the following characteristic letter which we have no doubt our readers will enjoy as much as we did. "Son of the Brave"—A song for your June number! Yes! here is one which may suit your tartaned pages. "Cluny of the '45!" has always a fascination for me. Somehow I feel I should have liked to have known that grand chief, yea, and swung a claymore for him! But my love for his misfortunes can only be shewn in a song—you have it.

May a' wha gie ye cause to mourn

Be drowned deep in the Loch o' Hounn.

Amen. Yours, WM. ALLAN.]

Cluny Macpherson! the redcoats are nearing,
Fly to the wilds of Benalder again,
The gleam of their steel o'er the heath is appearing,
Kiss me! my Cluny, and speed away fa'n;
See o'er the mountains the night-clouds are falling,
Deep lies the mist on the breast of Craig Dhu,
Joy of my heart! love and duty are calling,
Speed! Cluny speed, for the sake of the true.

Cluny Macpherson kissed her in the gloamin',
God of the brave guide his footsteps a'right!
Safe on the mountain afar from the foemen
Cluny Macpherson shall slumber to-night;
Charlie! Prince Charlie! for thee we must sever,
Tho' homeless and landless our love is the same,
The redcoats may crush us but Charlie shall never
Be left a friend while our clan has a name.

Sunderland.

WM. ALLAN.

A TRIP TO IONA.

NOW that the bright, long summer days have come again, many of our readers will soon have to decide where they will spend their holidays. Some, indeed, do not require to give this important matter much

thought, for the romantic hills and glens of the Highlands possess too great a charm for them to think of going anywhere else. So far as we are ourselves concerned, no matter what plans we may have formed in the early part of the year, as soon as we find ourselves released from the duties of business and the responsibilities of conducting our 'only Highland magazine,' the charm of the Sutherland hills attracts us thither, as fast as the slowest of slow trains will carry us! Those who go to Sutherland by train always find ample time for reflection! But there are no doubt many of our readers

who are still undecided where they shall go this summer, and to these we would venture to make a few suggestions, which they may find useful. There is no place in broad Scotland which is of such interest to Highlanders as the Island of Iona. To them Iona is a sacred place—it is the Mecca of the Gael, for it was there that the first seeds of christianity in

Scotland took root, and from whence it spread its branches to the uttermost corners of the earth. Apart from its historical and antiquarian interest the trip is a most delightful one, including as it does a visit to the wonderful island of Staffa, with its vast caves and basaltic pillars.

To reach Oban, from which Mr. David

Macbrayne's fine steamer "Grenadier" makes a daily trip, the tourist should take the "Columba" at Glasgow and enjoy the popular sail to Ardrishaig. Here he may continue his journey through the delightful scenery of the Crinan Canal and along the shores of Lorne to Oban. The "Grenadier" leaves Oban in the morning, passing through the Sound of Mull and along the romantic coast of Morven, so rich in historic associations. Sailing round the northern point of the Island of Mull Staffa is visited, which we shall probably describe next month, and half-an-hour later Iona is reached. I-Colmkill or



LANDING AT IONA.

Colmkill, meaning the Isle of the Cell of Columba (*N-columb-cill*) was the name given to the island about the 15th century. Iona is a misreading of Iova. The word is a puzzle to philologists. The island is called in Gaelic *I*, or *I Chaluim Chille*, or St. Columba's Isle. After landing, passengers are conducted by the official Guide (appointed by the

Duke of Argyll, who is the proprietor of the island), to the ruins of the Nunnery. Leaving these ruins we walk along what was then called the Street of the Dead, past the Established Church and Manse, and "M'Lean's Cross." This cross, supposed to be the oldest in Scotland, is one of 360 said to have been standing on the island. Of these only two now remain entire—it and "St Martin's," which we shall see in the grounds of the Cathedral.

" and in Iona's piles,
Where rest from mortal coil the Mighty of the Isles."

Entering the cemetery, called Reilig Odhrain (St. Odhrain's name was given to it probably because he was the first interred there), we see the groups of ancient tombstones, most of them carved in relief, which are of great historical and antiquarian interest.

There are said to be buried on the island 48 Scottish kings (including King Coil of Ayrshire), 4 Irish kings, 8 Norwegian princes, and 3 royal infants, many Lords of the Isles, bishops, abbots, and priors. The M'Leod of M'Leod, also chiefs of the MacKinnons, Macleans, Macquarries, and other clans. The last king buried at Iona was Duncan I. of Scotland, who began to reign in 1034 A.D., and was murdered by Macbeth in the sixth year of his reign.

Rosset—"Where is Duncan's body?"

Macduff—"Carried to Colme's Kill,

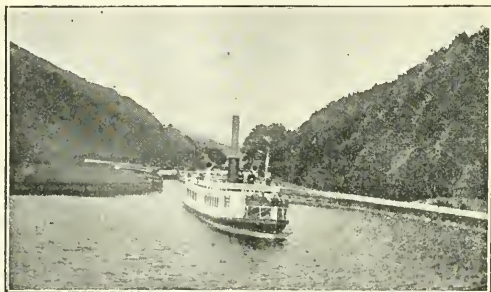
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones."

—SHAKESPEARE.

The first enclosure we visit contains the tombstones of the kings, the next those of the chiefs, and later on we see many stones of equal interest within the Cathedral. We now enter St. Oran's Chapel, with its fine Norman doorway and triple arch. It is the most ancient structure in the island, having probably been built about the close of the eleventh century. Approaching the Cathedral, we see, opposite the west door, that noble monument

known as "The Iona Cross." This, the most perfect of the remaining two, was erected to the memory of St. Martin of Tours, who lived in the sixth century. Close to the west entrance, beside the adjacent angle of the cloister is a small chamber called St. Columba's tomb, and here the Saint and his servant Diarmid are supposed to be buried, though Ireland claims that the bones of St. Columba were exhumed and reburied in County Down. Iona Cathedral, dedicated to St. Mary, and once the Cathedral of the Diocese of the Isles, was built in the early part of the thirteenth century and consisted of nave, transepts, and choir, with sacristy on the north side of choir and side chapels on the south. The carving upon the columns and tombs is sharp, well defined, and of curious purport, and the capitals exhibit bas-reliefs similar to many found in Ireland. One of the carvings

represents the Crucifixion, another Temptation, and another Sacrifice. Adjoining the Cathedral on the north are the ruins of the Conventual buildings, of which the portion called the Chapter House is the most ancient and remarkable. Over it is said to have been the



S.S. LINNET ON CRINAN CANAL.

library. Cloisters of perfect symmetry and probably of great beauty were enclosed on three sides by the nave, one of the transepts and the refectory. The length of the Cathedral is about 160 feet, and the tower, still accessible by a winding staircase, is about 70 feet high. The Monastery lay behind the Cathedral, and north of the Monastery are the remains of the bishops' house.

When St. Columba landed from his coracle upon the silver straud on Pentecost Eve, Anno Domini 563, little could he guess how his prophecy would be fulfilled. "This place, small and mean as it appears, shall be honoured not only by the Kings of the Scots and their people, but by the rulers of strange nations, and those subject to them. By the holy men also of other churches it shall be held in reverence."

The Duke of Argyll has recently had some

excavating done, displaying the original foundations and plans of the buildings, and uncovering many splendidly carved stones that have lain for centuries, covered with rubbish.

Iona has a population of 260, with two churches, Free and Established. The Free Church stands prominently on the point at Martyns' Bay, so called from the fact that it was at this place in olden times that the bodies of those who had suffered

martyrdom were landed, when brought to the island for interment. The Sound of Iona, separating Iona from the Ross of Mull, is here

about a mile wide. The geological formation of the Ross is principally granite, and the quarries there supplied the red granite used in the construction of the Albert Memorial,

Blackfriars Bridge, and the Holborn Viaduct. Lovers of nature and antiquarians could spend a few days profitably at Iona, visiting the Spouting Cave, Port-a-Churraich (the spot where St. Columba landed), the Cell of the Culdees,

the Granite Quarries, and the Lighthouse Station (for Dubh-heartach Lighthouse) on Erraid Island.



"HIGHLANDERS" AT HOME.

NOTES ON THE HIGHLAND CLANS,

THEIR BADGES, SLOGANS, MUSIC, &c.

BY FIONN.

CRERAR—CRIATHRAR.

THE Crerars are from Lochayside and are considered a sept of the Clan Chattan. Tradition says the name arose from a fugitive who sought refuge in a mill where a miller was sifting—*criathradh*, and having asked the miller to protect him he covered his clothes with meal, and taking the riddle or sieve from the miller the fugitive was busy at work when his pursuers entered. His disguise was so complete that they never suspected him, and so he escaped.

CUMMINGS—NA CUIMEINICH.

The Cummings belong to the Norman house of de Comines, a territorial name. The name also takes the following forms—Cumyn, Comyn, Cumin, and Cummin. They migrated northward in the earlier part of the thirteenth century. The clan is numerous in Aberdeen, Banff, and Moray. The motto of the clan is "Courage," the Badge, Cumin plant—Gaelic *Lus-Mhic-Cuimein*.

DAVIDSONSON—CLANN DA'IDH.

It is impossible to say who the David—*Dàbhidh* was to whom this clan owes its name. It is more than likely that they originally belonged to Ross-shire, for the chief of the clan is Davidson of Tulloch—but whether they are the same as the sept of Clan Chattan known as *Clann Dà'Idh* it is difficult now to determine. The Badge of the clan is the Cranberry—Gaelic *Lus-nam-braoileag*. Salute or *Fàilte*—"Fàilte Thighearna Thulach"—Tulloch's Salute.

DRUMMONDS—NA DRUMONAICH.

The name of this clan is the oblique form of *drum*—a ridge. They appear in written records during the thirteenth century. James, fourth Lord Drummond, was created Earl of Perth in 1605. John, the second Earl, was taken prisoner at Philiphaugh. James, fourth Earl, was Lord Chancellor of Scotland. He died at St Germain in 1716. His eldest son, James, opposed the Union; and was "out" in 1715 as well as in '45, for which he was attainted. The title was restored in 1853. The chief is the Earl of Perth—Patronymic *An Drumonach*. Badge, Wild Thyme—Gaelic *Lus Mhic'igh Bhreatainn*. March, *Spàidsearachd Dhinc Phéat*—The Duke of Perth's March. Motto, "Gang warily."

(To be continued).

TRADITIONS OF THE COLQUHOUN COUNTRY.

By F. MARY COLQUHOUN.

(Continued from page 147.)

HOW COLQUHOUN OF LUSS TOOK DUMBARTON CASTLE.

ONE of the Loch Lomond traditions is, that a King of Scotland, having lost for a time the Castle of Dumbarton, which had been taken possession of by a hostile party, applied to Colquhoun of Luss to recover it for the Crown. The Chief of Luss returned answer "If I can." In order to regain this important fortress for the King, Colquhoun of Luss resorted to a stratagem, getting up a mock chase, by letting loose a stag on the level near the castle, in the hope that this would attract the notice of the garrison and that, on observing it, they would leave the tower to join the chase, not suspecting artifice, and thus afford an opportunity of recovering it. The result was completely successful, the garrison dashing forward to take part in the exciting sport. During the absence of the soldiers Colquhoun of Luss, with his followers, took possession of the castle and restored it to the King, who in consequence granted the armorial bearings which have ever since been borne by the Colquhouns of Luss, viz:—a deer's head with the motto "Si je puis," and deer hounds as supporters.

ROBERT THE BRUCE IN THE COLQUHOUN COUNTRY.

The lands of the Colquhouns were often trodden by Robert the Bruce, and their forests are memorable as connected with one of the most important events of his history. It was when passing through those woods in 1313 that a carpenter named Roland met him on his way to Dumbarton, and by the information he gave him the patriot King was saved from becoming the victim of a stratagem by Sir John Monteith of Rasky to betray and deliver him up as a prisoner to the English in the same way in which Wallace had formerly been delivered.

By that time, under the Bruce the most important strongholds in Scotland had ceased to remain in the hands of the English, but Dumbarton Castle still held out against him governed by Sir John Monteith, who would only surrender it on the condition that the Earldom of Lennox was bestowed on him.

Malcolm, 5th Earl of Lennox, one of the

Bruce's most staunch friends, agreed, for the love he bore his sovereign to make the sacrifice of surrendering his great Earldom.

Monteith invited the Bruce to come and take possession of the fortress, and devised the purpose of making him a prisoner when in the castle, in which he had hidden a party of soldiers (Englishmen) in a cellar, a ship lying off the castle to sail with the royal prisoner to England.

The carpenter who met Bruce in the woods of the Colquhouns, having by some means gained knowledge of the plot warned the King of his danger, but Bruce nevertheless proceeded on his journey, and reaching the castle was presented with its keys. In a most cordial way Monteith showed him through the fortress, but noticing that there was a cellar into which he was not conducted he suspected that danger lay there, and receiving an unsatisfactory reply on demanding that it should be investigated Bruce and his followers forced open the door, where they found the English soldiers were concealed in the cellar, fully armed, and on being questioned separately, they confessed the conspiracy. Monteith was thrown into the dungeon he had prepared for Bruce, who afterwards generously forgave him.

How irreparable would have been the loss to Scotland had the stratagem succeeded, and how changed would have been the future history of the Bruce, who would most likely have shared the fate of the noble Wallace.

On the 18th March, 1315, King Robert the Bruce granted to the church of Luss the privilege, or sanctuary, round that church for the space of three miles on every side, by land and by water, to be enjoyed as freely as any liberty, called "Gyrth" through Scotland.

The privilege of "Gyrth," or sanctuary, was the protection afforded in certain places from the fierce resentment entertained by private parties against civil and criminal culprits, who in times when there was no regular courts of justice, might have fallen victims to personal violence.

The Jews, Greeks, and Roman all had their sanctuaries, and Scotland was not behind them.

It is probable that Robert the Bruce granted the privilege of sanctuary round the church of Luss chiefly for the sake of his devoted friend, Malcolm, 5th Earl of Lennox.

The laird of Luss was also a staunch friend and supporter of the Bruce, and often shared those fetes and festivals gave to the barons and clergy at the castle of Cardross.

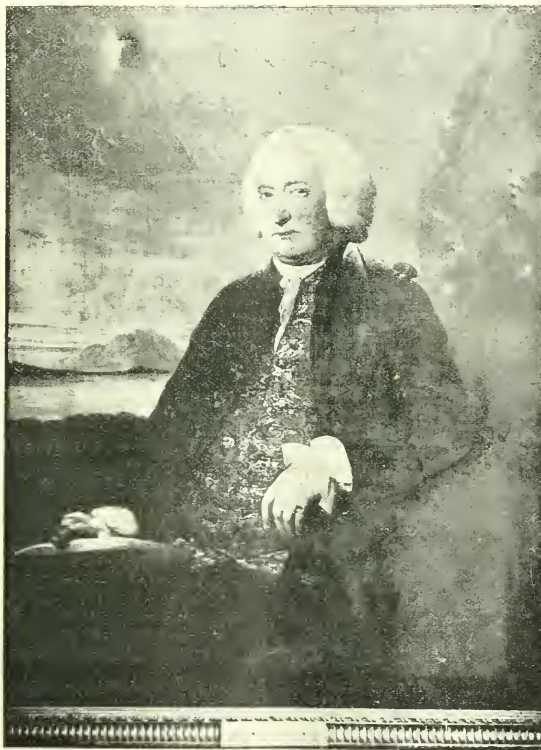
King Robert also remembered the Lennox with gratitude, as in it he found a safe retreat after being beaten at Methven, and he often consoled himself in the pastime of hunting and hawking in the wooded mountains surrounding Luss.

The date of the erection of the chapel of St. Mary at Rossdhu has been ascribed to the 12th century, and the church was most likely used as a place of worship on ordinary occasions.

Sir John Colquhoun of Luss, the patron of the church at Rossdhu, on the 12th of April, 1556, presented Sir Thomas Henderson to be chaplain of the chapel by giving him a missal-book, a

cup, and other vestments of the altar, according to the form and tenor of the same. The chapel is situated a few yards to the north of the old castle of Rossdhu, and below the stone floor is one of the burying places of the Colquhouns of Luss.

Near Glen Molachan, at the head of Glen Luss, are the remains of a chapel dedicated to



SIR JAMES COLQUHOUN, BART., 25th OF LUSS.

From the original painting at Rossdhu, Loch Emond.

St. Michael. A few gold coins found in its wall fix the date about the time of the Reformation. The gold coins are the unicorns of King James IV. of Scotland, who reigned from 1488 to 1513. On one of the coins is a unicorn couchant holding between his forelegs an armorial shield, having thereon the royal lion of Scotland within a double tressure. The circumscription is "Jacobys

Dei Grocia Rex Scot." On the reverse in the centre of the coin is a star, with the circumscription "Exvrgat Devs Disipent inimici ei."

The house of the priest who officiated at this chapel was Edentagart, in Glen Luss—on the site of the present farmhouse of that name.

Inch-a-Vaich, or the Island of the Monk's House, is the most conspicuous of, all Loch

Lomond's islands. Saint MacKessog flourished there in the beginning of the 6th century. It has been described as a region for holy musings and holy contemplations. The hazel, the pine, the birch, and the rowan grow on the islet in rare luxuriance. The birds and all living things are tame, as if in Eden, there. The hares leap playfully among the skimming swallows, while the roe deer glance by in tameless gladness.

"Even the stones here preach," are the words put into the mouth of Saint Kessog on Inch-a-Vanich, by Galt in one of his works. They remind us that when they are bright and dry the heart of man is hard and arid in prosperity, and when they are moistened by only the dew do they not prove how small a thing it is that serves to sadden the human breast? Listen also to the chiming of the restless waters, which warns us that though life is flowing swiftly away, there is a nobler river on high, "the streams whereof shall make glad the City of our God!"

(To be continued).

NORMAN HAY FORBES OF FORBES, TUNBRIDGE WELLS.



Forbes. The doctor was born in India, 1st March, 1863, and is the second son of the late Major Frederick M. Hay Forbes of that ilk, Bengal Staff Corps, and great-grandson of the Right Hon. James Ochochar, XVII. Lord Forbes, and cousin of the present chief of the clan. His mother is Honoria Matilda, daughter of the late Rev. William Knox Marshall, B.D., and niece of the great Sir Henry Lawrence of Indian Mutiny fame. Mr. Forbes was educated at Bedford Grammar School, and Cambridge University; and received his medical training at the Middlesex and St. George's Hospitals. In 1886 he became M.R.C.S., England, also L.R.C.P., London; and Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons (Edinburgh), in 1894. He served in H.M. Army Medical Staff from 1887 to 1890; and is a Fellow of the Medical Society of London, and an Honorary Life Member of, and Examiner to, St. John Ambulance Association. He is now resident at Tunbridge Wells, where he devotes himself to the practice of his profession. He is the author of several scientific papers on medical subjects in the *Lancet*.

Mr. Forbes is connected with quite a number of the leading Highland associations in London. He is a director of the Highland Society of London, a member of the Gaelic Society, at whose last meeting he read a very interesting paper on the "Highland Bagpipes," which was most favourably commented upon by the London press; a Governor of the Scottish Corporation, and a member of the New Spalding Club of Aberdeen, and of the London Aberdeen, Banff and Kincardine Association. He has contributed from time to time to the Highland press on Celtic subjects, under the nom-de-plume "Lónach"—the war cry of his clan. It may be interesting to mention in this connection that the chief of the clan, Horace Courtenay, Lord Forbes, is the Premier Baron of Scotland, which dates so far back as 1442, standing first on the Union Roll. In the days of Bruce and Wallace the Forbeses were a powerful clan and made their presence felt in Moray, Banff, and Aberdeen. They took part in the Battle of Harlaw, on July 24th, 1411.

"Some rade, some raw, and some did gang,
They were of sma' record;
But Forbe's and his merrie men,
They slew them a' the road."

Ballad of the Battle of Harlaw.

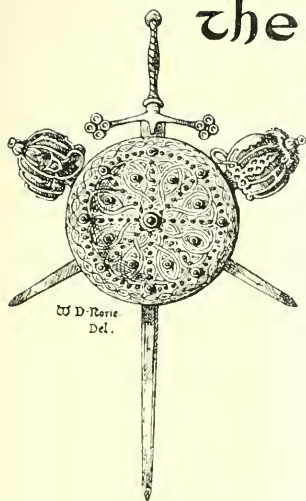
The clan gathering, or pibroch, is *Cath Ghlim-Earann*—gather Glennochty; the badge is the Plantagenet Broom (*Spartium Scoparium*); and the motto "Grace me guide."

AMONG the enthusiastic Gaels who take a leading part in Celtic movements in London one of the most familiar figures is that of Dr. Norman Hay Forbes of



NORMAN HAY FORBES, OF FORBES

the Highland Sword.



by W. Drummond-Morie

Illustrated by the Author.

"Then came the foes forward with swords. They mixed their rattling steel. Thro' the thongs of Swaran's shield rushed the blade of Luno."—*Ossian's Cath-Loda*.

IN tracing the history of the ancient races of mankind we usually find that the various legends and traditions upon which, to a large extent, such history is based, have much in common; and that the central point of interest in all, is to be found in the description of the magical weapons wielded by mythical heroes in their conflicts with human or supernatural enemies; and of these weapons the sword undoubtedly occupies the place of honour.

Nor is this to be wondered at; for as the nations of the world slowly emerged from the barbarism of the stone age it was the all conquering sword which gained for them their place amidst their more civilized fellows, and helped them to hold that position when they had attained it. To those races who still remained in palæolithic darkness, the flash of the brilliantly polished blades of their more enlightened enemies, must have appeared as the lightning of the gods against which their own puny weapons were useless and of no avail. And even when tribe after tribe, and race after race had acquired the art of fashioning bronze and iron into implements of warfare, they could not entirely shake off that feeling of awe and reverence with which the

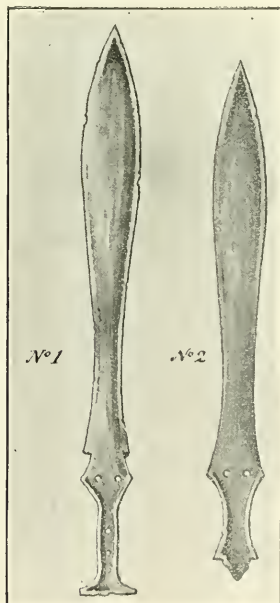
sword had always been regarded amongst them.

Hence it is that we find the Scythians worshipping the sword as a god, and Herodotus tells us that sacrifices of horses, cattle, and even human beings were made to it, and more victims offered than to all their other deities. It is interesting to note that nearly all the weapons discovered in Scythian tombs are of bronze, for Herodotus distinctly states that the sword worshipped by them was of iron; a fact which would lead us to infer, that it was the metal of which the sword was composed, rather than the weapon itself, that rendered it an object of adoration.

Among the Celtic races the sword has always been an object of veneration, and it is more than probable that the early inhabitants of these islands, who were undoubtedly of Celtic origin, worshipped the iron sword as a deity, for to them iron was of sufficient rarity to be considered magical; their own weapons being entirely of stone or bronze.

In that most interesting work by R. F. Burton, "The Book of the Sword," the author tells us that "the warlike old Keltic Gauls were essentially swordsmen; they relied mainly upon the claidiab. When they entered Europe they had already left behind them the age of stone, and they made them blades of copper, bronze, and iron. We have no metal remains of the pre-Keltic aborigines (Iberians Basques, Finns) except their palæoliths. The Fenni (or Finns) of Tacitus had neither swords nor iron, they used only bows and stone-tipped arrows. . . . A Roman origin has been ascribed to the bronze swords discovered in Britain, but many leading authorities including Dr. Evans (author of the "Ancient Stone Implements of Great Britain"), give them a pre-Roman origin." The first part of this

extract of course specially refers to the Celtic tribes of Gaul, but in the opinion of the writer of this article it is an open question whether the stone implements found in the Highlands of Scotland and in Britain generally, are not the production of our ancient Celtic ancestors. The subject is, however, too wide for discussion here and hardly comes within the scope of a paper dealing with the Highland sword alone. Leaving therefore the question of palæolithic weapons for some future occasion, we find the swords used by the early Caledonian Celt, or more properly speaking, the Gael of Albyn, were of bronze with blades varying from eighteen to twenty-eight inches long, the whole weapon being cast in one piece. These swords have been frequently discovered in the Highlands; the specimen shown in the illustration (Fig 1) is a good example of this type; it was dug from a peat-moss in the island of Shuna (Argyllshire) in 1874, and is now in the Kelvingrove Museum, Glasgow. The sketch of an almost identical weapon (Fig 2) is taken from a drawing in Major Max Jahns' "*Handbuch einer Geschichte des Kriegswesens, etc.*," where it is described as a Gallic bronze sword.



(To be continued).

MEMORIAL OF A HOLIDAY IN THE HIGHLANDS.

VOICES OF THE HILLS.

Hail from far, ye well-loved mountains, rolling
streams, and glassy lake,
Neither soon nor lightly fade the pleasant memories
that ye make;
Flying hours of happy idlesse, when we journeyed
far, to roam
Where the crag and woodland hover o'er a peaceful
Highland home,
Where the tinkling of the runlet makes a music
always new,
And the sun of eve, descending, reddens o'er great
Benvenue.

Pleasant, in the dewy morning, with companions
forth to fare
To the grand road on the hillside, with its life-
restoring air;
Pleasant, in the evening stillness, to unloose the
tiny skiff
And look up from twilight waters on Ben An's o'er-
hanging cliff;
Pleasant, when the night has fallen, tracing thro'
the tales of yore,
Old romantic visions rising on their own beloved
shore.

Seven were we, that golden summer, in your sylvan
fairlyland,
Seven upon the mountain summit, ferny slope, or
silver strand;
Chief the bounteous Dame who called us northward
from our southern nests,
She alert to guide and order, we to do her kind
behests;
One to prove a gentle presence, loving beauty, song,
romance;
One the slender listening maiden, happy in her
silent trance;
One to track the upward pathways on the moun-
tain's shaggy side;
One the brooding absent mother—rather say,
perennial bride;
One to draw the silver harvest from the lake's
ungrudging breast;
One the inharmonious rhymer from the pastures of
the west.

Nor unpleasing, in the dreamland of the closing
autumn hours,
Thoughts of thornier sprays that mingled erewhile
with our roseate bowers,
Marshy vapours, rushing rain-storms, gathering
shades, and home not near;
Nymphs on slippery steepness clinging—up or down
an equal fear;
Airy summits yet before us when we thought the
last was won,
And the eyelid heavy laden when the day's long
toil was done.

Ah! to read the wondrous wisdom spoken from
 some glorious hill,
 Once in joy of rapt sensation, in the spirit echoing
 still;
 Voices from the far off summit, sounding from the
 silvery flood;
 Ever waving on the moorland, ever whispering
 from the wood;
 Voices, could we only hear them, grasp their
 wondrous how and why,
 What their source and what their issue, and their
 unveiled mystery.

Tell us, O thou streamlet, hurrying downward with
 thy myriad leaps,
 Tales about thy mystic birthplace up among those
 skyward steepes;
 What thy message to our spirits as thou rushest to
 the plain,
 Through the woodland to the pastures, through the
 city to the main;
 Is it calm or tempest waits us, when we reach thy
 far off crown,
 In the unknown land beyond us, whence thy waters
 sparkle down?

And ye overhanging hill-tops, that we deem so
 hardly won,
 Veiled one hour in driving rain-storms, now all
 reddening in the sun;
 Bathed one hour in sevenfold splendour of a magic
 rainbow throne,
 Now in solemn calmness like a dream immortalized
 in stone;
 Now so near that almost seems it as a short half-
 hour might reach,
 Now so far that only patience seems the lesson that
 ye teach;
 Ye for ever looking heavenward, yet with loving
 gaze below,
 Tell us, O ye mighty mountains, all the secrets that
 ye know.

Of in winter by the fireside, in that witching
 evening hour,
 Those far sights and sounds shall reach us, touch us
 with their varied power;
 Golden threads among the hoary, solemn streaks
 across the glow;
 Heaven's *Andante* joined in blessing with earth's
 dancing *Allegro*;
 What besides for life demand we—than a purpose
 such as this?
 Not the simple foolsh sport with the tones of
 transient bliss;
 Not the butterfly existence, sipping sweets from
 every flower,
 But the nobler instinct gathering sweetness for a
 wintry hour;
 Thoughts that mount with footsteps onward,
 upward, to the beckoning skies,
 Souls by heaven's own sun made brighter with the
 brightening of the eyes;
 Old as the eternal mountains, yet with freshness
 always new,
 These the golden grain we gather on the slopes of
 Benvenue.

Clifton.

A. CLUNY MACPHERSON.

REVIEW.

THE GESTO COLLECTION OF HIGHLAND MUSIC,
 COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY KEITH NORMAN
 MACDONALD, AND DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF
 THE M'LEODS OF GESTO.—Dr. Macdonald, by
 publishing this handsome work, has presented his
 countrymen with what we may fairly describe as
 an *ideal* collection of Highland music, embracing
 marches, pibrochs, quicksteps, laments, reels and
 strathspeys, and the choicest of our Gaelic melodies.
 Indeed, Highlanders cannot be too grateful that a
 Gaelic speaking countryman, who understands and
 appreciates the romance, sentiment and genius of
 our Highland music, should place within their
 reach a selection of the finest of these airs free from
 the mutilations of the foreign or Lowland arranger.
 Of late years the *Sassunnach* has been busy among
 our Gaelic melodies, which he has attempted to
 improve on "scientific principles." The result
 will be familiar to most of our readers. A sweet,
 simple lilt, after passing through the scientific mill
 of the arranger, goes off into an unmusical acrobatic
 performance, eminently calculated to make the
 listener distracted. Dr. Macdonald has done good
 service in publishing the "Gesto Collection," for
 the airs are reproduced exactly as they were sung
 in the Highlands a century ago. None but really
 first class melodies are given, and as the volume
 consists of some 250 of these, the Gaelic words
 being given with most of the songs, the value of
 the work may be appreciated. The book is named
 after, and dedicated to, the memory of that famous
 musical family, the M'Leods of Gesto, Skye. It is
 handsomely bound in blue and gold, and is
 published cheaply at a guinea. Copies can be had
 from the Editor, Edinbane, Skye, or Duncan & Co.,
 Portree.

CHARLES ALFRED STUART
 BLACK, M.A.,

DIED AT CRADDOCK, SOUTH AFRICA, FEBRUARY 3rd, 1896.

"Farewell, a last farewell," we cry to thee,
 True-hearted friend, across a wider sea
 Than any beating on an earthly shore.
 And musing on the days that are no more,
 "Is this the end," we ask amid our tears
 "Of all the promise of thy early years—
 The gracious gifts abundantly bestowed,
 The scholar's mind, the ardent soul that glowed
 And shone through those true eyes? Is this the end
 Of all our hopes and fears for thee, sweet friend?
 Thy weary search for health denied, is past,
 And peace instead of pain vouchsafed at last.
 Calmly thou sleepest now, for all thy ills
 In that lone grave amid the alien hills—
 Thy early grave, O friend, which evermore
 Shall consecrate for us that distant shore."

"Not this the end!" and hope contends with pain,
 As Spring's return brings joy to Earth again.
 And so we strive to pierce the veil close-drawn
 Before our sense, and realize the dawn
 That gladdened thy freed soul amid the Light
 Ineffable, the unimagined sight
 Of that pure Presence, the fulfilment meet
 Of all wherein our life is incomplete.

R. F. FORBES.

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

IS FROM LEAM AN AIRIDH—THE SHIELING SONG.

THE following song is the composition of Rob Donn Mackay, the well-known bard of the Reay country in Sutherlandshire. It is said to have been composed in the following circumstances. The bard was deeply in love with a young woman of the name of Annie Morison. He had often sought her hand without her having definitely yielded or withheld her consent. On one occasion he took his way towards the *Airidh* (or mountain pasture) and found his sweetheart in the company of "the fair-haired Smith"—John Moray by name. The bard took very seriously to heart the fact of his beloved going with another, and

he gave utterance in song to his feelings, as bards as a rule do. Most bards manage to make their joy and their sorrow felt in words which others may adopt and apply to their own case. Not so Rob Donn. He composes for the particular occasion, and hence few bards have given utterance to so much matter with so little of general interest in it. Miss Morison married the fair-haired Smith and is said to have rued it. The translation is from Pattison's "Gaelic Bards." The air is from Rev. P. MacDonald's Collection of Gaelic Music. Fraser of Knockie has preserved it also.

MALCOLM MACFARLANE.

KEY G. *Moderate.*

♩ d : t. l. | d : l. s. | m : m. r | m : - l. l. | l : l. s | l : s. m | s : m. r | d : -
Is trom leam an Airidh 's a' ghàir so tha inn't, Gun a phàirtinn a dh' fhàg mi bhì 'n dràsd air mo chinn,
Oh! sad is the shieling, and gone are its joys! All harsh and unfeeling to me now its noise,

♩ r. r. | m : m. r | m : m. d | m : m. r | m : - m | m : l. t. | d : m. r | d : t. l. | d : -
Anna chaoi-mhalach, chioch-chorrach, shliob-cheannach, ehuinn: Nighneag a' bheòil mhilis, mhànranaich, bhinn.
Since Anna—who warbled as sweet as the merle—Forsook me, my honey-mouth'd, merry-lipped girl!

| s : l | m : - | m : s | l : - d. | s : m. r | d : m. r | d : t. l. | l : - ||
Heich! mar bhà, air mo chinn, A dh' fhàg mi cho cràiteach 's nach stàth dhomh bhì 'g inns'.
Heich! how I sigh; while the hour Laz - ily, lone - lily, sad - ly, goes by!

Shiubhail mis' a' bhuaile 's a suas feadh nan craobh,
'S gach àit anns am b' àbhaist bhì pàgadh m'ghaoil;
'N uair chual mi 'm fear bàn ud 's e mànràn r' a mhaoi,

B' fhearr leam nach tighinn lèmh riù 'nan gaoith.

Heich! mar bhà, air mo chinn,

A dh' fhàg mi cho cràiteach 's nach stàth dhomh bhì 'g inns'.

O'n chualas gu'n ghlaiseadh tu nam leis an t-saor,
Tha mo shuain air a buaireadh le brudairean gaoil;
De'n chàirdeas a bhà 'n sud, cha'n fhàir mi bhì saor;
Gun bhàrnaigeadh lèmh riut, tha 'n gràdh dhomh 'na mhaor,

Air gach tràth 's mi ri strìth

A feuchainn r' a ùicheadh 's e fàs rium mar chraoibh.

Ach Anna bhuidhe Dhòmhnuill, na'm b' eòl duit mo nì,

'S e do ghràdh gun bhì pàigh't leag a mliàn uam mo chli;

Tha e dhomh ad' fhanais cho gnìomhach 's nuair chli;
Diogalladh 's a' smitach, gur cùirtach mo chridh'.

Nis, ma tha mi 'gad dhith,

Gu'm b' fheàrrde mi pàg uait mus fàginn an tìr.

Ach labhair i gu fàiteagach, àlghasach, rium—

"Cha'n fhàir thu bhì lèmh rium a chàradh mo chinn;

Tha sianar 'gam iarraidh o bhliadhna de thùm,
'S cha b' àraidh le càch thu thoirt bàrr os an cinn.

Ha, ha, ha! an d' fhàs thu tinn?

'N e'n gaol a bheir bàs ort! gu'm pàigh thu d' a chinn."

Last week, as I wander'd up past the old trees,

I mourn'd, while I ponder'd, what changes one sees!

Just then the fair stranger walk'd by with my dear—

Dreaming, unthinking, I had wander'd so near,

Till "Heich!" then I cried,—when I saw

The girl, with her lover, draw close to my side—

"Anna, the yellow-hair'd, dost thou not see

How thy love unimpaired wearie me?

'Twas as strong in my absence when banish'd from thee—

As heart-stirring, powerful, deep as you see—

Heich! it is now, at this time,

When up like a leafy bough, high doth it climb."

Then, haughtily speaking, she airily said,

"'Tis in vain for you seeking to hold up your head:

There were six wooers sought me while you were away;

And the absentee surely deserved less than they.

Ha! ha! ha! are you ill?

But if love seeks to kill you—bah! small is his skill!"

Ach! ach! now I'm trying my loss to forget—

With sorrow and sighing, with anger and fret.

But still that sweet image steals over my heart;

And still I deem fondly hope need not depart.

Heich! and I say that our love,

Firm as a tower gray, nought can remove.



CAPTAIN JOHN MACRAE.



Mrs. JOHN MACRAE.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Glasgow.

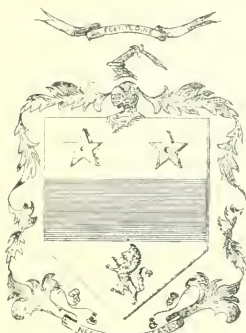
No. 10, VOL. IV.]

JULY, 1896

[Price Threepence.



CAPTAIN JOHN MACRAE.



MacRae
Conchra

CAPTAIN JOHN MACRAE, of Northgate, Newark-on-Trent, whose portrait is here given, is the second son of Duncan MacRae, Esq., J.P. and D.L., of Kames Castle, Isle of Bute. His mother is Grace, daughter of the late Mr Donald Stewart, the representative of the Stewarts of Overblairish, in Perthshire, who were a branch of the Stewarts of Garth. He was born at Meean Meer, in the Punjab, on the 31st December, 1861, and is descended from the MacRaes of Conchra, in Lochalsh (his uncle, Mr. Colin MacRae, of Camdin, U.S.A., being head of the Conchra branch of the MacRaes of Kintail), an old Ross-shire family, which has hardly been without a representative in the British army for considerably over a century. His grandfather, Major Colin MacRae of the

75th Highlanders, saw much service in India at the close of the last and the beginning of the present century, and his father, who was for many years in the service of the honourable East India Company, went through the stirring and trying times of the Indian Mutiny. His great great grandfather, John of Conchra, who took a prominent part in the Jacobite rising of 1715 and was killed in the Battle of Sheriffmuir, is well known in the traditions of Ross-shire as one of the "Four Johns of Scotland." Captain MacRae was gazetted on the 5th December, 1883, to a Lieutenancy in the first battalion of the Royal Highlanders, better known as the famous "Forty-Second" or "Black Watch," which he joined on the 12th March, 1884, at the first Zareeba, some miles from Suakim on the Red Sea. The army was at that time confronting the Soudanese Arabs under Osman Digna, and on the following morning was fought the Battle of Tamaai, in which the Forty-Second had sixty killed and about an equal number wounded. Captain MacRae took part in this battle and in the subsequent skirmishes of that campaign, for which he received the Egyptian Medal, with a Clasp for the Battle of Tamaai and the Khedive's Bronze Star. The young Lieutenant's abilities were soon recognised by those in authority, for in September, 1884, he was appointed Staff Captain and boat officer in charge of a division of the boats used in the Nile expedition under General Earle, for the relief of General Gordon at Khartoum, and on the 10th February, 1885, took part in the Battle of Kirbekan, in which the Forty-Second lost many officers and men in killed and wounded, including Colonel Coveney, General Earle also being among the slain. Captain MacRae was awarded clasps for this battle and for the Nile expedition, and received honourable mention in despatches for his services. In the following year he moved with his regiment from Egypt to Malta, and in 1889 he came home to the regimental depot at Perth. He was promoted to the rank of Captain in 1890, and in the same year was

transferred to the third battalion of the Royal Highlanders—the old Perthshire Militia. In 1889 he married Isabella Mary, second daughter of the late Mr. George Gilstrap, of Newark-on-Trent, and niece of the late Sir William Gilstrap, Bart., of Fornham Park, Suffolk, under whose will Captain John MacRae assumes the arms and name of Gilstrap, in addition to those of his own family. He has a family of five daughters, and an only son and heir called John Duncan George. Captain MacRae, who is of tall stature and commanding presence, is a good type of the Highland soldier, and that, not only in appearance but in sentiment as well, for he is a genuine Highlander, proud of his country and deeply interested and well versed in the best traditions of his race.

London.

ALEXANDER MACRAE.

THE PARTING ON THE BRIDGE.

The river ran so narrow, tho' deep, and cold, and dark,

It took the old stone bridge a single arch to span :
A single step for meeting, a single step to part,
And the river getting wider as it swept out i' the dark ?

We scarce knew why, sore angered each took the further shore,

Too proud to speak the word so soon, forgiveness to implore,

A span to come, a span to go,
So narrow was the river's flow,
Tho' deep, and cold, and dark.

The dews of eve were falling, falling, falling,
The fairy dews, the summer dews, on every bud and flower ;

I heard a soft voice calling, calling, calling,
Ochan a righ ! I loved him so, yet shamed to own his power ;

'Tis the large blue flowers I'm gathering,
I said, 'And not regret
Must have sent the dewdrops splashing
Till they left my cheeks so wet.'

Oh ! the river's getting wider as it sweeps out i' the dark,

And the wee stone bridge is fading out beyond the wooded park.

A span to come, a span to go,
So narrow was the river's flow
Tho' deep, and cold, and dark.

The heavy clouds are drifting, drifting, drifting,
The dark clouds, the night clouds, across the yellow moon ;

So witching low the kelpies' song was lilting, lilting,
Above the stream, upon the winds, a weird uncanny rune,

'Tis hard to wander out alone
Where deep and chill the shadows steal,
He could not hear my piteous moan,
I never heard his wild appeal.
Oh ! the river's getting wider as it sweeps out i' the dark,
And the wee stone bridge is blotted out forever from my sight.

A span to come, a span to go,
So narrow was the river's flow,
Tho' deep, and cold, and dark.

The sea mist was blinding, blinding, blinding,
The sea drift that tasted salt upon the lips ;
And the steep brae kept winding, winding, winding,
Down where the wide stream met the sailing ships.
Above the clouds, above the drift, a human soul in flight !

And a tender voice is calling, calling in the dark,
"Oh ! m'ulaidh bhàn, 'tis you to wait, the river's down in spate,

And the great ship is passing, passing in the night."
Oh ! the river's up and swollen, and rushing down sae wide,

There is no bridge for crossing when the river meets the tide !

A span to come, a span to go,
So narrow was the river's flow,
Tho' deep, and cold, and dark.

Where the river ran so narrow, tho' deep, and cold, and dark,

It would have ta'en but one wee word, the narrow stream to span :

A single word for meeting, and never more to part,
Tho' the river rushed out wildly as it swept out i' the dark.

How could we then remember the ancient, mystic lore,

That the parting on a bridge meant, to part for evermore.

A span to come, a span to go,
So narrow was the river's flow,
Tho' deep, and cold, and dark.

London.

ALICE C. MACDONELL,

Of Keppoch.

THE CLAN DONNACHAIDH have published an interesting little booklet, giving full particulars of the work of the Society since its inception, a list of members, which indicates that the clan has made excellent progress, and a financial statement proving that there is the handsome sum of £129 to the credit of the Society. Mrs. Robertson Matheson, the energetic Secretary, deserves credit for the prosperous position which the Society occupies.

CLAN MACLEAN.—The Memorial Cross which the Clan Maclean Association have erected in the Southern Necropolis at the grave of Lachlan Maclean, Coll, the author of the "History of the Celtic Languages" and a number of kindred works, is to be unveiled on Saturday, 27th June. The ceremony will be performed by Ex-Provost Maclean, a Vice-President of the Association.

CLUNY AND LADY CLUNY OF THE '45, AFTER CULLODEN.

By ALEXANDER MACPHERSON, KINGUSSIE.

IX.

THE SON OF CLUNY OF THE '45.

"On thee my son" (she fondly cried)
May happier planets shine;
And mayst thou never live to brook
A fate so hard as mine.

"And mayst thou heir thy father's worth,
But not his hapless doom,
To honour and thy country true
Mayst thou his rights resume!"

SUCH is the expression of the loving wishes Mrs. Grant of Laggan puts into the mouth of Lady Cluny of the '45 on the return of the latter to Badenoch from Dunkirk, where her husband, "the devoted Ewen of Cluny," died in exile in 1764—wishes which nearly a quarter of a century later were fortunately realised. In consequence of the prominent part that distinguished chief had



COLONEL DUNCAN MACPHERSON OF CLUNY.

(THE ONLY SON OF CLUNY OF THE '45)

From a miniature at Cluny Castle.

taken in the '45, and his enthusiastic devotion to the Stewart cause, the family castle which he had rebuilt with so much pains two or three years previously was, as already stated, soon after "the day of dool on bleak Culloden's bloody moor," burnt to the ground. The Cluny estates were at the same time confiscated, the chief himself being outlawed, and afterwards hunted like a wild beast in the mountain fastnesses of Badenoch for the long period of nine years.

"I think of the days of Prince Charlie
When the North spent its valour in vain.

And the blood of the brave and the loyal
Was poured at Culloden like rain."

The son of Cluny and Lady Cluny of the '45 (their only one) was born in 1748 in a *kiln* (near the blackened ruins of the castle), where the homeless and grief-stricken mother was, at the time constrained to take shelter, and for a long time he was popularly known in Badenoch as *Dannach na h-ath*, or *Duncan of the kiln*. Left in the Highlands, under careful guardianship, after his father and mother had escaped to France in 1755, it was to him, when a boy of thirteen years old at school in Inverness, that

his devoted mother wrote from Dunkirk the touching and remarkable letter quoted in the *Celtic* for January last.

As generally known, it was the famous William Pitt, "the great Commoner," who seeking, as he said, "for merit wherever it could be found" made it his boast that he "was the first minister who looked for it, and found it, in the mountains of the north! I called it forth," he continued, "and drew into your service a hardy and intrepid race of men, men who, when left by your jealousy, became a prey to the artifices of your enemies, and had gone nigh to have overturned the State in the war before last. These men in the last war were brought to combat on your side; they served with fidelity, as they fought with valour, and conquered for you in every quarter of the world." In accordance with the prudent and generous policy initiated by that eminent statesman, young Cluny was, in his early manhood, offered and accepted a commission in the 71st Regiment (Fraser's Highlanders) and took a distinguished part in the American War of Independence, proving himself a true representative of the warrior race of the old Clan Chattan. In an interesting letter written by him a few weeks before his death in 1817, to Colonel (afterwards General) Stewart of Garth, he thus describes the raising of the famous regiment in which he had so long served:—

"With regard to the 71st Highlanders, they were raised in the year 1775, and in the short space (if I recollect right) of three months, and consisted of two battalions of 1,000 rank and file each. The men were all from Scotland, and chiefly from the Highlands, and that is not surprising when I inform you that there were no less than seven chiefs in the regiment, viz:—Lovat, Lochiel, Macleod, Mackintosh, Chisholm, Lamont of Lamont, and your humble servant, most of whom brought 100 men to the regiment. They got no drilling before they embarked, but they got a little while on the voyage to America, particularly in firing ball at a mark, at which they were very expert before they landed. They had only one fortnight's drilling on Staten Island before they were engaged with the enemy, and upon all occasions, whether battle, skirmish, or rencounter, from the day they were first engaged till the last, that is to say, whatever the general success or fate of the day was, that part of the enemy opposed to the 71st always gave way. The next year after they went abroad they had 200 recruits sent them, and out of the 2,200 men only 175 men came home alive, and I got the out-pension for most of them, being at that time a Colonel in the 3rd Regiment of Guards, and had, fortunately for them, every opportunity of attending the Chelsea Board. There is another circumstance worth mentioning, when the regiment was inspected on the Green of Glasgow they had 150 supernumeraries that were obliged to be left behind, and, what is a little extraordinary, most of the companies had three or four men who stole on board ship

unknown to their officers, and did not discover themselves until we were out of the sight of land for fear of being sent on shore again. These men followed the regiment merely out of attachment to their officers and comrades. Lochiel brought 100 fine Highlanders from Lochaber, and Mrs. Macpherson* tells me that the Clan Cameron remitted Lochiel's rents to him while in France, which is certainly much to their credit."

Browne in his "History of the Highlands," relates that the 71st Highlanders were in 1779 "employed in an enterprise against Boston Creek, a strong position defended by upwards of two thousand men, besides one thousand men occupied in detached stations. The front of this position was protected by a deep swamp, and the only approach in that way was by a narrow causeway. On each flank were thick woods nearly impenetrable, except by the drier parts of the swamps which intersected them, but the position was more open in the rear. To dislodge the enemy from this stronghold, which caused considerable annoyance, Lieutenant-Colonel Duncan Macpherson, with the first battalion of the 71st, was directed to march upon the front of the position, whilst Colonel Prevost and Lieutenant-Colonels Maitland and Macdonald, with the second battalion, the light infantry, and a party of provincials, were ordered to attempt the rear by a circuitous route of many miles. The combined movements were executed with such precision that in ten minutes after Colonel Macpherson had appeared at the head of the causeway in front, the fire of the body in the rear was heard. Sir James Baird, with the light infantry, rushing through the opening in the swamps, on the left flank, the enemy were overpowered after a short resistance."

"O thoughts of the past! ye bring sadness,
And vain is the wish that once more
The great grassy glens that are silent
Were homes of the brave as of yore."

After the rents had been appropriated by the Crown for the long period of thirty-eight years, the Cluny estates were, through the unwearied exertions of James Macpherson, the translator of Ossian's poems, restored to the Cluny family in 1784. High in favour with the Government of the time, the estates were offered to the translator himself, but with characteristic generosity, and the devoted feelings of a true clansman towards his chief, he declined the offer, and ultimately succeeded in placing the property in the hands of the rightful owner—the son and heir of Cluny of the '45.

* Mrs. Macpherson was a daughter of Sir Ewen Cameron of Fassfern.

(To be continued).



H. L. MACDONALD.

H. L. MACDONALD, OF DUNACH.

THE Macdonalds of Dunach, near Oban, trace their descent from Hector or Eachann, 2nd son of Ruari MacAlain Macdonald, III. of Clanranald, and thus belongs to that distinguished and the Clan Donald known as the MacEachains. It embraces various forms of the clan name, such as MacEachinn, Mac-

powerful branch of the Clan Donald known as the MacEachains. It embraces various forms of the clan name, such as MacEachinn, Mac-

eachin, MacAlister, etc., and many of its members have raised themselves to positions of eminence in various walks of life, especially in the military profession, which has always had a charm for Highlanders beyond that of any other profession or trade. To this branch belonged the famous Marshal Macdonald, Duke of Tarentum, who played such a prominent part in the wars of Napoleon Bonaparte.

The MacDonalds of Dunach may therefore claim an ancient and honourable ancestry. Dr. Alexander MacEachinn (or Macdonald), son of the Hector already referred to, married Margaret, daughter of Ruald MacAlister of



DUNACH HOUSE AND GROUNDS.

Strathaird, Isle of Skye, by his wife Ann, daughter of Alexander Macdonald, VI. of Kingsburgh. Their son, Charles Macdonald of Ord, in Skye, represented the family on the death of his elder brothers, and his son, Neil Macleod Macdonald, was father of the subject of this sketch. He married Madeline, daughter of the Rev. John Henry Brown, Vicar of Langford, Notts, who is descended from an old Yorkshire family, and traces her descent back to a Sir John Rudston, Lord of the Manor of Hayton, in Yorkshire, in the reign of King John, A.D. 1205. Charles Macdonald of Ord married Ann, daughter of Captain Neil

MacLeod, of Gesto, Isle of Skye, the well-known authority on pipe music. He published in 1828 a small book containing twenty piobaireachds to illustrate the MacCrimmon system of pipe music notation. The Gesto family were famous Gaelic musicians, and Dr. Keith Norman Macdonald, of Edinbane, Skye, also a descendant of this talented Highlander, paid a graceful tribute to Captain MacLeod's memory by dedicating to him his recently published "Gesto Collection of Highland Music." The Dunach family is worthily represented by its present head, Mr. H. L. Macdonald. He was born in 1871 at Attadale,

in Ross-shire, and received his education at Cargilfield, near Edinburgh, at Harrow from 1885 to '90, and afterwards at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, where he took his B.A. degree in Law Examination in 1893. He then went to India, where he has spent the last two-and-a-

half years in indigo planting. He is a member of that splendid cavalry force, the Behar Light Horse, which is considered the finest body of volunteer horsemen in India. Mr. Macdonald is fond of all sorts of athletic exercises, and when at Harrow was in the football eleven, and



DUNACH HOUSE—FRONT-VIEW

represented his college when at Cambridge, both at cricket and football, being captain of the latter team. He is also a proficient performer on the bagpipes, thus keeping up the musical reputation of his family.

Mr. Macdonald has returned to the Highlands, where he has received a very hearty Highland welcome from a host of old friends.

EDITOR.

BONNIE STRATHDEARN.

I know the bright sheen of the pure Arctic snowflake,
And the sweet balmy perfume of isles in the sea;
Where the people all feast on the nourishing hoe-
cake—

No more they bring comfort or pleasure to me.

I will hie me to where the howling storm gathers,
And sweeps o'er the shieling, the clachan, the
cairn ;

To the home of my youth, where slumber my
fathers,
On the banks of the Findhorn, in bonnie Strath-
dearn.

The breath of the tempest my nerve-force will
strengthen ;

The odour of heather and fragrant green pine
Will vivify torpor ; my lifetime will lengthen
Midst scenes so romantic, entrancing, sublime.

I will spread me a couch of fresh mountain
heather ;

My thirst I will quench with a draught at the
spring ;

I will list to the music of songster in feather ;
In commune with nature, her charms I will
sing.

The shades of my sires will hover around me,
And the dear little fairies, who danced by the
streams ;

Tho' wreckage of homes may grieve and astound
me,

The friends of my youth I may meet in my
dreams.

The years may be few till my tenure is ended—
My task all accomplished—from labour at rest ;
I will follow the trail of those who ascended
To realms beatific—the home of the blest.

New York.

P. MACPHERSON.

CUAN OF THE SPOILS.

(A LEGEND OF LOCHBROOM, ROSS-SHIRE.)

THE Dun of Langwell is built on an acute angled promontory formed by the junction of two streams. These, assisted by various other natural agencies, have cut out for themselves an immense ravine from the mica schist rock. The outer defence of the Dun is built on the brink of this rock, and the walls are in places from twelve to fifteen feet thick, formed of large undressed stones. The architecture of the building has been a curious one, for we find that, while the outside of the wall is composed of large stones, the centre is made up of long slabs all standing on end, with here and there a big round boulder between them. Very few small stones seem to have been used, while mortar of every kind was dispensed with. Inside the fort's wall there appeared to have been several buildings of considerable size, but it is difficult to say at this time of day, from the scanty materials remaining, whether these were intended for habitations, and if so, on what principle they were built. During the last two centuries many stones were taken from the Dun for building several of the crofters' houses in the vicinity, but anyone visiting the old ruin can easily see for himself that it must have been a large building.

Some years ago, when on a visit to this part of the country, an article of mine was published in the *Northern Chronicle* about Dun Conn and its legend. In it I casually mentioned the Dun at Langwell. According to local and popular legend Conn, a Norwegian chief, erected both these Duns during the period that the Norsemen held sway in the West Highlands. Dun Conn is built on a high headland overlooking the sea at the foot of Craigmor, Keanchulish, and the Dun at Langwell on a rock very similar but inland and in sight of Dun Cuan. Conn, it is said, was in possession of both Duns, or forts, when he met with his tragic end; the one he used as a sea defence and the other as his mountain fortress. After his death his followers abandoned the neighbourhood, while both Duns were left unoccupied. It is stated, however, that owing to what happened to their chief at Dun Conn, they partly demolished it, so that it could not be used again, but that the Dun at Langwell was left intact.

Tradition strongly avers that a subsequent tenant of Langwell's Dun, or fort, was a notorious robber, or *creachadair*, who committed

many diabolical and outrageous crimes in the district. He was known by the sobriquets of *Cuan Mòr na Beinne*, Great Cuan of the hills, and *Cuan Mòr Eirionnach*, Cuan the big Irishman, which names indicate that he was, at least, of Irish extraction. It is said that he had a desperate band of outlaws in his service, and many vile acts of atrocity are attributed to them. The story has it that he was leader of a large band of ruffians, and that some gross crime was committed for which he and a number of his followers had to leave Ireland. They took a boat and landed at the Summer Isles, which are at the mouth of Lochbroom, where he stayed for some time with the robbers that then inhabited these islands, and infested the coast around, as stated by George Buchanan in his *Latin History of Scotland*. These robbers had no doubt seen that Cuan would be likely to prove a useful member of their band, and enticed him to go as a raider to the mainland. Leaving the Summer Isles he landed at Keanchulish and took possession of the Dun.

The stronghold from its natural position being impregnable in those days of rude warfare, no doubt made the ruffian and his associates more exacting than they would otherwise have been, had they possessed a more defenceless place. It is said that he made many predatory incursions into the lowlands of the east coast of Sutherlandshire and Ross-shire, from which places he possessed himself of many a good bullock. This booty he seemed to have shared with his comrades in the Isles. The route that he generally took with his plunder from the low-country was by Ardgay, Strathcarron, Strathvache, Strathcullenach, and Rappach to Langwell, by glens and passes rising by degrees from the sea-level at Ardgay, to about three thousand feet on the heights above Langwell.

It is related that on one of these predatory expeditions to the east side of the county, he one day encountered a most charming young woman, who seemed to cast a much greater spell over him than even the worth of her father's cattle. Cuan was in the act of taking away the cattle when he met her, and she said that the cattle were her father's. He left them and betook himself to some other sphere of operation and business. On returning home he could not rest but kept thinking about her, and at last declared that he would go and carry her off as expeditiously as he usually lifted the cattle. Cuan could neither rest nor sleep for thinking of her. He waited for a few nights to see if this strange feeling called love would wear away, but delay only seemed to make him more miserable.—

"Time but the impression stronger makes
As streams their channels deeper wear."

At last he could stand it no longer, so on the third day after seeing her, he and his men sallied forth at the break of day. After various detours, and with much dexterity, Cuan succeeded before the following day in capturing his prize, and then made full speed for his mountain retreat, where he arrived in due time. Overjoyed at his success, and his attendants making merry at the same time, he had neglected to take the ordinary precautions to see his place properly secured as was his wont, with the result that the lady's friends, who had come after them, found no

difficulty in gaining admission by the outer entrance. Poor Cuan was seized and taken to the highest summit of the wall and mercilessly thrown down the deep chasm, where he was dashed to pieces, and so perished this much dreaded personage in his seeming hour of triumph.

Cuan's followers escaped by some back entrance and made their way to the sea at Keanchulish, where they embarked for the Summer Isles to join the outlaws of that region. The Dun was demolished as much as possible by the infuriated friends of the lady, and was not again occupied, yet the ruins still provide a good shelter, and the outer wall and rock on



KEANCHULISH, WHERE CUAN LANDED.

which it is built, serve also as a safe nesting place for the raven.

No wonder that the people living in the vicinity of the Dun should have looked upon it as haunted, for they often had good reasons for doing so, according to the many ghost stories circulated. The people of the old township of Gluach had got so familiar with the different ghosts connected with this place that latterly they thought nothing of it. The good people of Strathcannard, who lived nearly opposite the Dun, are said to have heard many an eldritch sound coming from the ruins in days gone by. The following story is said to be "well authenticated!"

Two men were, one morning early in spring, ploughing in a field near it, both of them being very thirsty. One of them expressed a wish for a drink of sowans to quench his thirst, as also did the other, when suddenly there appeared a handsome young lady carrying a large jug full of sowans. She offered it to the man who had first spoken, but he refused, saying that he neither wanted herself nor the drink.

"Take it," said she, "it will do you more good than your mother's milk." However, he refused it. She then gave it to the other, who reluctantly drank of it.

"Is it good?" she asked.

"Yes," said he, "I never enjoyed anything better."

"Good shall it make thee," said she, "long life, health, wealth, and prosperity be thine, but he who refused it, after expressing his desire, shall never taste sowans again."

With these words she disappeared in the direction of the Dun, and it is said that the man who refused the drink died that night, while the other, who emigrated to the Colonies, earned great fame, and died a very old man.

Within the memory of the present generation, the nightly visions of the Dun have not been seen. Its ghosts have departed, as they seem to have done everywhere else, and the local traditions are sharing a like fate, they are fast also becoming a tradition. Now-a-days the good old-fashioned Highland ghosts appear more frightened for man than man was for them fifty years ago.

Edinburgh.

GEORGE MORRISON.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

SIR—I hope you will allow me to express a few of my views on the quality of material which, as I think, ought to appear in the *Celtic Monthly*. As a magazine I think the *Celtic Monthly* ought chiefly to appeal to enlightened Scotsmen, especially *Highlanders*, well versed in the history of their country, and lovers of *truth* as regards the former state and condition of their land.

Sentiment has had its day. We are sick to death of speeches at *soirées* and other assemblages of *Highlanders* extolling the brave and heroic deeds of their ancestors, the blameless and chivalrous heroes of the olden time, etc. Language of such an inflated nature tends to convince Southerners of the inferior intelligence displayed by such speakers and their audiences, when it is known that *Highlanders'* accepted family and clan histories, as well as histories by others not *Highlanders*, prove them from the earliest times to have been prone to rebellions, treacheries, and internal feud. There were, no doubt, brave and noble men in the olden times, and let their deeds be *truthfully* recorded. But from the language of the type of speechmaker quoted above, one would imagine the *Highlanders* a people, the most *uninteresting* on earth. It is their revengeful tendencies and their animism that make the *Highlanders* interesting to the student of men, or to the artist; and so with *every* people at their stage of civilization—they are *true men* with men's instincts, which are not invariably heroic. What is often the only quality to be admired in the clan tales? The fortitude and suffering displayed by some individual in the concealment and nourishment of the true heir, in order that he may, when grown up, succeed to his own, and take vengeance on the usurpers. We also find the devotion of the clansman to his chief. Apart from these excellent characteristics, there is not so very much to be admired in the ancient annals of the clans, except courage, which is the

inheritance of most primitive races. What makes the former history of the *Highlanders* picturesque, paintable, and romantic? It was the spice of the wild human animal about them. In modern days there is far too much of the "Mutual Admiration Society" in the *Gaels* who write about themselves—"gas," it really is, and humbug. It is largely observable in the tales and clan histories written at the present day by men who ought to know better. If the subject is approached in the true spirit and authorities given for every statement and opinion, the interest of men of letters will be drawn to the subject, and the *Celtic Monthly* quoted as an authority on folklore, historical accuracy, etc.

Why is it that "Burt's Letters from the North" (a book offensive to many *Highlanders*) is considered now to be the best authority on the state of the *Highlands* in the first half of last century? Simply because the man states what he saw impartially, or without any bias on the Highland side. He gives a true picture, softens down nothing, of the state of the country as he, an educated Englishman, saw it.

Let readers with a knowledge of Gaelic and who intend to record a tale or bit of story, either quote a reliable MS. on the subject, or if near the spot of the occurrence, get some old person to tell the story in Gaelic and translate literally what he or she says into English. This will be a record of a *real* tradition, be it true or not, but how inadvisable to concoct the story at second hand, or at most from some source not so direct as this. It is possible still to obtain at first hand from natives many old and curious tales of former times. Campbell in his "West Highland Tales" has shown a most excellent example of how it ought to be done.

Hoping some of your readers will contribute some tales taken down in the manner described.

I am, yours faithfully,

Bushey, Herts.

LOCKHART BOGLE.

THE CLAN GREGOR VISIT THEIR CHIEF ON THE CHANNEL FLEET.—During the visit of the Channel Fleet to the Clyde recently, several Directors of Clan Gregor Society embraced the occasion to pay a visit to their young Chief, Sir Malcolm MacGregor of MacGregor, Bart., who is a Lieutenant on board H.M.S. "Majestic," Vice-Admiral Lord Walter Kerr's flagship. The party were most cordially received by Sir Malcolm, while they heartily welcomed their Chief to the Clyde. Thereafter the party made a tour round the great war vessel. Sir Malcolm acting as cicerone, who described graphically and scientifically the latest improvements and inventions in the armament and general details of the "Majestic," which are alone to be found in this the most recently commissioned line of battle-ship. Subsequently the company adjourned to the officers' quarters, where they partook of Sir Malcolm's hospitality, and conversed for some time on the affairs and prospects of the Clan Gregor Society, which was founded in 1822 on the initiative of the host's great-grandfather, Sir Evan J. Murray MacGregor, Bart. Thereafter the party went ashore well pleased with their visit. Amongst the Directors of the Society present were Ex-Provost MacGregor, Crichton; John MacGregor, Esq., Royal Exchange, Glasgow; John MacGregor, Esq., Solicitor, Greenock; Captain A. Ronald MacGregor, Glasgow, etc.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.



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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

JULY, 1896

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GRAND SUMMER NUMBER.

OUR next issue will take the form of a Grand Summer Number, which, both in regard to contributions and illustrations, will be the most attractive number of the *Celtic* yet published. Plate portraits will be given of Mr., Mrs., and Miss Littlejohn of Inverchauron, Ross-shire; Surgeon General Sir W. A. Mackinnon, London (a native of Skye), late Director General of the Army Medical Department; and the Marchioness D'Oyley (née Macdonald of Keppoch), Paris. In addition to these, a choice selection of interesting illustrated contributions, in prose and verse, will be given. Our efforts to make the *Celtic* really worthy of the Highlands, and representative of the best of its present-day literature, have been warmly appreciated by our countrymen in all parts of the globe, our list of subscribers receiving considerable additions each month. A great deal can yet be done by our readers towards increasing the circulation of the *Monthly*, by recommending it to their Highland friends. We will be glad to send circulars to such as are willing to distribute copies. In this way many new subscribers could be added to our list.

CLAN MACKAY SOCIETY.—A very distinguished clansman has just enrolled as a life member—we refer to the Rev. George Leslie Mackay, D.D., of Formosa, Japan. Dr. Mackay published recently a most interesting volume "In Far Formosa," in which he gave an account of his many years' experiences as a missionary of the Canadian Presbyterian Church in that distant island. After

spending a brief holiday with his wife and family in Canada and Scotland, where he visited Sutherland to view the ancient home of his clan, he has just returned to Formosa where he intends to spend the rest of his days. His sons wear the Highland garb in "Far Formosa," which shows that distance only makes the heart turn fondly towards the things which identify the Gaelic race among all others. Among the recent additions to the clan membership may be mentioned Mr. W. J. Ansell, Durnaca, Cyprus, whose grandfather, David Mackay, R.E., fought at the Battle of Waterloo.

CLAN MENZIES SOCIETY.—Mr. D. P. Menzies, Clan Secretary, has just received ten guineas from Mr. Robert Menzies, Stirling, as a donation towards the clan bursary fund.

"LAYS OF THE HEATHER."

To the Editor of the *Celtic Monthly*,

My Dear Sir,

I feel sure I give expression, though in a crude way, in the following lines, to the sentiments of all who have read Miss A. C. MacDonell's "Lays of the Heather," especially Highlanders, who, on the waves of fortune or misfortune, have been carried far from their native glens.

Like the fragrant breath of summer

Wafted from Lochaber's braes,

To the scattered sons of Albyn

Come those charming, welcome "Lays."

"Lays," the sluggish pulse that quicken,

Set the heart with fire aglow,

And awaken recollections

Of the days of long ago.

Sunny, happy days of childhood

(That shall never more return),

When we romped among the heather,

And we paddled in the burn.

Fraught with story, song, and legend,

Noble deeds of other days;

Love of country, love of kindred,

Are those sweet, and stirring "Lays."

Soft at times like summer zephyrs

Passing over heath and lea,

Or a Highland mother's croon

To the child upon her knee.

And at times they sound the slogan,

Or the piobrach's martial strain,

And the heroes that have vanished,

Stand before us, armed, again.

Long may Keppoch's gifted Bardess

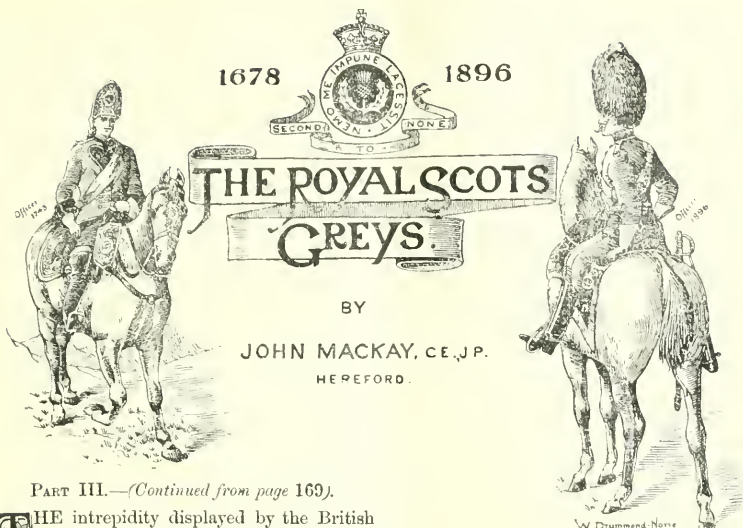
Wield her graceful, charming pen,

Sing of Albyn's glens and mountains,

And the deeds of Highland men.

Hatfield, Herts.

ANGUS MACKINTOSH.



PART III.—(Continued from page 169).

THE intrepidity displayed by the British soldiers, especially the Scots, at Steinkerke, Landen, and Siege of Namur, was the theme of admiration of all the foreign commanders, whether French, German, or Dutch, in fact the judgment of all the great warriors whom the nations of Western Europe sent to the confluence of the Sambre and Meuse was, that the British officer was inferior to no officer, and the British soldier to no soldier in Christendom.

Next year the Scots Greys were encamped behind the canal, between Ghent and Bruges, watching the movements of Marshal Villeroi. In 1697 peace was made at Ryswick, and in 1698 the Greys returned to Scotland.

In 1701 the regiment was first mounted on grey horses, from which circumstance it obtained the distinctive appellation by which it has ever since been so famous. The "Scots Greys" is an appellation revered by Scotland for the gallant deeds done by the regiment on every field of fight in which it took part, from the surprise of Cromdale 1690, to the Soudan in 1886, nearly two centuries. The distinction of having grey horses given it was conferred by William for its steadiness and gallantry in the four years' campaigning in the Netherlands. The grey horses constitute it a distinctive Scottish cavalry regiment—the only one—as much as the tartans and the kilts constitute the Highland regiments to be Scottish, and to be known as such, by friend, and feared by foe—distinctive which have created an

esprit de corps such as has never been surpassed, conducing to unflinching valour, uniformly good discipline and invariably good conduct in battle and in quarters, as the whole history of the Scots Greys and the Highland regiments testify. The bulk of mankind is more or less governed by sentiment and cherished ancient ideas. So long is these conducing to order, to love of country, and pride of race, and animate the soldier in the day of battle, on the weary toilsome march, in the cheerless uncomfortable bivouac, why do away with these talismen? why meddle with distinctions which have become national, and as much prized by Scotland as by her gallant soldiers? Their distinctive horses and distinctive uniforms mark these regiments to be Scottish. No War Office tailoring can improve them. Were the War Office ruled by common sense the verdict would be "let well alone." It is gratifying to learn that the rumour of the 2nd Royal North British Dragoons being about to be deprived of their grey horses after nearly two hundred years' service and trial, is not true. The Scots Greys and Highland regiments are emblems of their country. Scotland regards them as such, and resents tampering with her regiments. The whole affair is not a military question, it is a Scottish National question.

It has been said that the Scots Greys are to be linked with other cavalry battalions—be it

so, but let them preserve their present distinctness. Many years ago they were brigaded with the Royals and Inniskilliners, constituting the famous "Union Brigade," and what brigade performed more doughty deeds at Waterloo and in the Crimea? Fighting generals take care how to link troops for battle, so as to sustain national emulation and keep up the spirits of the men. War Office officials seem to ignore that officers and soldiers are actuated by sentiment and *esprit de corps*. In no service under the Crown is sentiment or *esprit de corps* so much cherished and cultivated as in the Scottish regiments, and it would be a

fatal mistake to permit anything tending to lessen it to be done. The gallant Greys is one of the best regiments in Europe. Was the War Office envious or jealous of it, when it was rumoured that it was to be assimilated to other English cavalry regiments? Why so? It is the only Scottish cavalry regiment we have. Let it remain as it is. The regiment itself disapproves of any change. Surely that is enough.

In 1702 the Greys were despatched to Holland and joined the allied army under the command of the famous Marlborough, the first General of his time, who besieged not a town



SCOTS GREYS AT ALDERSHOT.

but he took it, who fought not a battle but he won it, and who never beat a retreat. Opposed to the best Marshals of France, he beat them all.

He ever paid the closest attention to the commissariat and supply services upon which so much of the well being of the soldier depends. Under his command the British soldier attracted universal admiration, so well disciplined, so well clad and fed, while they won the good will of the inhabitants by their behaviour, taking nothing without payment. It was this discipline, still further improved by him, that gave Marlborough much of his supremacy over the Marshals of France.

In his first campaign, 1702, Marlborough out-maneuvring Marshals Boufflers and Tallard, reduced Venloo, Ruremond, and Stevenswaert, and captured Liege. At all these sieges the Greys had so distinguished themselves that at the close of the campaign a squadron of their regiment was selected to escort Marlborough from Maestricht to the Hague.

On this journey an incident happened that might have terminated his career as a conqueror. He descended the Meuse in a boat accompanied by a guard of twenty-five men. At Ruremond he was joined by General Cohorn

in a large boat and sixty men. the Greys marching along the banks of the river. During the night the latter lost their way. At the same time the large boat outsailed the other, and Marlborough was left with his scanty guard of five and twenty men. In this situation he was surprised by a French partizan from Gueldre, who, with thirty-five men was lurking among the reeds. Suddenly seizing the tow-rope they rushed on board, overpowering the guard. Marlborough's companions had obtained French passes, but he himself had disdained to ask such a favour from an enemy. Preserving his wonted calmness, however, he presented his captors with an old French pass in the possession of one of

his attendants. The date had expired, but his unruffled deportment awakening no suspicion, the pass was not carefully examined, and the adventurers after pillaging the vessel permitted him to proceed on his way. Had they but scrutinised the pass more closely the Battle of Blenheim might never have been fought.

In 1703 the Scots Greys had several engagements with the enemy, but their career of distinction may more justly be dated from the year ensuing.

In this campaign Marlborough was continually thwarted by the Dutch Generals and Deputies sent to control the operations of the army, nevertheless he captured Limburg and Gueldre, and gained various other advantages



OFFICER OF PIKEMEN. (OF THE PERIOD OF MARLBOROUGH.) MUSKETEER.

which proved to the French Marshals that they had to do with a military genius.

In the spring of 1704 Marlborough determined to carry the war into Bavaria, the Elector of which was the close ally of Louis 14th, and thus to relieve Vienna from the pressure of the French armies. By a series of the most skilful stratagems he hoodwinked the French Marshals and so concealed his intentions from them, that, by his rapid marches, he was on the bank of the Danube before they had any idea that he left the Moselle.

The passage of the Danube was protected by a large army under the command of the Elector of Bavaria, who, as soon as he per-

ceived the intention of Marlborough, despatched 10,000 infantry and 2,500 cavalry to occupy and intrench the heights of Schellenberg, which completely commanded the passage of the Danube through Donauwerth. This position was of formidable strength. Marlborough attentively noted the disposition of the enemy as well as the local peculiarities of the place, and having completed his survey rode back to meet his advancing troops. He determined to attack that very day. To those who suggested doubts or advised delay, his reply was "the delay of every single hour will cost the loss of a thousand men."

(To be continued).

**SURGEON-GENERAL MUNRO, C.B.,
M.D., LL.D., LONDON.**

SURGEON-GENERAL MUNRO is the son of the late William Munro, Inspector-General of Hospitals, and was born in 1823, took his degree at Glasgow, and L.R.C.S. in Edinburgh, in 1844, and was made Hon. LL.D. of Glasgow University in 1888.

He entered the Medical Department of

H.M. Army in 1844, became Surgeon in 1854, and going through the regular steps of promotion, became Surgeon-General in 1876. He served in the Kaffir War of 1846-7, in the Crimean Campaign 1854-5, also in the Indian Mutiny Campaign of 1857-8, and with the Euzufzai Field Force 1863; was mentioned in despatches and thanked by the Governor-General in Council, and created Companion of the Bath in 1865—making a total service of thirty-six years—twenty-five of which were

passed on Foreign Service and five years on War Service, having been present at fifteen Battles and Engagements, and at the Sieges of Sebastopol and Lucknow. For these services Surgeon-General Munro has received the following decorations:—The Companionship of the Order of the Bath, and the fifth class of the Turkish Order of the Medjidie; the medal for South Africa, the medal and three clasps for the Crimea, with the Turkish War medal; the medal and two clasps for the Indian Mutiny, and the medal

and clasp for the Euzufzai Campaign, India, in 1863. And not long before his retirement he received the reward of £100 a year for distinguished military service.

These are the bare outlines (but they speak for themselves) of a long and varied public career, and of a life of great usefulness to his fellow men; and, although many of these have passed away, many still remain who can and do testify to the value of the services rendered to them in days gone by, by their old surgeon,

comrade, and friend. And he who has been brought through these stirring times, and lived this life of action, now walks in and out in our midst, modestly and calmly, as if war and pestilence, labour and hardship were things wholly unknown to him. In Surgeon-General Munro's '*Records of Service and Campaigning in Many Lands*,' dedicated by permission to H.R.H. the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, he tells us that his eyes are now turned "towards the sunset," but the outward man does not



bear, as one would expect, the marks of the hard life that has been gone through, and his life has its pleasures still, and its usefulness in quiet paths, brightened by many happy memories, and blessed with the consciousness of duty done and rest earned. Since his retirement from the Service in 1881, Surgeon-General Munro has become known to many as the author of '*Reminiscences of Military Service with the 93rd Sutherland Highlanders*,' and of '*Records of Service and Campaigning in Many Lands*.'

THE BLACK FISHER OF LOCHSANNISH.

(A KINTYRE LEGEND.)



MULL OF KINTYRE

The sunset lies red on the sorrowful shores,
The waters are touched as with flame,
The gruesome Black Fisherman bends to his oars,
And calls on an unhallowed name.
He laughs in his beard as he chants his wild lay,
(Such laughter is awful to hear),
He sings of the kain* that ere long he must pay
To ransom his soul for a year.

"The Lord of the Lost looketh well to his gains,
And jealously counteth his doles,
He knoweth the hour when his vassals their kains
Must pay as the price of their souls.
A year and a day all the grace they may win,
Not longer the Evil One waits,
They must bring him his due, or the Father of Sin
Shall open Hell's pitiless gates."

"And not from the waves may I gather the spoil,
(A pure maiden's life is the cost),
From the land I must win by my craft or my toil
My gift for the Lord of the Lost.
I must win me a maid who shall give me her love,
Unasked,—who shall bow to my spell,
And deem me an angel of light from above,
Nor wake till she waketh in Hell."

On the chill, sullen waters the coracle rides,
But where has the Black Fisher fled?
To the chief's lonely keep, where in darkness abides
The saintliest maid man may wed.
Afar, on the mountains the red glory dies,
Fair Ellen sees nought of its light,
Her white soul is dreaming, but ah! her soft eyes
Are sealed in perpetual night.

"Oh! list ye my women, sweet music I hear,
Such songs as might herald the birth
Of Mary's Blest Babe when the shepherds drew
near
To welcome their Lord to this earth."
High swells the clear strain, gentle Ellen is wrapped
In a vision of beauty and bliss,
Her soul in a trance of enchantment is lapped,
Ne'er knew she such rapture as this.

Fast falls on Lochsannish the deepening night,
But who 'is the stranger that waits,—

And silently watches the tower on the height,
And the singer who chants at its gates?
Chill, chill blows the night wind, the wild waters
moan,
The Black Fisher's spell is complete,
Sweet Ellen steals forth in the darkness alone,
With willing, yet lingering feet.

Ah! what can avail her, or succour her now,
Who goeth unasked to her doom?
The watcher stands calm by the coracle's prow,
His eyes shine like stars in the gloom.
"Haste! haste thee Black Fisher, the time draweth
near,
The hours of thy grace will be done,
Thy kain must be paid ere the moon shall appear,
Or the Lord of the Lost will have won."

Loud laughs the Black Fisher—he pauses a space,
Then thrusts as to leave the dim land,
But the frail barque obeys not, it rocks in its place,
Though strives he with foot and with hand.
"Oh! haste thee, Black Fisher"—he turns him at
bay,
(Small grace for fair Ellen I ween),
He springs like the sleuth-hound of death on his
prey—
But the stranger stands calmly between.

No longer a stranger in meanest attire,
His garments gleam whiter than snow,
That stern face of sorrow, that weapon of fire,
Full well does the Black Fisher know.
"Avant thee, thou servant of Satan! thy spell
Hath failed;—thou shalt pay thy own dole,
For thee, even now, the dread portals of Hell
Yawn wide to receive thy lost soul."

Loud shrieks the Black Fisher,—the wild water
leaps,
The coracle flies like the wind,
On! on to destruction's dread abyss it sweeps,
For the pale moon is rising behind.
The old raven croaks, o'er Lochsannish he hies,
He scans its dark bosom in vain,
No fisher, no boat on its wave he deseries,
The Lord of the Lost has his kain.

* "Kain"—Old Scottish for tribute to a superior.

NOTE.—Many legends of the Black Fisherman were current in Kintyre. Lochsannish (the Black Loch) was a dismal sheet of water of considerable extent. It is now only a memory, having been drained completely and its area converted into smiling fields of grain or green pastures. I trust my somewhat fanciful rendering of the legend may be found amusing.

JANET A. McCULLOCH.

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER, PASTE, and SOAPS are too well known to need special remark, but to those who have not tried them it may be said that, both from the points of view of health and comfort, it would be impossible to use better articles.

DUNCAN MACGREGOR, J.P., ARNGASK.

MR. DUNCAN MACGREGOR, of Arngask, Glenfarg, Perthshire, whose portrait we give this month, is a scion of one of the most notable families of the Clan Gregor—whose members have made their mark in the present day, as well as distinguished themselves by their prowess in the more sanguinary struggles of the days of long ago.

Mr. MacGregor was born at Kinloch Rannoch, and received his education at the village school, and the Perth Academy. Thereafter he served a four years' apprenticeship with a

firm of Solicitors at Pitlochry, but not finding law to his liking he entered into a business partnership with an elder brother in Edinburgh. Six years later he begun on his own account, and soon succeeded in building up a most flourishing manufacturing business. Mr. MacGregor cannot join with his clansmen in the refrain, "we are landless," for he has purchased the charming estate of Arngask, in his native county, which is rapidly becoming one of the most popular fashionable summer resorts in the district. He is feuing the land to meet the demand for houses, and otherwise developing his property. He occupies quite a number of public offices in the county, among



ARNGASK HOUSE.

others he is a Commissioner of Supply, a Justice of Peace, and a County Councillor, having defeated Sir Robert D. Moncrieff by a large majority last December. He is also a Parish Councillor, Chairman of the Arngask School Board, etc

Like his brother, Dr. Donald MacGregor, late M.P. for Inverness-shire, the subject of our sketch is a keen Liberal, and takes an active part in politics. He is Vice-President of the Strathmiglo Liberal Association, and on the executive of the East Perthshire and the South Edinburgh Liberal Associations.

Mr. MacGregor takes a very hearty interest in all matters relating to the welfare of his countrymen, and especially his own clan, and native county. He is a Director and Life Member of the Clan Gregor Society, and the Highland Society of Edinburgh, and is on the committee of the Edinburgh Perthshire Association. Nothing would give him greater delight than to return to the Highlands and live there permanently, in the hope that he would be able to do something to ameliorate the lot of those who have been less fortunate in the battle of life than himself. Indeed, his



DUNCAN MACGREGOR, J.P.

friends expect that before long the genial laird of Arngask will settle down on his estate, and devote himself to county affairs and the development of his property. It is the sincere wish of his many friends that he will be long spared to enjoy that leisure to which, by his

untiring industry in business, he is so well entitled.

The genealogical tree of Mr. MacGregor's family appeared in our January issue, along with a portrait of his uncle, Mr. Malcolm MacGregor of Dunan.

EDITOR.



the Highland Sword.

by W. Drummond-Morrie

Illustrated by the Author.

(Continued from page 178).

AT what period in the history of the Gael of Albyn these implements of warfare were used, it is impossible to say with any degree of certainty, but we may infer from the old Gaelic traditions that it must have been at a very remote epoch, for all the Fingalian heroes appear to have been armed with weapons of iron or steel, and in the mythical tales, or *sgéalachdan*, of the Highlands, repeated reference is made to the *clairtheamh geal solais* (white sword of light) as the most cherished possession of giants and other supernatural creatures.

In all probability it was during the transition period when iron was gradually displacing the more primitive but still useful bronze, that these legends had their origin, for we can well imagine the feelings of awe with which the untutored semi-savage of the bronze age must have regarded the bright flash of the burnished steel sword when he saw it for the first time, and learned from bitter experience how powerless he was to contend against its might. The

unknown is always mysterious, and so the great white sword was invested with all sorts of magical powers, and became an object of fear and reverence to all who were not fortunate enough to possess one.

Campbell in his "Tales of the West Highlands" says "In these (stories) the touch of the cold steel breaks all spells; to relieve an enchanted prince it was but necessary to cut off his head: the touch of the cold sword froze the marrow when the giant's head leaped on again. The white sword of light which shone so that the giant's red-haired servant used it as a torch when he went to draw water by night, was surely once a bright steel sword, when most swords were of bronze, as they were in early times; unless it is still older, and a mythological flash of lightning."

In the Gaelic stories of *Rìgh òg Eusaich Ragh* and *Sgeulachd Chonall* the *clairtheamh geal solais* plays a considerable part, and we find it again in the amusing tale of *Muol u Chliobain* in which the heroine after killing the giant's three bald, red-skinned daughters; stealing his smooth, golden comb, and rough, silver comb; drowning his bald, rough-skinned lad; and committing other outrages upon his family and property, adds insult to injury by walking off with his sword of light, and winds up her adventures by persuading the much ill-used giant to drink more water than was good for him, so that he burst.

The Fingalian epic is naturally full of allusions to the sword, if the Gaelic word *lann* may be taken to mean that weapon. In the various translations of Ossianic poetry *lann* is indifferently rendered into English as sword, blade, and occasionally spear.

* "B' fhearr loinneadh nan lann, an crann os gach fiodh."

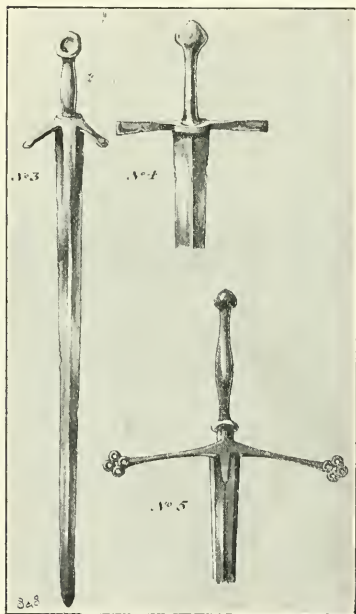
"Best polished spears, no wood like their shaft."

"Chunnaic mi dealradh do luinne 's b' e m' uail!"

† "I have seen the glitter of thy blade, and 'twas my pride."

"'Us gheibheadh e fùsgath 'as càird,
Fo sgàil ùrthlunnach no loinne."

"And he should find shelter and friendship
Beneath the glittering shade of my sword."



Lann (Gen. *luinne*) means literally blade, and is quite distinct from *claidheamh* (pronounced *glaiue*), which means sword, pure and simple. The latter word is common to many languages, as (Lat.) *gladius*; (Eng.) *glaiue*; (French) *glaiue*; (Breton) *cleze* and *cluf*; and is probably derived from the Latin, for undoubtedly the Romans possessed the sword before it was known to the Celts.

The exact form of the weapon immortalized by the ancient bards is unknown, but it is probable that in the sword shown in the drawing (Fig 3)§ we have a specimen of the earliest type of iron *claidheamh mór* (literally 'big sword,' and pronounced very much like the modern word 'claymore') used by those famous Caledonian warriors whose heroic deeds form the central theme of nearly all the poetry attributed to Ossian.

* Ossian's eulogy on Fingal from the Dean of Lismore's Book.

† Address of Fingal to Oscar. — Gillies' Collection.

‡ Ibid.

§ This sword is preserved in the Museum of Antiquaries, Edinburgh; the blade is 34 inches long.

(To be continued).

REVIEW.

"THE LOST PIBROCH."

THE *Lost Pibroch*, and other Shelling Stories, by Neil Munro. Edinburgh: William Blackwood & Sons. It has hitherto been the misfortune of the Highlands that those who chose the "land of buns, glens, and heroes" as the scene of their novels, were not natives of the soil, and in many cases had little sympathy with the language, manners and customs, and traditions of the people regarding whom they wrote. We are grateful to William Black for the kindly way in which, in all his novels, he has spoken of Highlanders, and the evident desire which he manifests to faithfully interpret the sentiments, and peculiarities of manner and speech of the people in whose midst he spends a good part of each year. His romances are of the Gaidheal of to-day, he seldom ventures into the wild romantic period of Highland history—of the days when every man's best friend was his strong arm and trusty claymore, and when to-day's act of heroism and devotion, was followed to-morrow by an unbridled display of passion and revenge. Robert Buchanan has found inspiration in the land of the Gael—he has alternately flattered and maligned his countrymen—and they could have done well without either. Any Sutherland man who has read his ill-natured and utterly untrue reflections upon the people of Errisbol in his "*Bride of Arranmore*" would sacrifice a good deal to get near enough to—shake him! One feels in reading these Highland romances that they are wanting in one important essential, and that is "local touch." It requires one who has been born and reared in the Highlands, who speaks the language, and has imbibed the traditions and poetry of the country from his earlier years, to be able to do justice to these Highland tales, to tell them with the expression and vigour which would make them racy of the soil. We have long waited for the native-born novelist, and we recognise that he has at last arisen, and that at one step he has taken his place in the forefront of the Scottish school of romancers. He does not write of the "kail-yard,"

or the "roof-tree"—he has chosen a field whose surface has not yet been more than scratched by the literary *cas-chrom*.

If you have not read Mr. Neil Munro's *The Lost Pibroch* you should do so at once, if you do not wish to miss a rare treat. The stories are told with a vigour and graphic touch which we can only compare with the work of Rudyard Kipling. We know of no other literary style that resembles his—it is so rugged and picturesque. And when dealing with the home life of his countrymen, of their affections, passions, and sorrows, no one is more sympathetic, or more truly interprets their feelings. In the *Lost Pibroch* there are eleven stories, the first giving the book its title. They are all Loch Fyneside romances, Mr. Munro being himself a native of Inveraray, which in its time has seen many a wild rending of clans and tartans. *The Lost Pibroch* is a weird story. It was a forgotten tune of the days of claymore and targe, of invasions and reprisals—its notes fevered men with the desire to see the world, to fight, to die, anything but to remain still. There was an old blind man in Half Town, named Paruig Dall, who could play the "*Piobaireachd* of good byes"—the "tune of broken clans, that set the men on the foray and

makes cold hearth-stones." Paruig was induced to play the magic air—and there was no sleep in Half Town that night. Next morning one lad said to his fellows "I am weary enough of this poor place, with nothing about it but wood and water and tufty grass. If we went now, there might be gold and girls at the other end." They took crooks and bonnets and followed fortune. Their fathers went to look for them, and "the road they took was the road the King of Errin rides, and that is the road to the end of days." A day came when all that was left in that fine place were but women and children and a blind piper.

"Am I the only man here?" Paruig asked, and they told him he was. "'Then here's another for fortune!' said he, and he went down through the woods with his pipes in his oxter."

Such are the rough outlines of the story, with the magic charm of the telling left out. We wish that our space permitted a more adequate notice, for we have derived so much real enjoyment from this charming work that we would like to induce all our readers to share our pleasure. The book is cheap and nicely got up, the beautiful Celtic ornamentation being in harmony with the Celtic character of the "*Stories of the Shieling*."

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

IN Shakespeare's play, *Henry V.*, Scene IV., at the very beginning, on the occasion of a battle between the English and French armies, is the following part of an interesting dialogue carried on by Pistol who does not understand French, and a French soldier who does not understand English.

Pistol—Yield, cur!

French soldier—Je pense que vous êtes le gentilhomme de bonne qualité.

Pistol—*Quality call you me!* Construe me! Art thou a gentleman? What is thy name? Discuss.

The preceding is one version. Another gives the words in italics thus—Calen o custure me. The former version is that of those who did not understand the allusion and wanted to give the words some meaning. The latter is understood to be the words as originally written by Shakespeare. These same words—Calen o custure me—have been found in a music book said to have belonged to Queen Elizabeth, as the name of a tune; and our Irish friends recognise in them the name of an Irish air. I think it was Mr. John Whyte who first recognised in them the name of a Scottish Gaelic *Oran luaidh* or Waulking Song, preserved in Sinclair's *Oranaiche*, known as "*Chailin òg nach stiùir thu mi*." That is how the matter stood as far as my information went, until the other day I stumbled across the words in question in "*The Irish Song Book*, with Original Irish Airs, edited by Alfred Perceval Graves," in which at page 111, the air

of a song translated from the Irish by the well-known Irish writer Douglas Hyde, is given as "*Callino casturame* (Coleen oge asthore)." I wrote Mr. Graves asking what was the source from which the music was taken and for such other information as he could give, and the following is a copy of his reply:—

Athenaeum Club,
Pall Mall,
London, W.

My Dear Sir,

The air in question was taken from Hoffman's "*Ancient Music of Ireland from the Petrie Collection*," Dublin, Piggott & Co., 112 Grafton St., 1877. There it is acknowledged as reprinted by permission from Vol. II., page 793, of W. Chappell's "*Popular Music of the Olden Time*," and purports to come from Queen Elizabeth's *Virginal Book*. But though this and a couple of other Irish airs are clearly contemporary with Elizabeth, it is the decided opinion of Fuller Maitland and other good authorities that the *Virginal Book* was not Queen Elizabeth's own. Hoffman quotes a good note from Dr. W. Stokes' *Life of George Petrie*, the famous Irish antiquary and musician (or rather collector and student of Irish music), exactly agreeing with your view of the meaning of Pistol's "*Calen o custure me*." The burden to the air as given in the "*Handfuls of Pleasant Delites*" and copied by Malone is "*Calen o custure me*,"

which is an attempt to spell "Colleen oge ashore," or "Young girl, my treasure." It is very interesting to me to have your corroboration from a Highland source of this interpretation of "Callino casturame." In "Songs of Old Ireland," old Irish airs harmonized to my words by Dr. Charles Villiers Stanford, you will find I have myself already accepted this view and written a lyric founded on "Colleen oge ashore," in which I make the burden "Colleen, colleen oge ashore." I have recently ascertained that Irish songs and dance tunes were all the fashion at Court at one period of Elizabeth's reign, no doubt owing to the O'Neill connection and perhaps also through Edmund Spenser's interest in the Irish Bards.

Yours very truly,

ALFRED P. GRAVES.

There is one strange mistake in Mr. Graves' note and it consists in his saying that the interpretation I gave him of the words in question (Mr. Whyte's, quoted above) are a corroboration of the Irish view. It appears to me to be entirely otherwise. "'Chailin òg nach (or an) stiùir thu mi?" is an entirely different thing from "'Chailin òg a stòr," and it is impossible to give a preference to the latter over the former as an interpretation of "Callino casturame." The air may or may not have gone to England through Ireland. But it seems to me that if the words had been originally those of an Irishman they would have been Englified thus, "Callino gasturame"—a *g* instead

of a *c*. The fact that they have a *c* where *g* occurs in the original language, shows that the English ear was listening to a harder pronunciation than the Irish and points to a Scottish Gaelic origin; and the fact that the song whose burden more closely agrees with the sound of the words is, or was quite recently, extant in the Scottish Highlands, strengthens the case very much. "Colleen oge ashore" cannot be maintained any longer, in face of these facts. Indeed it is a matter of wonder that it could have been put forward even in ignorance of them. Is there not in Ireland any song like our "'Chailin òg an stiùir thu mi?" It is worth while trying to find out. It is not unlikely that a version may be found in the North, among the Gaelic speaking districts. If not, the Scottish claim to this song will be greatly strengthened. I would like to see further enquiry prosecuted by Mr. Graves, Mr. Hyde, and other Irishmen who cannot fail to be deeply interested, with a view to finding, if there ever were such, the real original Irish words, and also to see musical Highlanders making search for the real air to which the words were sung in the Highlands. With a view to assisting in the search I meantime give the Scottish version of the words conjoined to the air as it appears in Mr. Graves' book, with the exception of very slight alterations at the tail ends of the lines.

MALCOLM MAC FARLANE.

'CHAILIN ÒG NACH STIÙIR THU MI?—YOUNG MAIDEN WILL YOU GUIDE ME.

KEY C.

m : — : m m : — : r : m f : — : f m : — : r	r : — : r r : — : m : f m : — : r r : — : —
Chaidh mi shuiridh air nigh 'n Rìgh Eirionn,	'Chailin òg nach stiùir thu mi ?

m : — : s s : m : d t : — : r r : t : s	s : — : d d : — : r : m r : — : d d : — : —
'S cailin thus', is buachail' mis' A	chailin òg i hùiribh o.

Dh'iarr a' chailin nì nach b' fheadar,
Chailin, etc.

Thug i mionnan, boid, 'us briathran,
Chailin, etc.

Caisteal air gach cnocan gréine,
Chailin, etc.

Nach sìneadh i a taobh ri m' chliathaich,
Chailin, etc.

Muileann air gach sruth an Eirinn,
Chailin, etc.

'N uair chuala mi na briathran gàbhaidh,
Chailin, etc.

Cat air 'm bì tri fichead earbull,
Chailin, etc.

Chaidh mi dhachaidh mar a b' àbhaist,
Chailin, etc.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Glasgow.

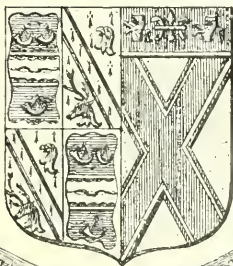
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ALEXANDER LITTLEJOHN, J.P., D.L.,
OF INVERCHARRON, ROSS-SHIRE.



THE Celtic renaissance, to be complete, must suggest every phase of the old Caledonian life. Our men of letters have at last conquered Saxon prejudice, and find their most responsive audience south of the Tweed.

Our historians and antiquaries are no longer sneered at when they tell us that thirteen centuries ago Gaelic missionaries established seats of learning among the rude tribes of Alpine Switzerland. Highland games are now held in almost all the important centres of population, which revive the pastimes of our

ancestors and do much to maintain a friendly spirit between all classes of the community. The Invercharron Gathering of Ross-shire and Sutherland Highlanders bids fair to excel its older rivals. Each year new and attractive features are added. Competitors come from all parts of the kingdom, and delighted spectators crowd from every district of the north.

The day is now practically recognised as the autumn holiday in the neighbouring parishes, and young and old anticipate the event with increasing interest. The laird himself is the life and soul of the meeting; he superintends every detail, and aided heartily by his committee, the arrangements for the comfort of visitors and convenience of athletes are practically perfect. Mr. Littlejohn is a native of the granite city, where his father was for many years the head of a large banking firm.

His early ambition pointed to the profession of arms, but pending his nomination he became a student of medicine in the Marischal College and University of Aberdeen, and here and in Trinity College, Dublin, he studied with such striking success that he qualified for graduation before the age limit at which he could be legally "capped." Chancing to be in London an opportunity arose which, appealing to his northern enterprise, resulted in his becoming a member of the Stock Exchange, of which important institution, the nerve centre of the commercial world, he is now one of four trustees. But business has not engrossed his attention nor exhausted his sympathies. He aids with kindly interest and generous help deserving individuals and objects throughout the country.

Since coming north Mr. Littlejohn has spared no pains in beautifying his surroundings and improving the houses of his tenants. His outlays in these schemes equal the purchase price of the estate. He has erected fifty miles of fencing, twelve miles of stone walls, and constructed three miles of county road, and has practically rebuilt all the houses on the estate.

All his workmen are insured against accidents, a kindly provision for working men which employers of labour would do well to copy. Mr. Littlejohn's munificence has made him a Governor of the Caledonian Asylum, London (which has done such grand work in aiding the orphans of Scotsmen who have fallen in defence of our nation), the Aberdeen Infirmary, the Aberdeen Lunatic Asylum, and its Hospital for Incurables. He is also Governor of the Hospital for Incurables, the Hospital for Epilepsy, and the Scottish Corporation of London. He has wiped off the debt on the building fund of the Ross Memorial

Hospital, Dingwall, and furnished its entrance lodge, and also presented a loving cup to the Easter Ross Farmers' Club for social ceremonies, as well as elegant vases as prizes. He has thoughtfully recognised the claims of the cattle tenders, whose work is often forgotten in the distribution of honours, and for these he has given special medals. Best of all has been his wise and kindly provision of a fund from which agricultural labourers in temporary distress receive relief. His sympathies with the intellectual need of the neighbourhood are witnessed by his gift of one hundred guineas



INVERCHARRON HOUSE

towards the building fund of the Bonar-Bridge Library, and his devotion to his early love, the army, by a donation of a hundred guineas to the Volunteer Patriotic Fund. Mr. Littlejohn's connection with Ross-shire does not begin when he became laird of Invercharron. The virtues of Strathpeffer Spa were discovered and brought before the world by his distinguished grand-uncle, Dr. Thomas Morison, of Elswick, Kincardineshire, a name which he carried with him to his Strathpeffer residence. His mother, who was devoted to good works, had as a near ancestor the famous classical

scholar the Rev. Richard Bentley, D.D., Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. Her father was the Erudite Professor Bentley, who held the chair of Oriental Languages in King's College, Aberdeen.

On Mr. Littlejohn's estate, the gallant and brilliant Montrose fought his last battle, and was defeated. When brought to the scaffold the haughty Royalist scorned the religious ministrations of the Covenanting clergy. The Rev. Robert Traill of New Greyfriars, Edinburgh, one of those unjustly stigmatised by Aytoun in his rousing ballad as the "Grim



MISS LITTLEJOHN.

Geneva Ministers" who attended the great Marquis at his last moments, was an ancestor (great-great-grand-uncle) of Mr. Littlejohn.

His brother is David Littlejohn, J.P., D.L., Sheriff Clerk of Aberdeenshire, and a retired major of the 3rd battalion Gordon Highlanders, who was a midshipman on board the "Euryalus" in the Russian War, for which he has the medal. Another brother is the Rev. C. P. Littlejohn, M.A., Vicar of St. Benedicts of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. The Rev. William Burns, whose work was so greatly blessed that he may well be called the Livingstone of China, was a cousin.

Mrs. Littlejohn is a daughter of the distinguished engineer, Sir George Bruce, President of the Institution of Civil Engineers, and Officer of the Legion of Honour, who has left permanent monuments of his skill on the Continent, India, and Canada, as well as in England. Sir George is one of the most potent forces in English Presbyterianism. A lineal descendant of the saintly preacher of Ethrick, Thomas Boston, Mrs. Littlejohn delights in exercising an unobtrusive charity, and her deeds of kindness brighten many a humble home in her neighbourhood.

The rising hope of the house bids fair to continue the family tradition of kindness. Miss Littlejohn is also a keen sportswoman, an expert cyclist, a successful photographer, and some excellent articles from her pen which have lately appeared, show that her delight in out-door life has in no sense lessened her literary aptitude.

Manse of Creich.

R. L. RITCHIE.

THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDER.

IT has always been the fate of the Scottish Highlander to be misunderstood and misrepresented. Few historians have had a good word to say for him. To the pedantic Scottish chroniclers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries he was a savage robber, a ferocious barbarian, who lived by reiving and sorning on his lowland neighbours. In 1656 Tucker, after reporting Scotland a barren country, a poor people, generally afflicted with "slothe and a lazy vagrancy," declares that in the Highlands there was nothing but "plaine downright robbing and stealing." Johnston in his *History* (*apud Laing v. i., p. 43*) is no less severe. "Insulani occidentales, immanitate barbari, feritate, ignavia, luxuria, superbia, deterrimi—cornines agrestes, sine

legibus, sine moribus, sine urbium cultu, ac prope omnia humanitatis et religionis expertes." Even so recently as the middle of the eighteenth century, the most extraordinary notions existed beyond the borders of Scotland, as to the nature and character of the Scottish Kelt. There was blank ignorance on the one hand. There was childish credulity on the other. Dean Swift records his surprise at meeting two Highland chief who could behave like gentlemen. "I dined to-day," he writes, "with Lord Treasurer and two gentlemen of the Highlands of Scotland, yet very polite men" (*Journal to Stella, 12th March, 1712*). The Chevalier Johnstone (*Memoirs*, pp. 76-77) relates that it was commonly said during the Forty-Five that the Highlanders ate children, and made them their common food. It is impossible to deny that the Scottish Kelt was never a man of peace. He was primarily, by nature and circumstances, a man of the sword, delighting in war and her ship,

"impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer"

"A fiery etter-cap, a fractious chiel,
As het as ginger and as steive as steel."

But this fact, undeniable in the light of history, has blinded his critics to other—and better—qualities, which he possessed. The appreciative study of such reliques of Mediæval Highland life as remain, prove that at various periods of his history, the Scottish Kelt attained a degree of civilisation for which he does not receive credit.

At a very early age the natives of the Highlands and Islands became famous for skill in certain arts. In the seventh century an ancient scold mentions as a proof of the beauty of a certain warrior's mantle, "enn sudreyskar spunnú—it was spun in the Southern Hebrides." There are traces of the use of fine linen and silk at a very remote period. In the sixth century, when St. Columba was buried in Iona, his body was wrapped in the finest linen, "mundis involutum sindonibus." The Gaelic poems have frequent references to the use of silk. In the lament for Sir Hector Maclean, of Duart, *Eochann Ruadh nan Cath*, Red Hector of Battles, killed at Harlaw in 1411, the poet sings

"Abundance was in his hall,
Wine and wax and silk and gold."

Ian Lom addressed Sir James Macdonald, ninth Laird of Seat,

"Thou art of the race of thousands,
Of silk and pipes and silver cups."

Wax lights, French and Spanish wines and

brandy, were in common use among the Highland chiefs. Ian Lom speaks of

"White wax tapers
Burning brightly
Through the wide hall,
Resounding with the feast."

Alexander, Lord of the Isles and Earl of Ross, dining in Edinburgh with the Earl of Orkney, was asked by him, "What light was wont to be burned in his presence?" Macdonald, turning to his attendant who was standing behind, bade him answer the question of the Earl. "There is no light but wax burned before Macdonald," was the clansman's reply. The bards refer over and over again to the abundance of wine in the Highlands. In the households of the chiefs it was drunk out of golden cups. It was so plentiful that in an Act of the Privy Council in 1616, it was stated that wine was drunk to excess. "even by the commons and tenants of the yllis." As late as 1726, Captain Burt relates that French claret was to be met with almost everywhere in public-houses of any note, except in the heart of the Highlands and sometimes even there." Jewels were common. Buchanan (*Rev. Scot. lib. i.*), writing of the harps of the bards, says, "multo argento exornant et gemmis—they adorn them with much silver and with gems." "tenuiores," he adds, "pro gemmis cristallum adhibent—the poorer minstrels use cairngorm stones instead of gems." When the troops of the commonwealth, under General Morgan, seized the baggage of Sir Ewen Cameron, they found a "great quantity of unset diamonds." (*Memoirs of Lochiel, p. 136.*) The arms of the chiefs were often mounted with gold, silver, and ivory, by native artists. Speaking of some finely wrought guns in the possession of the Seafeld family, Charles Sobieski Stuart says, "those who take pleasure in referring to foreign artists all objects of superior art found in the Highlands, would have attributed those to Paris or Milan, had not the name and place of the maker, engraved upon the lock, borne evidence of the native workman, "Guillielmus Smith, Ballechastail." In the seventeenth century, the bonnets and helmets of the chiefs were frequently plumed with white ostrich feathers. Their plaids were made of Barcelona silk. It is recorded by Sobieski Stuart, whose works are a mine of information on Highland antiquities, that the "Captain of Clanranald in 1745, was the last whose plaids were of this costly material, and for his use they were manufactured in Spain according to the patterns sent from Uist."

The Highlanders at one time possessed a considerable commerce. In 1249, according to Matthew Paris, a large vessel of war (*navem mirandam*) was built and fitted out at Inverness

for Hugh de Chastillon, Count de St. Pol and Blois. Inverness, Inverlochy, and Inveraray, were early centres of commerce. In the sixteenth century the town of Inverness maintained a great trade in the skins of wild horses, red deer and roe, and the furs of martens, foxes, badgers, weasels, and otters, which were sold to "foreign merchants at an immense profit" (*Bethius Sutor: Hist.*). Inveraray possessed a similar trade for "all kinds of merchandise and wares." A large traffic was carried on in timber. Great quantities of fir trees and masts were floated down every year from the forests which covered the hills of Ardgour and the neighbouring district. In the sixteenth century the fisheries of the north were visited by ships from all parts of northern Europe. Vast quantities of fish were exported not only into Holland, France, Germany, and Zealand, but into the countries bordering on the Mediterranean, for the supply of Lent. In this demand the town of Inverness alone, as appears from the burgh records, supplied the markets of Holland, France, and Italy with the salmon of the Ness. The chamberlain of Simon Fraser, eighth Lord Lovat, who died in 1633, exported to France the salmon from the Beaulieu and other waters on the estates, and imported in return, wine, spices, and sugar (*History of Family of Fraser, 4to, Edin., 1825*). Many other evidences could be adduced, which go to prove the existence among the Scottish Highlanders of peaceful activities, which are not generally recognised.

JAMES A. LOVAT FRASER.

THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS held their Annual Assembly and Concert on 9th July, Rev. Dr. Stewart (Nether-Lochaber) in the chair. The ball was tastefully decorated, and there was a large attendance, among those on the platform being Councillor William Mackay, Colonel A. Macdonald, Portree, Messrs. Alexander Mackenzie, Kenneth Macdonald, Town Clerk, A. M. Ross, Dingwall, Thomas Mackay, B. L. Bank, etc. The genial chairman delivered an eloquent address, and the programme was ably sustained by Miss Jessie N. MacLachlan, Mr. Roderick Macleod, and others, and Mr. Mackenzie read a commemorative ode by Mr. Neil Macleod, the bard to the Society.

Surgeon Lieutenant-Colonel J. MacGregor, M.D., has gone back to India on a brief visit. On his return home in November he is to be married to a young lady in London, when his many friends will have an opportunity of dancing a Highland reel!

MESSRS. THOMAS HODGE & CO., ANDERSTON CROSS, GLASGOW, have just published a handsomely got up Price List for the Autumn Season. It contains full particulars of their immense stock, with hundreds of illustrations of the leading articles. Their large furniture warehouse has now been opened, and is well worth a visit from such as are in search of bargains. Send for a copy of their Illustrated Price List.



SURGEON GENERAL SIR W. A. MACKINNON.

SIR WILLIAM A. MACKINNON, K.C.B.

THE subject of this sketch is one of the best types of Islanders of the age. Every real Highlander or Islander being naturally a gentleman, defined and distinct from his fellows, if it were asked to mention any locality in pre-eminence where this is true, the Island of Skye would be certainly named.

This islands of Inverness shire were the home of four ancient families, Macdonald, Macleod, MacKinnon, and Macneill, and these names still predominate. The family of MacKinnon being very ancient, its headship is of course questioned, for antiquity in a clan brings the impostor into existence, and the slenderer his grounds, the greater his pertinacity. The MacKinnons and others must put up with this, and console themselves by recognising in it the very strongest proof of antiquity.

Sir William's father and grandfather were both ministers of Strath, the latter, who lived to be nearly a hundred years old, recollected seeing Prince Charles in Skye. His great-grandfather, maternally, was that MacKinnon of Corry who entertained Dr. Johnson in 1773 at the old house of Corry.

Sir William can show a good pedigree, long connected with Skye, and is *par excellence* a true MacKinnon, being fifth son of the late Rev. John MacKinnon of Strath, by Anne, eldest daughter of MacKinnon of Corryehatachan. He was born in the year 1830, and inclining to the medical military profession, joined the army in 1853, and after the usual training at Fort Pitt-Chatham, becoming at a comparatively early age Assistant-Surgeon to the 42nd. He served with that famous regiment during the Crimean War, 1854-55, being present at Alma, Balaclava, Kertch, and Sebastopol, for which he received the medal with three clasps, was appointed Knight Commander of the Legion of Honour, and received the Turkish medal.

Afterwards he served on the personal staff of Lord Clyde in India during the Mutiny of 1857, taking part in the Campaign of Rohilcund and Oude, and fought in the actions of Bareilly and others, and receiving the medal for the Indian Mutiny. What the famous Sir Colin Campbell thought of Sir William may be seen by the following letter:—

"Heathfield Lodge,
Bracknell, May 8th, 1862.

Doctor MacKinnon being about to proceed on foreign service, I cannot allow him to take leave of me without bearing my humble testimony to his excellence.

He served with me in Turkey, in the Crimea, and the late war in India, and certainly I have never seen a more valuable medical officer. His devotion to his duties, his skill and patience, above

all, the watchful and kind interest he took in the men of his regiment (the 42nd) justly won their affection, and impressed them with the very highest opinion of him. In fact an intimate knowledge of Dr. MacKinnon gained under a variety of circumstances on active service, enables me to say that his superior merits as an officer and a gentleman, make him an ornament to the medical department, and to the British army. (Signed) CLYDE."

Sir William's next service was in New Zealand, 1862-1866, as Surgeon 57th Regiment, was appointed Sanitary Officer and Field Surgeon to the New Zealand forces, and was present at various engagements. He received the Companionship of the Bath, and was mentioned in the despatches for Tauranga. He also got the medal for New Zealand. This letter from General Sir Duncan A. Cameron gives some idea of Sir William's services in the Crimea:—

"I have the highest opinion of Dr. MacKinnon as a most zealous and skilful officer, and I had reason to be satisfied with his conduct in all respects during his service in the 42nd under my command. He proved himself an extremely valuable officer on active service, and was so conspicuous for his zeal and fearless devotion to his duty in the Crimea, and particularly in the trenches at the Siege of Sebastopol, that I was induced to recommend him for the decoration of the Legion of Honour. (Signed) D. A. CAMERON,

London, 20th Dec., 1857.

Major General.

In 1874 Sir William served as principal medical officer in the Ashantee War, being promoted to be Deputy Surgeon General, and receiving the medal. He was present at Amoaful and the capture of Coomassie, and was mentioned in dispatches.

As a Surgeon Sir William has a distinguished record, and in particular in New Zealand, his operation for gunshot wounds on soldiers and natives were much appreciated, particularly by the Maories. He was Assistant Professor of Surgery, at Netley for seven years, Principal Medical Officer at Aldershot and Colchester, and in China 1879-80, Malta 1881-82: was five years head of the medical branch of the Director General's office, Principal Medical Officer at Gibraltar 1888-89. In the latter year he attained the highest possible rank of Director General Army Medical Department, and was made K.C.B. in 1891, after a brilliant service, extending over forty-three years, finally on 7th May, 1896, retired from the army. The Secretary for War, Sir H. C. Bannerman, on 3rd July 1894, said in Parliament: "There could be no more efficient or just Chief of the Medical Department of the Army than Sir William MacKinnon."

During the Crimean War Sir William applied for a combatant commission as Ensign in the 42nd. This was granted, but as the war seemed about to terminate his friends, Sir

Colin Campbell and Sir D. A. Cameron recommended that he should stick to his position as surgeon, Sir Colin saying, "A good soldier was spoiled when they made you a doctor."

Of his father's numerous family, there only survive, besides Sir William, one brother, Godfrey, now in Australia, and two sisters, Miss Flora MacKinnon and Mrs. Lydiard, who at Dnisdale, in Sleat, keep up the traditional MacKinnon hospitality and culture.

Sir William has a good service pension of £100 a year for his distinguished service, is an Honorary Surgeon to the Queen, and LL.D. of the University of Glasgow, where he matriculated. With all these honours Sir William is a man of unassuming manner and modest disposition, an Islander to the back bone, proud of his origin, as his countrymen have every reason to be of him.

Locharhill, Inverness.

C. FRASER-MACKINTOSH.

TRADITIONS OF THE COLQUHOUN COUNTRY.

By F. MARY COLQUHOUN.

(Continued from page 176.)

ROBERT COLQUHOUN, A VETERAN OF THE CLAN—
THE FAIR MAID OF LUSS—SIR WILLIAM MURRAY
AND HIS SEVENTEEN STALWART SONS.



THE LATE ROBERT COLQUHOUN.

AN Edinburgh paper on May 27th, 1843 had the following notice of the subject of these remarks:—

"Died on Inch Ionaig, Loch Lomond, in the house in which he was born, nearly a century before, Robert Colquhoun. When seven years old he was taken into the service of Sir James and Lady Helen Colquhoun of Luss, and for the last few years of his life it used to be his proudest boast that he had served four of the Chieftains of Colquhoun, his fealty descending unimpaired from sire to son. When the suns and snows of 70 years had rendered him less able for active duty, he requested to be allowed to end his days in the rugged and romantic island of his birth. Dear to the old Highlander's heart was this lone isle. Its rocks are shadowed by the finest yew trees, which in ancient times supplied the country with bows; the loch around it is deeper and more blue.

The island is also celebrated amongst the clan as having been the scene of an interview between the Chief and Rob Roy, which ended in their being on the best terms ever after.

The funeral of the old man, sublime in its very simplicity, was truly characteristic of himself. The little fleet of boats all abreast, keeping solemn time with their oars on their way to the churchyard of the picturesque village of Luss, where surrounded by the mountains he so often climbed, quietly reposes this faithful clansman of the 'Chiefs of Colquhoun.'

THE FAIR MAID OF LUSS.

We may perhaps be allowed to notice several of the "Ladies" of Luss of foregone generations, beginning with the "Fair Maid of Luss," who succeeded her father as the seventh inheritor of the estates. She married Sir J. Colquhoun, and the four sons of that marriage all took the surname of Colquhoun, and the family of Luss was thus merged in that of Colquhoun.

In a bond of "manrent," dated Inchmoryne, 5th April, 1406, by Arthore of Ardenagappil to Duncan, 7th Earl of Lennox, the grantor, as he had no seal of his own, borrowed the seal of "ane nobil mane and a michti, Wmfray of Culgwone, Lord of Luss," "to set thair presentis letteris."

"On this seal was engraved a shield, and in the middle of the shield was engraved the likeness of a cross, and in the top of the shield was engraved the likeness of a helmet, and to it was annexed above the form of the head of a stag, and in the circumference of the seal was written 'Vmfridus de Culgwone.'"

The death of Sir Humphrey most likely took place soon after this incident.

One of the daughters of Sir Humphrey was Mary, who married Sir Patrick Houston of that ilk, and their son and heir, Sir Peter, fell at Flodden field, 9th September, 1513, with James IV. and the "flower of the nobility and

untitled aristocracy" of Scotland in that ill-starred battle!

About sixty years after this time one of the sons of Sir John Colquhoun (and his wife, Elizabeth Dunbar, formerly Countess of Murray), was Robert, Bishop of Argyll, who was previously Rector of the Churches of Saint Kessog of Luss and Kippen.

One of the sisters of the Bishop was Margaret, wife of William Murray, 7th Baron of Tullibardine. Of this marriage of Sir William Murray and Margaret Colquhoun there were seventeen sons, who, it is said, all grew up to manhood.

Tradition tells that Sir William, the progenitor of the Duke of Athole, and his seventeen sons, each attended by *one* servant, and the father by *two*, all dressed in full Highland costume, armed, and followed with pipers, came to pay a visit of loyalty to their Sovereign King, James II., on a temporary sojourn he made at Perth. His Majesty being unapprised of their coming, some of the Royal household hearing the blast of the "pipes," and noticing a body of armed men at a little distance coming towards the abode of the King, feared it was some alien clan who intended to do violence to the monarch, an alarm which was not unnatural



INCH TONAR, LOCH LOMOND.

when it is remembered that King James I. had been murdered at Perth so recently as February, 1436, and the drawbridge was accordingly secured and the gates speedily closed.

But the panic soon subsided, a messenger having been despatched to ask who the party were and what was their object. It was found they were the Baron of Tullibardine and his seventeen sons come to shew their devotion to their Sovereign.

They were accordingly gladly welcomed, and received a hospitable and gracious reception. The Baron proudly explained he was the father of these fine young men, who with himself had

come to pledge themselves to defend the person of His Majesty, and to support his government.

The King expressed his high satisfaction with their devoted loyalty, and warmly congratulated Sir William on possessing so numerous and promising an array of sons.

There are still at Blair Castle some bed curtains of Murray tartan, which have been handed down from generation to generation, as the curtains of a bed in which the seventeen brothers slept. The bed must have been in the shape of a bell-tent, and the feet of the brothers lay probably to the centre pole!

(To be continued).

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

HORO MHAIRI DHUBH.

AMONG the numerous Gaelic airs published by various collectors, there is a very great number to which there are worthless words, only a verse or two, or no words at all. In *Albyn's Anthology*, to which reference has been previously made in this magazine, there are some fine airs so circumstanced, conspicuous among which is "Horo Mhairi Dhubh." The music, says the Editor, was taken down from the singing of Misses Annie and Janet MacLeod of Gesto, Skye. The words were composed, it is affirmed, to Mrs. Macpherson of Ostaig, by a maniac. One of the verses is given, and it is as follows:—

Cha dean mi car feum ma thréigear mo leannan mi,
Hóro Mhairi dhubh, tionnadh rium!
A bhean a' chùil dualaich 's nan cuachagan camlag-
ach;

Hóro, etc.
'S a Mhairi na'n tigeadh tu, thaitneadh tu rium,
'S a Mhairi na'n tigeadh tu, thaitneadh tu rium,
'S a Mhairi na'n tigeadh tu, b'e d'ò bheith' againn
thu,
Hóro, etc.

The Editor of *Albyn's Anthology* was evidently on good terms with some of the leading lights of literature in the Scottish capital in his day, and he requisitions their services to some of the tunes published by him. In this case he was indebted to John Wilson (known in literature as Christopher North), whose song "The Seamew," given below, was written to the air. I have endeavoured with, I am afraid, indifferent success, to render a similar service in Gaelic.

Elderslie.

MALCOLM MAC FARLANE.

SEÒNAID NIC AOIDH—JESSIE MACKAY.

KEY F.

: s ₁	l ₁	: d	: s ₁	d	: - d	: r	m	: - r	: d	m	: - f
Air	feasgar	ciùin	Céitein	's	mi		'teunadh	an		t-sléibhe,	
The	stars	are	burn	-	ing		cheer	-	ily,	cheeri-	

: s	m	: - r	: d	m	: - f	: s	r	: -	: d	l ₁	: -
Hug	óro	is	eutrom	mo			cheum	air		lár;	
ly,	Ho	ro	Mhai	- ri	dhu,		turn	to		me!	

: s ₁	l ₁	: d	: s ₁	d	: - d	: r	m	: - r	: d	m	: - f
Tha	'ghrian anns	na	speuran	a'			deàrrsadh	gu		ceutach,	
The	sea - mew	is	mourn	-	ing		drear	- i -	ly,	drear - i-	

: s	m	: - r	: d	m	: - f	: s	r	: -	: d	d	: -
'Us	eunlaidh	nan	geugan	a'			sein	an		dàn;	
ly,	Ho	ro	Mhai	- ri	dhu,		turn	to		me!	

: m	s	: - l	: t	d ¹	: - t	: l	s	: l	: f	m	: - f
Tha 'n	t-all	'ruith do 'n	abhainn	gu			caithreamach,			ceòlmhor,	
High	up	is	home, on	the			chill's nak -	ed		breast,	

: s	s	: - l	: t	d ¹	: - t	: l	s	: m	: d	r	: - m
Na	craobhan	fo 'n	duilleach,	's na			lusau	'fàs		bòidheach,	
But	warm	is	plumage	that			blesseth	his		nest.	

: f	s	: - l	: t	d ¹	: - t	: l	s	: - f	: m	r	: - m
Na	beanntan	's na	gleanntan	'nam			maise	ro		òrdheire,	
The	ice-winds	ne'er	blow there,	and			soft	falls	the	snow there,	

: s		m	:	- . r	:	d		m	:	- . f	:	s		r	:	- . ?	d		d	:	-	
'U's		thall		air		a'		chòmhnaid		tha		òigh		mo		ghràidh.						
Ho				ro		Mhàir		- ri		dhu,		turn		to		me!						

A Sheònaid Nìc Aoidh, bidh mo dhùrachd a chaoidh dhuit,

A mhaighdeann ghlàn aoidheil 'us caoimhe sùil;
Tha grùneas do dhòigh-bean fa m' chomhair an còmhnuidh,

'Us fòs do bhinn chòmhradh 'tha mòdhar ciùin.
Is duilich leam féin mar nach d' éirich riamh àdh dhomh,

'S gur suarach mo bhuannachd 's nach buanaich i là leam ;

Na'm biodh agam saibhreas, sin thoillinn uait fabhar,

'Us rachainn gun athadh 'nad dhàil a nùnn.

Is truagh nach do stiùir thu, a Fhreasdail, mo chùrsa,

'Nad chaoimhneas, d' a h-ionnsuidh an tìs mo ré,

Sin bhithinn-sa eudmhor, deanadach, gleusda

An àite bhì 'gèilleachd roimh cheann na rèis.
Roimh 'n àin so, bha dòchas 'na stòras 's na mhaoin domh,

Bhiodh doilgheas an là-'n-diugh am màireach air faondradh,

Ach thàinig thu, Sheònaid, 'us leònadh le gaol mi
Nach tarraing gu faochadh mur taobh thu rium féin.

Tha 'm feasgar a' ciaradh o'n theirig a' ghrian as,
'Tha rionnag 'san iarmailt os cionn an dùin,

Eòin bhuchlann a' bharraich a' casgadh an caithream—

C'ar son tha mi 'fantuinn aig taobh a' chùirn ?
Siod thall air an reidhlean nd m' nlaidh 'us m' eudail,
A' mhaighdeann fhiur-uasal nam bnaidhan 's nam beusan—

A dheòin na o dh' aindeòin, gur daingeann mo spéis di.

'S air Nàile ! gu 'n téid mi 'na dàil a nùnn.

Oh ! once smiled my dwelling cheerily, cheerily,
Ho ro, etc.

Tho' wild waves were swelling drearily, drearily,
Ho ro, etc.

In the rock-girdled bay, as I anchored my skiff,
A sweet voice would sing from the top of the cliff;

Ere the last notes were over,

She sprang to her lover, oh !

Ho ro, etc.

The desert is sounding drearily, drearily,

Ho ro, etc.

But the red deer is bounding cheerily, cheerily,
Ho ro, etc.

Away to his lair in the forest so deep,
Where his hind with her fair fawns is lying asleep.

On green mossy pillow,

Like summer sea-billow,

Ho ro, etc.

AN ADDRESS TO THE MOUNTAINS.

Ye mountain peaks that hold your heads on high,
Unheeded of the storm that gathers near,

To you I come before my days pass by,
To all the scenes that to my youth were dear ;

And press you to my breast with love sincere,

And unabated by the whirls of time ;

Bright dreams will flee, and friends will disappear,

And cheeks grow pale by blanching age and clime,

But you remain the same—invariably sublime !

Far have I roamed across the swelling seas,

Far have I wandered over scorching plains,

And climbed the mountains—but not one of these

Could ever weaken the enchanting chains,

That early bound me, and, when life remains

Shall bind me still to your unsullied heath ;

And when at length the weight of wars and pains

Shall bow me down to meet the hour of death,

I'll love you still the same, e'en with my latest breath.

True to your sons, your sons are true to you,

With stern devotion to your rugged bounds,

Nor fortune's wheel, nor distance' misty hue,

Can sever from their hearts your classic grounds ;

For who did ever hear the stirring sounds

Wherewith your sons went forth to battle's fray,

But straightway felt what magic spell surrounds

The mount and moor, where'er his footsteps stray,

Far through the Frigid Zone or India's scorching ray !

Metbinks I hear you say in sounding strain :—

" We bid you welcome to our open breast,

The mother loves to see her sons again,

And he who roams perchance she loves him best,

His heart remaining, throughout time's long test

True and unsullied to its inmost core ;

If such be thou, the heath will be thy crest,

The pine thy badge as erst it was of yore,

And on the mountain's d' abide for evermore."

I come, I come,—and fondly lay me down

With childlike trust beneath your faithful shade,

No more to roam for riches or renown,

But dwell in peace by stream and forest glade,

And when my age-worn limbs deny their aid,

And darkness settles round the long loved land,

And from these orbs both sight and beauty fade,

Then make my bed along the shelving sand,

Hard by the sounding sea, on Scotia's mountain strand.

J. MACGREGOR M.D.,

Surgeon Lieut.-Colonel.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.



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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

AUGUST, 1896

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OUR NEXT ISSUE

Will contain plate portraits of Surgeon-General A. H. Fraser, Slough, Bucks (a native of Inverness-shire), Mr. G. Murray Campbell, of Bangkok, Siam (a native of Sutherland), Dr. Kenneth Mackenzie Chisholm, Radcliffe (a native of Ross-shire), and Mr. Alexander Macdonald, of Balranald, Uist; with biographical sketches. The usual selection of interesting contributions in prose and verse will also appear.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Our next issue will complete Volume IV. As we are anxious to arrange our List of Subscribers for Volume V. as soon as possible we shall feel obliged if those who desire the 'Celtic' to be sent for next year would kindly forward their annual subscriptions (4/- post free) at once, to the Editor, 'Celtic Monthly,' 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.—We regret that owing to the demand upon our limited space this month we have been compelled to hold over several very interesting contributions, including a reply to Mr. Bogle's remarks on the Highland people in our last issue. We have received a number of letters taking exception to Mr. Bogle's statements, but we cannot promise to print more than one of these lengthy communications each month.

CELTIC MONTHLY, VOLUMES III. & IV. (complete next month), tastefully bound, can be had, price 10/- (post free), apply Editor, *Celtic Monthly*, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow, W.

"LAYS OF THE HEATHER."—We are pleased to learn that many of our readers have ordered copies of Miss Alice Macdonell's most interesting volume of Highland poems. Those who desire copies should send order, with postal order for 3/-, to the authoress, at 86 Cambridge Street, Eccleston Square, London, S.W.

THE ABERDEEN HIGHLAND ASSOCIATION has decided to start a benevolent fund. The rules provide that the entry money shall be 2s. 6d., and the annual subscription 15s., that no benefit shall be payable until five annual subscriptions have been paid, and that the rates of benefit shall be £2 per annum to an infirm member, £2 to the widow of a member, and £3 to each of the children of a member; power being reserved to alter or amend the regulations.

DEATH OF A SUTHERLANDSHIRE MAN IN EDINBURGH.—On 3rd July, John Mackay, of the Edinburgh city police, died somewhat suddenly. He was a native of Crask, Farr, Sutherlandshire, where he was born seventy years ago. He had a most retentive memory, and literary men interested in the north of Sutherlandshire have acknowledged him to be the best chronologist of his day. He was, especially during the last few years of his life, an extensive reader. He was a member of the Clan Mackay Society since its formation, and two years ago he was made a life-member of the Edinburgh Sutherlandshire Association. He was greatly esteemed and respected by all who knew him.

SIR JAMES COLQUHOUN, BART., of LUSS, has become a patron of the Gaelic Society of Glasgow, and subscribed to its funds. We hope his example may induce others to join this most useful Society.

IN EXILE.

"The Garden that I love."—Alfred Austin.

No terraced slopes, no sunny glades
Has the Garden that I love,
But purple hills with sombre shades
Brood o'er it from above.

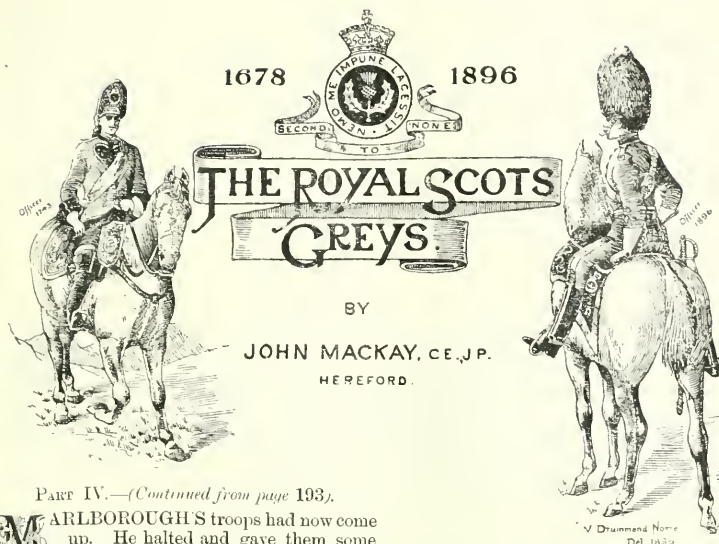
No silvery fountains at high noon
Shower forth their rainbow-spray,
But low and sweet I hear the tune
Of the river on its way.

No passion-flower, no lily fair
Its splendid blossom rears;
The few pale petals growing there
Are watered with salt tears.

The gorse around my Garden shows
A blaze of golden shen;
Without, the wealth of summer glows,
Within it, graves are green.

Ah, pity me! my Garden lies
Full many a mile away,
And yet I ween these aching eyes
See it both night and day.

R. F. FORBES



PART IV.—(Continued from page 193).

MARLBOROUGH'S troops had now come up. He halted and gave them some time to rest. They were then put in motion for the heights of Schellenberg, and at six in the evening of the 2nd July, 1704, the attack began. Under cover of a tremendous cannonade the infantry advanced to the attack, supported by the Scots Greys and other cavalry regiments in two lines in the rear. The promptitude and decision of Marlborough confounded the French Bavarian commanders, but their men fought bardily and gallantly. The slaughter was terrible, but the British remained unshaken and forced their way to the very foot of the enemy's works, but their efforts were so exhaustive, their losses so severe, that the cavalry were brought to their support, and the Scots Greys dismounted to act with the infantry. Then the whole gallantly rushing forward to the assault, the trenches were captured and their defenders fled. The cavalry now rushed in, and galloping on, dealt death on every side, and drove the hapless fugitives into the Danube. The loss on both sides was severe. British 5,500, French and Bavarians 9,500 killed and wounded, attesting the completeness of the defeat, and the severity of the contest.

Early next morning Marlborough took possession of Donauwerth, and on the 5th July he crossed the Danube in five columns. On the 9th he passed the Lech and entered Bavaria. Marshal Tallard, with a noble army of 45,000 French veteran troops, moved forward

to the assistance of the Elector of Bavaria, and joined the latter near Augsburg. The combined forces then proceeded to attack Prince Eugene's Imperialist troops before he could be joined by Marlborough, but by rapid marches Marlborough outwitted them and joined the Prince at Hochstadt. Here the French and Bavarians had taken up a strong position near the village of Blenheim, behind a swampy defile, through which ran the small river Nebel. Their force consisted of 60,000 men, Marlborough's and Eugene's 56,000.

The Battle of Blenheim was fought on the 13th August, 1704. The first attack was made upon the village of Blenheim. The Scots Greys formed part of the attacking body, commanded by the gallant Lord Cutts, and inflicted considerable loss upon the enemy. The assault was gallantly made, and as gallantly resisted, the fight ebbing to and fro for several hours round this important position. Meantime the battle became general along the whole line with varying fortune, until a magnificent charge of cavalry, conducted by Marlborough in person, broke through the centre of the French in spite of the strenuous and gallant opposition of the Irish Brigade, and decided the victory in favour of the British and their Imperialist ally, Prince Eugene. The French troops posted at Blenheim then attempted to escape. Marlborough was too

quick for them. He ordered his brother's division of infantry to attack them in flank and move forward in their rear, while General Lumley with the Scots Greys attacked them on the other side. Thus surrounded and deprived of all hope of aid twenty-four battalions and twelve squadrons, with Marshal Tallard, surrendered. Prince Eugene attacked the left of the French Bavarians with his usual intrepidity, and was met with equal valour. Three times repulsed, he rallied, and brought his men again to the charge. At last, about

8 p.m., the enemy gave way, and all was confusion, battalion after battalion laying down their arms at the command of British officers. The rout of the French and Bavarians was complete, 100 guns, 24 mortars, 129 colours, 171 standards, 17 kettledrums, all the tents, coaches, and baggage animals, 15 pontoons, 2 bridges of boats, 24 barrels and 8 casks of silver, a vast host of prisoners, with Marshal Tallard and many officers of the highest rank, civil and military.

The author of the "Atlas Geographicus"



THE SCOTS GREYS—MAY, 1896.

states that Marshal Tallard was descended from the family of Argyle; after Blenheim he was a prisoner in England, where he had formerly served as ambassador.

This very decisive blow struck at Blenheim resounded all through Europe. It at once destroyed the vast fabric of power which it had taken Louis the 14th to construct. It saved Austria and released Germany. It suddenly raised the military reputation of Great Britain to the highest pitch. These islanders, it was said, are really the same in spirit and courage

and intrepidity, as the men of Crecy, Poitiers, Agincourt, and Bannockburn; and Marlborough himself was regarded as the most illustrious of military commanders.

Marlborough pursued the broken remnant of the French right away to the Rhine, driving Marshal Villeroy before him, and invested Landau. During the siege the Scots Greys formed part of the covering force. In September the heir of the Emperor of Germany visited the camp, and Marlborough received him at the head of this splendid regiment. In November

it went into winter quarters in Holland. Early in 1705 it joined the army assembled for an expedition up the Mosselle, but the daring projects of Marlborough's genius were frustrated by the incapacity of his co-adjutors. He thereupon withdrew his army into the Netherlands, determined to force the enormous lines constructed by the French, the result of three years' labour, behind which were posted 70,000 men, under the command of Marshal Villeroi, one of the ablest of the Marshals of France.

At the head of only 44,000 infantry and cavalry the British leader determined to force this stupendous barrier. By skilful strategy he induced the French Marshal to apprehend an attack upon the right and so to weaken his left. Discovering a vulnerable point, he marched on the night of the 17th July, surprised the French outposts and broke through the entrenchments with three solid columns. The alarm was now given, a French Marshal made his appearance on an adjoining ridge with 20 battalions and 30 squadrons. Marlborough launched the Scots Greys and the Inniskilleners at them, and falling on them with a terrible shock scattered them, yet not without some severe fighting. Marlborough was master of the lines, and Villeroi when he arrived on the spot perceived that his only hope of safety was in immediate retreat.

The remainder of the campaign was conducted with Marlborough's usual skill, but thwarted in every movement by the ignorance and jealousy of the Dutch Generals, he was unable to accomplish anything of importance. The Scots Greys went into winter quarters in Dutch Brabant.

In the campaign of 1706 was fought the celebrated Battle of Ramillies, on the 23rd May. The French, under the command of Marshal Villeroi, mustered 62,000 men. The allies, under the command of the Duke of Marlborough, 60,000.

The battlefield was an undulating and partly wooded plateau separated into two parts by a small river. The eastern portion was called Jandriuoecil, the western was known as Mont St. André. The French line extended from the village of Ramillies at the north-western point of Mont St. André to Autre Eglise at the south eastern, an extent of three miles.

Hoping to come up with the enemy in a country which afforded no very decided advantage to either army, Marlborough ordered the line of march to be formed early in the morning, and at one o'clock a detachment of the Scots Greys and several squadrons of other horse swept in advance through the undulating ground upon which a thick fog rested. A heavy and incessant rain had fallen during the

night, the roads were rendered extremely soft and heavy, and the advance of the columns was slow and irregular. Frequent halts were necessary to enable the rear to close up, and in many places the artillery and ammunition waggons were only brought on by dint of severe personal exertion. A dense fog, peculiar to the level pastures and wheat and flax fields of South Brabant, rendered objects very indistinct. This perplexed the General, and incapacitated the patrols from doing their duty, hence for some hours he received no reports from the front.

(To be continued).

A LOYAL FOE.

AN EPISODE OF THE '45.

IT was late autumn of the disastrous "'45," and Malcolm Cameron of Dunriach and his son Kenneth were out with Prince Charlie. Dunriach was one of those ancient Highland mansions, too small to be "held for the Prince," but large enough to afford a hiding place if need were. But the days were early yet, nobody knew how the struggle would end, and Scotland and England alike waited breathless for the issue, while the Highlands seethed with the fierce faction-hatred of the clans. Cameron's nearest neighbour was Hamish McNaughton of Clachar, but McNaughton had declared for King George, therefore he and the master of Dunriach were now sworn foes.

Dunriach stood on a projecting point, overlooking one of the loveliest lochs of Inverness-shire; Clachar was on the opposite shore. The loch was narrow between them, only about two miles wide, and midway a huge rock called "Solon's Rest" rose to a considerable height. It was regarded as a sort of boundary, the fishing on either side being strictly reserved for the respective estates. The rock was accessible, but being bare and exposed was seldom visited.

Cameron's three daughters remained in the mansion. The laird had been married twice, but was a widower; his daughter by his first wife ruled the household. Margaret was a masterful woman, and had held the reins since her sisters were children, and children she considered them still, though Christina was twenty-one, and Flora nineteen. They had spent the preceding winter in Edinburgh, where their father had helped the secret scheming of the rebel leaders, but only Margaret of the sisters had gone into society. She seldom allowed the young girls to be seen. She was a devout Catholic like her own mother, but the late lady of Dunriach had been of the Protes-

tant faith, and while in Edinburgh the girls had gone several times to the great church of Greyfriars under the wing of the gentle mistress of Clachar, and with the sanction of their father, though not with Margaret's. But that was before opposing interests had raised feud between the neighbours. The laird and his son had been absent for a month; no news had come, and Margaret was getting anxious.

"There will be news, madam,—news from the laird," announced old Donald Mor, the principal man-servant left, as he bustled into his ladies' presence on a chill November afternoon, and Margaret rose in haste to greet a young man entering behind the ancient butler, a handsome young fellow, who came forward bowing, cap in hand.

"Who may it be my father has sent?" she asked.

"A kinsman, fair cousin," he answered, holding out a letter in the laird's well-known writing. As she took it he bent, and with courtly grace kissed her fingers. She coloured, smiling, for like most plain women she appreciated a delicate compliment.

"Whose blood is this?" she cried, turning pale, as she noticed a broad red smear upon the paper. "Oh, sir, surely it is not my father's!"

"I' faith! I doubt it will be my own. I had a tussle for that letter," he said laughing, and she noticed a deep cut upon his left wrist as he spoke.

The news was good, her father was well, and Margaret, her mind set at rest, summoned Donald and bade him see to the comfort of the unexpected guest. Her father had a relative in the Chevalier's service, and she fully understood the young man was his son. A pleasant evening followed the supper, the new cousin was charming, telling anecdotes of the Court at St. Germain's (his boyhood had been spent in France), and ere they separated for the night he had quite won Margaret's confidence.

The sisters were lingering to talk over the news before retiring, when Donald Mor tapped at the door, then entered softly, making a sign of caution and secrecy.

"There will be treachery, madam," he whispered. "This man will be no Cameron, he will be a spy of the base German. I will find it out myself. He will be writing his letters now. We must secure him, madam!"

"But the letter he brought—he had my father's letter," said Margaret, her heart throbbing. "How came he by that?"

"He will say that he had a tussle for it" was Donald's answer, and his mistress grew cold as she remembered, but Christina's brow darkened with anger.

"He is no traitor but a true man," she said hotly.

"Bairns like you cannot judge," Margaret rebuked her sternly. "Come Donald, we had best consult alone."

They passed into her oratory to confer. What would she decide to do? the girls knew she never took half-measures, but Christina was still unconvinced.

"Margaret is wrong, he is no traitor," she reiterated to Flora, who was peering through the narrow window. The girl turned a ghastly face upon her sister.

"The house is surrounded, Christina," she gasped. "The German's men have come to harry Dunriach."

Thundering blows were struck upon the outer door, a hoarse voice was audible demanding entrance "in the King's name." The girls clung to each other speechless. Margaret and Donald hurried from the oratory, and in the midst of the uproar the guest appeared. Margaret faced him, her eyes blazing.

"You are no Cameron, you are a German spy?" she cried furiously, "a traitor, a Judas!"

"I am no spy, no traitor, but for the love of heaven leave this broil for me to manage. As you value the lives of your nearest and dearest say nothing of your father's letter. Burn it instantly. I see it in your gown, I was coming to warn you." He spoke rapidly and earnestly, his eyes fixed steadily upon hers.

She turned her back upon him, but Christina sprang forward, snatched the letter from the bosom of her sister's dress and thrust it into the burning peats, just as another summons to open was heard. Ere it could be obeyed the door crashed inwards, and the hall was filled with soldiers in the hated Hanoverian uniform. The leader stepped forward, holding out his warrant to Margaret.

"In the King's name," he said curtly, as she took it. Her heart died within her as she read; it was a warrant to search Dunriach for Kenneth Cameron, who was carrying treasonable letters to the disaffected clans who meant to join the Prince. Before she could enter any protest the guest interfered.

"Why, Foster, is it you? There is no one here but me. I have had hospitable entertainment from these ladies this evening, no one else has been here," he said coolly. The officer looked disconcerted, but stood firm.

"I must obey orders," he said doggedly.

"Of course! shall I accompany you?" asked the other cheerfully. "The keys, my friend." He turned to Donald, who was scowling savagely, but contrived to cast a swift reassuring glance at the ladies.

The search was long, minute, but vain. Ere it ended Margaret was vaguely conscious that she was glad her father's letter was destroyed.

Foster was a brutal wretch, though somewhat held in check by the guest's presence. Old Donald had disappeared; she knew he considered their visitor a spy, and supposed he had cunningly hidden to avoid being questioned. Day was near ere the search-party left, the guest going with them to the gates. Immediately after Donald reappeared.

"Where is our kinsman?" demanded Margaret, uneasy she scarce knew why.

"Where he will not spy no more," answered Donald calmly. Christina screamed; there was blood upon the man's coat, and they rushed out to find their guest lying unconscious, the blood streaming from a wound in his breast; Donald's dirk had struck home. They thought at first he was beyond all aid, but found to their relief that the dirk had been turned aside by a packet in a secret pocket. Margaret took it out, a sharp cry escaping her. It was a bundle of despatches, and bore Prince Charles' seal. She held it out to let Donald Mor see it, a bitter sneer on her lips. "You were wondrous clever," she said contemptuously. When consciousness returned Margaret (accustomed like ladies of her time to doctoring and dressing hurts) realised that though desperately wounded, he might recover under proper care. The papers had, probably, saved his life, but he had lost much blood.

"The letters, where are the letters?" he gasped, as soon as he could speak; and her answer was to lay them in his feeble clasp. Weak as he was he insisted upon speaking the moment they were alone, a chance he seemed to have eagerly waited for.

"I am no spy," he said faintly, "I am your kinsman Hector McNaughton, my mother was your mother's cousin; but I am for the King, not for the Prince. I knew nought of these papers when I left the camp, only that Foster's men were to search Dunriach. Foster is a savage bully, and when I minded of the modest lasses I had seen in my aunt's care in Edinburgh, I made to come and warn ye. But yesterday I came on Kenneth lying disabled in a deep corrie, he had fallen over in the darkness. In binding his hurts I discovered the papers he carried. I had to take them, he knew that, but I meant not to use, only to destroy them. To leave Kenneth or to bring him here was to throw him into Foster's clutches; he bade me tell you so when he gave me your father's letter. But I got not the chance, for Donald suspected me. I was seeking to find ye alone when Foster came. Had he seen your letter my doom had been sealed; I dared not leave him to search, I attended him for your interests. Kenneth is on the Solan's Rock, I rowed him over. Send for him now, it is safe, and he is desperately hurt. Take the papers," he held them out as he

spoke, "ye can send me to a renegade's death an' ye like for I cannot do my duty; my hands cannot destroy the papers so I give them into yours to do as you may."

He thrust the packet towards her, as a step was heard approaching. Like many women of high spirit Margaret possessed a generous nature. Without an instant's pause she walked to the hearth, dropped the packet into the heart of the blazing fire, and watched it consume to ashes. Then she turned, very pale, but smiling.

"We'll get Kenneth to keep ye company now," she said gently, and once more he kissed her hand.

In another hour Kenneth was safe in Dunriach, and Donald Mor's remorse was finding expression in untiring attention to the man whom he had nearly murdered.

Neither Kenneth Cameron nor Hector McNaughton were present at the terrible Battle of Culloden. The rebellion was broken, the Prince a fugitive before either of them could wield a sword. McNaughton of Clachar felt in that fearful slaughter; Cameron of Dunriach returned home, one of the very few pardoned for their share in the Jacobite rising. Hector succeeded his uncle, and shortly afterwards married one of the daughters of his neighbour Dunriach. But the new lady of Clachar was neither the beautiful Christina nor the gentle Flora, but the true hearted, masterful Margaret. She was nine years her husband's senior, yet the loving devotion given to the plain, noble woman might well have been envied by a queen of beauty.

JANET A. McCILLOCH.

FOUNDING OF THE 'DRUMMOND CASTLE,' OFF USHANT, 16th JUNE, 1896.

"I heard piteous screams for 'help!'—then—an awful silence."—(one of the survivors.)

The cry is all! the horror! and the stare!
O human agony of life and death
Fighting to *live again* that wild last breath—
Our young, our old, our bravest, and our fair!
And we—we only smiling:—"They are there -
Somewhere—not far, but safe and *nearing home*,"
And making happy welcome for our own
With some dear dreaming hope and loving care!

The cry is all! the breezes only blow
The day to evening with a gentle sigh,
The sea is singing restlessly and low,
As if its soul were bursting in its cry,
We hear! and yet—O God we *cannot* know,
That quick, thick-whispered, *terrible* "Good bye."

Boulogne-sur-mer.

JANIE E. B. MACPHERSON.

THE MARCHIONESS D'OYLEY.

(NÉE MACDONALD OF KEPOCH.)

THE MARCHIONESS D'OYLEY, though bearing a French title, is a MacDonald of the Keppoch branch. About the end of last, or beginning of this century, many Lochaber MacDonalds emigrated to Canada.

Keppoch's brother, Major Alexander, and his son, John, went to Prince Edward's Island, where he died, as also his son, who never married. Some others went to Montreal, Virginia, and Baltimore. One of these, John MacDonald, born in Antrim, Ireland, in 1783, emigrated in 1801, and settled in Baltimore. He married in 1818, Margaret, daughter of Alexander O'Coulter, of Down, Ireland (their arms, 'Ermine 3 bars azure.' Crest, 'a harpy guard ppr.'). He died at Baltimore, and was buried in the old Cathedral Cemetery. On his monument is the following inscription. "In memoriam. John MacDonald of the family of Keppoch, who died 8th March, 1824," etc.

He left one child, Alastair MacDonald, born in 1816, who married in 1839 Annie, daughter of Thomas Walsh, Esq., of Cork, Ireland (arms, 'Argent a cher. gu between 3 broad arrow heads sable'). She died in 1849; Alastair died in 1858, and both are buried in St. Patrick's

Cemetery, Baltimore. They left issue two daughters: the eldest Annie Alexis, the subject of the present sketch, was born in May, 1841; was married in 1868 in the Cathedral of Baltimore to John Henry, Marquis D'Oyley, of Paris. In 1874 Pope Pius IX. granted her the privilege of having a private Chapel and Chaplain in her residence; and in 1874 the Cross of Matron of the Holy Sepulchre was

conferred on her by the Patriarch of Jerusalem. Though born in America, the Marchioness' Highland sympathies are very strong. She takes a warm interest in all Celtic matters, and has inherited the open-hearted hospitality of her race. Their Chateau of Sans Souci—once belonging to the Bourbon Princes—has been converted by the artistic taste of the Marquis, into one of the most beautiful residences about Paris. Here, and in their Paris home, they keep open house; and her Ladyship's genuine kindness, and charm of manner, gather



around her representatives of every nationality. Many musicians and artists make their first step on the ladder of fame in her hospitable salons. But she has a specially warm welcome for all who come from the land of her ancestors, all the more if they wear the "garb of old Gaul," in which she has always dressed her boys.

Their first visit to the Highlands was about 1873-4, when they were welcomed as Highland



THE MARCHIONESS D'OYLEY.
(NÉE MACDONALD OF KEPPOCH).



GILBERT RAUL, COUNT DOYLEY.

cousins by Mrs. MacDonell, of Keppoch, and other members of the clan. The eldest son, Reginald Donald D'Oyley, was born in Paris in 1869, baptised in the Royal Palace of Marlia, the residence of one of his sponsors, H.R.H. Victoria Augusta de Bourbon, and was educated at Stonyhurst. He was made "*Camerice secret de Cape et d'Épée*" by Pope Leo XIII in 1889, was a universal favourite, but died at Cannes in 1889, and was buried in the family mausoleum at Versailles. The second son, Gilbert Raoul, Count D'Oyley, was born in February, 1875, took his degrees at the University of Sorbonne, Paris, and is now considered one of the most elegant and accomplished swordsmen in France. The youngest son, Alastair Ivan Ladislaus Lucidus, Viscount D'Oyley, was born in February, 1880, a fine boy, likely to develop all the manly qualities of his ancestors.

JOSEPHINE M. MACDONELL.

CLUNY AND LADY CLUNY OF THE '45, AFTER CULLODEN.

By ALEXANDER MACPHERSON, KINGUSSIE.

X.

THE SON OF CLUNY OF THE '45.

Do chinnadh féin Clann Mhuirich,
Bhíodh iad uile gun d'árdugh

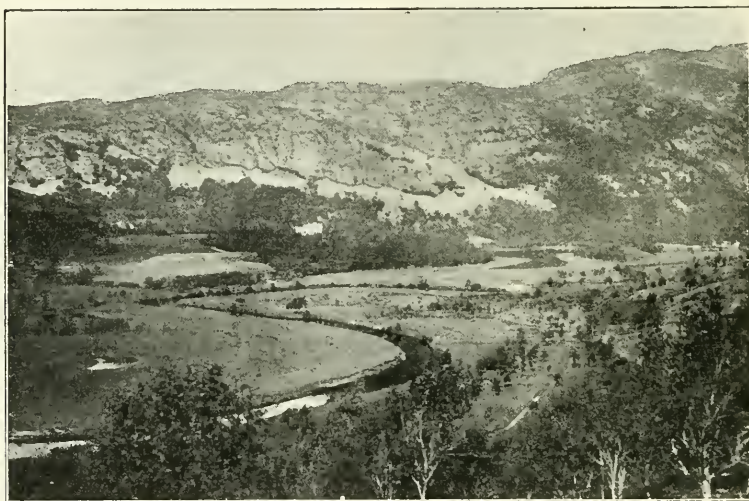
Fearail, treun, ascaoin, fuileach,
Sud na enraidh' nach sòradh,
'Dol ri aodainn a' chatha,
Claidh' leathann 'nan dòrn-san,
Ann an aobhar mac d'athar
'S iad gun athadh gun sòradh.

IN 1804 Colonel Thornton, of Thornville-Royal, in Yorkshire, published a most interesting journal of a visit which he paid to Badenoch and other parts of the Highlands about twenty years previously. In that journal the Colonel gives the following lively sketch of the rejoicings which took place at Pitmain—the old coaching stage near Kingussie—on the occasion of the restoration of the forfeited estates of Cluny of the '45 to Colonel Duncan Macpherson—his only son. There is no year mentioned in the journal, but from documents preserved in the Cluny Charter Chest it is clear that the entertainment took place on 18th September, 1784. On the 17th of that month Colonel Thornton records in his journal that on returning to Raits that evening he "found a very polite invitation from Colonel Macpherson and the clan requesting me to dine with them the next day, which was set apart for general festivity and rejoicing on account of a late public event, considered by them as a most advantageous revolution in their favour." On the 18th he records that "the morning was taken up with ordering illuminations and bonfires in honour of the day, and the housekeeper was directed to send to Colonel Macpherson whatever Raits afforded that might in any respect prove acceptable at the feast intended to be given." He then proceeds—

"On our arrival we found a large party of gentlemen already assembled, and the area full of the lower class of the Clan Macpherson. Other gentlemen were likewise continually ushering in from all parts, some of whom came about sixty miles, so happy were they to testify their regard for the present possessor of the estate; in short no words can express the joy that was exhibited in every countenance. The ladies, too, not that I think it singular, seemed to me to enter more heartily, if possible, into the joys of the day than the men; the *tout ensemble* made this meeting interesting enough. At most public meetings there are some discontented mortals who rather check than inspire mirth. The case here was quite the reverse; with that perfect innocence which abounds in the Highlands joined to the clannish regard not totally removed by luxury and knowledge of the world, every individual added something, and exerted himself to promote the common cause. At five o'clock dinner was announced, and each gentleman with the utmost gallantry handed in his tartan-dressed partner. The table was covered with every luxury the vales of Badenoch, Spey, and Lochaber could produce, and a very substantial entertainment it was; game of all kinds, and

venison in abundance, did honour to Mr. McLean who supplied it. I had no conception of any room at Pitmain large enough to dine one-tenth of the party, but found that the apartment we were in, though low, was about 50 feet long, and was only used, being a malt kiln, on such occasions. When seated no company at St. James's ever exhibited a greater variety of gaudy colours, the ladies being dressed in all their Highland pride, each following her own fancy, and wearing a shawl of tartan; this contrasted by the other parts of the dress, at candle-light presented a most glaring *coup d'œil*. The dinner, being removed, was succeeded by a dessert of Highland fruits, when, I may venture to say, that 'George the third,'—and long may he reign!—was drank with as much unfeigned loyalty as ever it was in London. Several other toasts

were likewise drank with three cheers, and re-echoed by the inferiors of the clan in the area around us. The ladies gave us several very delightful Erse songs; nor were the bagpipes silent, they played many old Highland tunes, and, among others, one which is, I am told, the test of a piper's abilities, for at the great meeting of the pipers at Falkirk, those who cannot play it are not admitted candidates for the annual prize given to the best performer. After the ladies had retired the wine went round plentifully, but, to the honour of the conductor of this festive board, everything was regulated with the utmost propriety, and, as we were in possession of the only room for dancing, we rose the earlier from the table, in compliance with the wishes of the ladies, who in this country are still more keen dancers than those of the



CREAG DHU'EH CHLOINN CHATAIN—(THE WAR-CRY OF THE CLAN CHATTAN).

southern parts of Britain. After tea, the room being adjusted, and the band ready, we returned, and, minuets being by common consent exploded, danced with true Highland spirit a great number of different reels, some of which were danced with the genuine Highland fling, a peculiar kind of cut. It is astonishing how true all these ladies danced to time, and not without grace; they would be thought good dancers in any assembly whatever. At ten o'clock the company repaired to the terrace adjoining the house, to behold as fine a scene of its kind as perhaps ever was exhibited. Bonfires in towns are only simple assemblages of inflammable matter, and have nothing but the cause of rejoicing to recommend them, but here the country people, vieing with each other, had gathered together large

piles of wood, peat, and dry heather on the tops of the different hills and mountains, which, by means of signals, being all lighted at the same time, formed a most awful and magnificent spectacle, representing so many volcanoes, which, owing to their immense height, and the night being totally dark and serene, were distinctly seen at the distance of ten miles. And while our eyes were gratified with this solemn view, our ears were no less delighted with the different bagpipes playing round us, when, after giving three cheers to the King, and the same to Mr. Pitt, etc., we returned into the ballroom. At one I withdrew, took some refreshment, and then returned home, highly delighted at having passed the day so very agreeably."

In the Cluny Charter Chest are preserved MSS. giving a detailed list of the large party present at the banquet and the names of the numerous hills throughout the wide and extensive district of Badenoch, displaying the "magnificent spectacle" described by Colonel Thornton. Speaking of Pitmain Inn, where the entertainment took place, Dr. Garnett, in his "Observations on a Tour through the Highlands," etc., published in London in 1811, says:—"It is a very good house, and adjoining to it is a better garden than I ever saw belonging to an inn, if we except some of the public gardens near London. It contained abundance of fruit, of which we were invited to partake by our landlord, a good-natured man, and very fond of boasting of his intimacy with the nobility."

(To be continued).

CREAG DHUBH, KINGUSSIE.

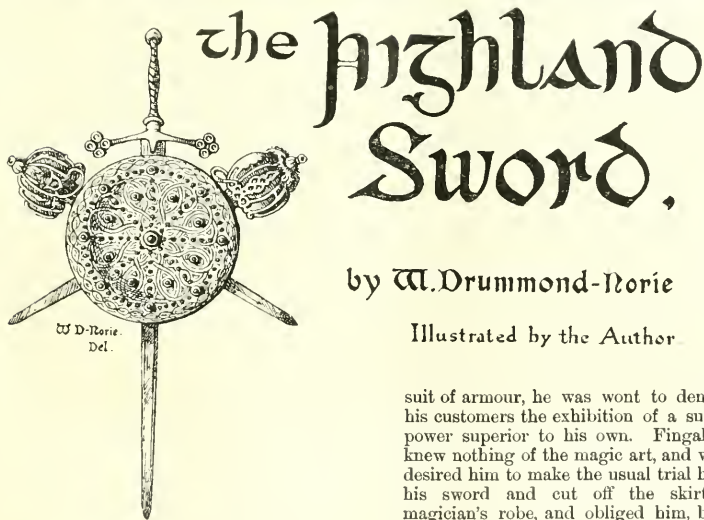
(THE OLD WAR-CRY OF CLAN CHATTAN)

Rising to meet the kisses of the sky,
The Ages grey upon its rugged face—
That brave old pillar of a brave old race
Stands out, as from a mist of days gone by,
A sculptured echo of their battle cry,
Pink-hushed with careless wreath of heather-bells,
And bright with brimming eyes of fairy-wells,
That burst in silver tears o'er ledges high,
For heroes gone!—for battles lost and won!
For hearts no golden bribes could tempt or turn,
Against their Chief,* who served fair Scotland's son,
E'en after sorrow-mourned Culloden's urn!
Stand fast Craig Dhu! the olden days are done,
But in their memory we live and burn!

* Cluny of the '45.

Boulogne-sur-mer.

JANIE E. B. MACPHERSON.



W D-Rorie.
Del.

by W. Drummond-Rorie

Illustrated by the Author

(Continued from page 198).

THE traditional sword of Fingal "which gives no second wound" (*cha d'fhàg e fuigheall beuma*) may have been a weapon of this description. The legend runs that this hero on one of his expeditions into Scandinavia met the celebrated smith, Luno, who in addition to possessing unrivalled skill as a maker of armour and weapons of all kinds, was also a magician. Before this Vulcain of the north would consent to forge a sword, or supply a

suit of armour, he was wont to demand from his customers the exhibition of a supernatural power superior to his own. Fingal, however, knew nothing of the magic art, and when Luno desired him to make the usual trial he uplifted his sword and cut off the skirts of the magician's robe, and obliged him, bare as he was, to fly before him. The pursuit was a long one, for Luno coming to the sea walked upon the waves, and Fingal had to follow in a ship. The chase lasted ten days, and at the end of that period the magician was overtaken in the Isle of Skye, where he was forced to erect a forge and make both shield and sword for the angry chief. From this circumstance Fingal's sword was called the "son of Luno;" it killed a man at every stroke, but fortunately for the chief's enemies it was only used in times of the greatest danger.

In MacPherson's "Ossian," reference is repeatedly made to this magic weapon, and if we may not take these poetical descriptions as literally accurate translations from the Gaelic originals, we cannot but admire the true Celtic feeling that breathes through every line of them. What can be finer than the following quotation from "Temora" describing the appearance of Fingal:—"I have seen his forward spear. It is a meteor of death; the blood of thousands is on its steel. He came first to the shore, strong in the grey hair of his age. Full rose his sinewy limbs as he strode in his might. *That sword is by his side which gives no second wound.* His shield is terrible, like the bloody moon ascending thro' a storm."

The Scandinavian origin of Fingal's sword suggests the theory that the double handed *claidheamh mòr* was then, for the first time, introduced into the Highlands from Norway or Denmark.* This would account for the magical qualities attributed to that weapon, as it would show a marked superiority over the short bronze swords then fast falling into disuse.

Writers on the ancient history of Scotland fix the Fingalian era approximately in the third century, and it therefore follows if the before mentioned theory is correct, that about this period the bronze age in the Highlands was gradually giving place to the reign of iron. The Celtic races in the south of Britain had undoubtedly acquired a knowledge of the use of iron weapons at a much earlier date, for we know that they were in use at the time of the first Roman invasion under Julius Cæsar (B.C. 55-54), and Dr. Evans, a most reliable authority on the subject, says that "British iron must have been in use in the southern part not later than the fourth or fifth century B.C., and that by the third century the employment of bronze for cutting instruments had practically ceased."

Whatever may be the exact date at which the great double handed sword, the true claymore, was introduced into the Scottish Highlands, it is unquestionably a weapon of of the greatest antiquity, and there is nothing at all unreasonable in attributing it to the period named. From that time until the seventeenth century it became pre-eminently the weapon of the Highlanders, who were not only proficient in using it against their enemies with terrible effect, but were also highly skilled in forging the enormous blades, some of them over fifty inches long, with which it was finished. Many are the stories still extant in the Highlands of wonderful smiths who produced splendidly tempered blades without the aid of fire. These weapons were known as

"claidheamhan fuar-iarann," i.e. "cold iron swords," from the fact that they were not forged in the ordinary way, but beaten into shape by a succession of rapid blows from a heavy hammer. The celebrated hero of Glen Urquhart, *Au Gobha Mòr* (the Big Smith), possessed this art, and was famed far and wide for his skill as an armourer. Warrior as well as smith, he performed many brave deeds with the weapons he had himself forged, and a memorial of his prowess still exists in the huge boulder known locally as *Clach a' Ghobhainn Mhoir* (the Big Smith's Stone). Probably he was a MacDonald, for at the present day a family of this clan living in Glen Urquhart is known as *Shiochd a' Ghobhainn Mhoir* (race of the Big Smith).

At Corpach, on Loch Eil, there was for some centuries a famous race of smiths whose blades were known and prized throughout the whole of the Western Highlands, and in Glen Urquhart the MacNabs of Bar-chastealan were for a period of four hundred years hereditary armourers to the knights of Lochawe. As late as the year 1785 a member of this family carried on the same trade, modified of course to suit the age in which he lived, at Baran, near Dalmally, and produced some splendid specimens of dirks, pistols etc, some of which may still be seen in private collections of Highland arms.

* It may be that the famous smiths of Scandinavia were themselves of Celtic extraction, for the famous Luno was known as "Loan MacIbhuin" (correctly speaking "*Loinn mac Liobhaidh*," meaning "Brightness the son of polishing"), an unmistakably Celtic name. He is also known as the "Dark Smith of Dronheim," and forged a magic sword for Olaf of Norway.

(To be continued).

THE MACLEAN CROSS, erected by the Clan Maclean Association in the Southern Necropolis, Glasgow, to the memory of Lachlan Maclean of Coll, author and poet, was unveiled by Mr. Neil Maclean (ex-provost of Govan), vice-president of the Association, on Saturday, 27th June, before a large gathering. The ex-Provost, in an introductory speech delivered in Gaelic, went over the leading events in the life of the deceased, referring to his great enthusiasm for the Gaelic language. Speeches were also delivered by Councillor MacNeish, Dunoon, and Messrs. Henry Whyte (*Fionn*), John Maclean, Convener, D. Maclean, Secretary, Duncan Whyte, Neil MacLaine and Arch. Sinclair.

A CLAN GRANT CELEBRATION IN GLEN URQUHART.—Mr. & Mrs. John Grant, of Oakbank, on 1st August, celebrate their Golden Wedding, and the various members of the family, all of whom occupy distinguished positions in various parts of the kingdom, have arranged to be present to celebrate the auspicious occasion.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Glasgow.

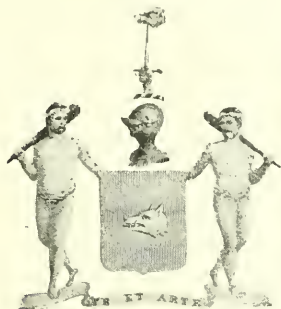
No. 12. VOL. IV.]

SEPTEMBER, 1896.

[Price Threepence.



DR. KENNETH MACKENZIE CHISHOLM.



KENNETH MACKENZIE CHISHOLM, M.D., the subject of this brief sketch, is a Highlander of Highlanders, in descent, sentiment, and genuine love of his race and country. His paternal ancestors were Chisholms and Frasers, natives of Gairloch for many generations, and his maternal forbears, MacIennans and Macdonalds from the parish of Urray, both in the county of Ross. He was born on the 24th May, 1843, at the farm of Conon Mains, on the east coast estate of Sir Kenneth MacKenzie of Gairloch, where his father was then in the service of Sir Francis, Sir Kenneth's father, but when young Kenneth was only a year old his father, Simon Chisholm, removed to Gairloch to take charge of Flowerdale Gardens, adjoining the beautifully situated west coast residence of "Clann Eachainn Ruaidh." In this position, and subsequently forester as well, Simon Chisholm soon became, and continued to the day of his death, one of the most popular men on the Gairloch property.

At an early age Kenneth went to the parish school and remained there up to the age of fourteen, when he left for a school near Aultbea, some twelve miles distant, then taught by Mr., now Dr. John Mackay, practising at Cromarty, to prepare for the Training College, Edinburgh, to which he repaired in 1859, at the age of sixteen, and after two years' training there for the teaching profession he returned to Gairloch and was at once appointed master of Opinan school, where he taught the "young idea how to shoot" for the next eight years. His own ambition and that of his parents at this time was to qualify for "wagging his pow in a pu'pit," but this was not an easy matter for a young man whose father was not blessed with too much of the riches of this world, and to attain the object in view entailed no small self-denial on both. To provide "the sinews of war" for attending the Arts classes at the University of Edinburgh for one session required the earnings of two years' teaching, and that was how it had to be done.

Like many other talented young students Kenneth MacKenzie Chisholm, after two sessions in the Arts classes, gave up the study of Theology for that of Medicine. This was a great disappointment to his parents, especially to his mother. He then sat for and successfully passed the preliminary examination for the latter, and the next session that he found himself in possession of the necessary means to attend the School of Medicine, Surgeon's Hall, he resigned his position as teacher and began his medical course. At the close of his first session, in 1870, he went to England, where he acted as assistant to several medical men during the sessional intervals, and with the money thus earned and the pecuniary assistance of two generous friends he made rapid progress at the School of Medicine, where on several occasions he headed the prize list, and never once failed to appear in the honours division of his year, gaining during his course the following class distinctions:—the gold medal in Anatomy; the same in Forensic Medicine

and Toxicology: 1st prize in Junior, and the same in Senior Surgery; 2nd in Junior Medicine; and 3rd in Midwifery; first-class honours in Chemistry, in Materia Medica, and in Diseases of the Eye. Having finished the prescribed course he sat for and successfully qualified as L.R.C.P., L.R.C.S., and L.M. Edin., in June, 1876.

Soon after taking these degrees he was appointed Parish Medical Officer of Knockbain and Redcastle in his native county of Ross, where he resided, at Munloch, until September, 1877, when, having meantime married a Lancashire manufacturer's daughter, he removed to her native place, Radcliffe, near Manchester, where he has established a highly respectable and substantial practice. His two surviving daughters are at present attending Owens College, Manchester, with the object of taking the B.A. degree of the Victoria University, and afterwards a degree in Science and Music, for which they have displayed undoubted ability and aptitude.

Dr. Chisholm, always ambitious of securing a University degree, which he was debarred from taking during his College course owing to the difference in the amount of the fees payable, proceeded in 1884 to the University of St. Andrews, where after a searching examination he secured the degree of Doctor of Medicine. He is a member of the British Medical Association, the Medical Defence Union, the Incorporated Medical Practitioners' Association, and of the Clinical Society of Manchester.

That he commands the esteem and confidence of his fellow citizens is apparent from the fact that he is Vice-Chairman of the Radcliffe Urban District Council, and a member of the Board of Guardians of the Bury Union, Lancashire. He is also an enthusiastic Freemason. Politically he is a very pronounced and advanced Liberal, and is an ardent admirer and enthusiast in the practical furtherance of every movement that has for its object the amelioration of the condition of his fellow Highlanders. He rejoiced in the passing of the Crofters' Act in 1886, and the appointment more recently of the Deer Forest Commission. He delights, as every good Highlander should, in reading, writing, and speaking the Gaelic language, and is altogether a credit to his native parish and the race to which he is so proud to belong.

Inverness

A. MACKENZIE.

REVIEWS.

WHAT IS MY TARTAN? OR THE CLANS OF SCOTLAND, WITH THEIR SEPTS AND DEPENDENTS, BY FRANK ADAM, F.S.A., SCOT. EDINBURGH: W. & A. K. JOHNSTON.—In compiling this most complete and valuable work Mr. Adam has rendered a service to his countrymen for which they have every reason to be grateful. No one, so far as we are aware, has ever attempted to identify and classify the septs and dependents of each clan, or to publish in a handy form particulars regarding them such as we find in Mr. Adam's book. The task to which he set himself was one of no ordinary difficulty, and the author has our hearty congratulations on the satisfactory result of his labours. The first four chapters are naturally devoted to a dissertation on the antiquity of the Highland garb and the tartan, the attempts made to suppress the kilt, and the rise and decadence of the Clan System. Then follows a list of the clans, showing English and Gaelic appellation of the clans; clan arms, and origin of the chiefs; designations of chiefs and chieftains; badges, list of distinctive clan pipe music, slogans (or war-cry), and an alphabetical list of clan septs and dependents, showing the clans with which they are connected etc. Persons desirous of knowing what clan they belong to, and what tartan they are entitled to wear, will find full particulars in *What is my Tartan?* Of course, it would be an easy matter to dispute many of the conclusions at which the author has arrived, but taken altogether Mr. Adam has made his book as perfect as it was possible for him to make it, and we know that he spared no pains in verifying any facts in regard to which he had any doubt. Messrs. W. & A. K. Johnston have brought out the work in a most attractive form, bound in Gordon tartan, and the printing and get up of the book reflect credit upon the publishers, whose most excellent works on the clan tartans, and histories of the Highland regiments, have had such an immense sale all over the world. (See our advertising pages.)

A MAN IN THE FJORDS, BY ANDREW DEIR. LONDON: DUNBY, LONG & Co.—This is not a mere Guide book to the Land of the Midnight Sun; it is something better—it is intended to amuse as well as instruct. One need not read more than a few pages to feel that the humour is spontaneous and enjoyable, and that the book is so amusing that one would like to read it right through without stopping. It is descriptive of the adventures of a party of Scots on a trip to Norway. They evidently started with the intention of enjoying themselves, and it is not too much to say that they succeeded in gratifying their desires. They could not be made to see the serious side of life—the whole creation seemed to be specially planned out to afford scope for their amusement. Mr. Deir has certainly made a splendid hit with *A Man in the Fjords*, and the reading public will welcome him as a humorist of exceptional ability. We have read a great deal of what passes as humorous literature in these times, but we have not often read anything we enjoyed so much as Mr. Deir's latest work. We hope that he will be induced by the success of this volume to write another on the same lines. The fact that the volume is already in its fourth edition is sufficiently convincing that it is a decided success.

THE CLAN CHATTAN.—We understand that the first Annual Social Gathering of this Association is to be held in Glasgow in October, Cluny Macpherson in the chair.

TRADITIONS OF THE COLQUHOUN COUNTRY.

By F. MARY COLQUHOUN.

(Continued from page 207.)

WE find that in the year 1648 a romantic attachment was formed between John Colquhoun of Luss, called the "Black Cock of the West," and Margaret Baillie, the rich heiress of Lochend, in the county of Haddington. Her father was Sir Gideon Baillie, and her mother was Magdalene Carnegie, daughter of David, Lord Carnegie, eldest son of David, first Earl of Southesk.

The circumstances connected with the beginning of his acquaintance with his "lady love" were these:

Several guests of high pretensions were dining at Lochend with the laird.

Margaret, who was then very young, being present, her father asked her in jest, "Well Maggie, which of these gentlemen will you have for a husband?" Without a moment's pause, to the surprise of all present, she answered, "The Black Cock of the West, father!" a hint, as it has proved by the sequel, not thrown away on the very handsome baronet, Sir John Colquhoun, who ever afterwards bore the sobriquet so bestowed on him on account of his black locks, glossy as the wings of the raven.

His portrait, by Sir Peter Lely, is in the picture gallery at Rossdhu, and represents him as a singularly fine looking man, with an olive complexion and blue black hair.

By the marriage contract between Margaret Baillie's parents it was provided that, in case there should be no sons of their union, their eldest daughter should succeed to the estates, and that she should marry a person bearing the name and arms of Baillie, and that with the advice of four nearest of kin of her father and mother. Margaret scorned such trammels of her affections, and held true to her hero of the west!

The marriage between the laird of Luss and his bride was celebrated in haste, without any previous proclamation of banns in the parish church. This most likely gave rise to the report that they had eloped.

The bride was carried off, with her willing consent, to Rossdhu in such a way as to show that she had run off with him, *not he with her!* for he rode behind her on the same horse, and thus she actually reached Rossdhu before her husband.

The reason given for this was, that the

heiress of Lochend being a ward of Chancery, John Colquhoun wished to avoid the consequences of running off with her!

As her mother and step-father were friendly to the marriage, this report of an elopement is probably without foundation. It is, however certain, that these hasty nuptials were not approved of at a time when the ecclesiastical laws were so strict with regard to marriage. It is reported, however, the Commissioners of Assembly were lenient to the young pair, and the committee only recommended that the mother of the bride should "confes her fault in her own Paroch Kirk."

In 1718 Sir Humphrey Colquhoun of Luss died, and was succeeded by his daughter Anne, who married James Grant of Pluscardine, second son of Ludovick Grant of that ilk, on the 29th of July, 1702.

The family of Grant is of great antiquity. It was powerful in the reign of Alexander II. of Scotland, who ascended the throne in 1214, but the husband of the heiress of Luss only survived a year after their marriage.

His eldest brother, Alexander, who was a Brigadier General in the army, succeeded to his father's estates in 1717, and became the Chief of Grant.

He was married to a daughter of James, Lord Doun, son and heir of Alexander, 6th Earl of Moray, but having no children the estates of Grant devolved on Sir James Colquhoun as the second born, but now, the eldest son of Ludovick Grant of Grant, and Sir James resumed his paternal surname of Grant and dropped the surname and arms of Colquhoun of Luss, whilst Ludovic, the second son of his marriage with the heiress of Luss, became the representative and possessor of the lands of Luss, bearing the name and arms of Luss according to the deed of entail, his elder brother, Humphrey, being the heir apparent of the Grant estates. Sir James Grant "was a gentleman of very amiable character, beloved and honoured by all who knew him." By his wife, Anne Colquhoun, who died at Castle Grant in 1724, Sir James Grant had fourteen children—six sons and eight daughters.

Another of the "Ladies" of Luss was Lady Helen Sutherland, eldest daughter of William, Lord Strathnaver (eldest son of John, 19th Earl of Sutherland), who died in 1720. This lady married Sir James Colquhoun, and their marriage contract was signed at Edinburgh and at Castle Grant, June, 1740.

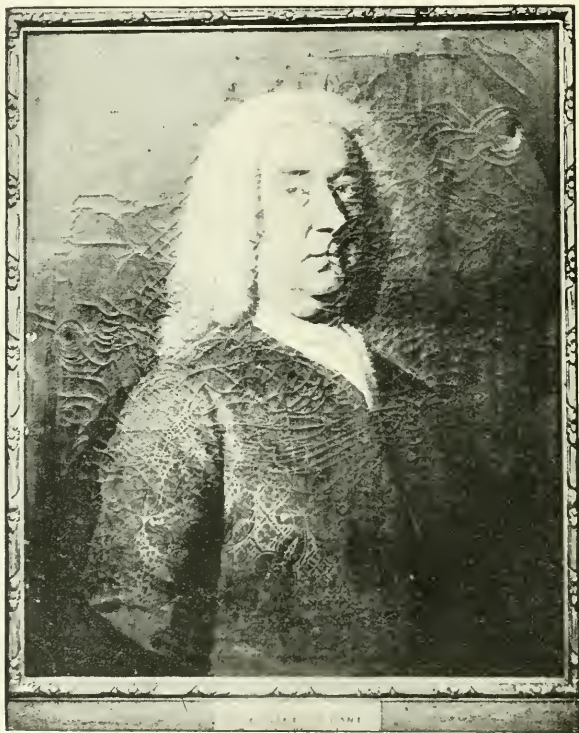
Lady Helen was in the 23rd year of her age at the time of her union with the laird of Luss, who was promoted to the rank of Major of Lord Sempill's Highland regiment after the Battle of Dettingen. The regiment was the

42nd Royal Highlanders, the "Black Watch." He suffered from the wounds and fatigues of the campaign in Flanders, and returned before the "'45" to Scotland. The town of Helensburgh was named after Lady Helen by her husband, and many of the squares and streets have been called after different members of the Colquhoun family.

In 1774 Sir James began to build the

present mansion of Rossthdu, as the old castle was not considered from its age a safe dwelling. In these days no doubt it would have been restored, instead of being deserted for a modern abode!

In leaving the old tower for her new home Lady Helen, who survived her husband, was deeply affected, and her grandson, the grandfather of the present Chief, who was then



SIR JAMES GRANT OF PLUSCARDINE.

From the Original Painting at Rossthdu, Loch Lomond.

seven years old, remembered that she shed tears, saying in her quaint way "It was a lucky hole!"

Her husband, Sir James, a very fine looking man, was held in great favour and loving esteem for his personal character. It was he who built the church of Luss entirely at his own expense, laying no burden on the other heritors. His influence for the interests of

religion and virtue is still sensibly felt, so it may be truly said of him—"Though long since passed away he still speaks for the Master he served so faithfully."

Lady Helen was much esteemed also. She was handsome, slender in form, and engaging in manners, and looked well after her family and household. She was very particular in having everything in perfect order, and a



SURGEON-GENERAL A. H. FRASER.

characteristic story is related of her in regard to this quality in her character.

When Dr. Johnson made his celebrated tour to the Hebrides he paid a visit to Rossdhu.

Having been drenched in a boating expedition on Loch Lomond he came into the drawing room with the water splashing out of his boots. Lady Helen could not restrain muttering "What a bear!" "Yes," answered one of the company, "he is no doubt a bear, but it is *ursus major!*"

(To be continued).

SURGEON-GENERAL A. H. FRASER.



SURGEON-GENERAL ARCHIBALD HENRY FRASER was born in May, 1827, at Arisaig, Inverness-shire. He was third son of the late John Fraser, formerly

an officer in the Ulster Light Infantry, and at the time of his death factor for the Lovat estates in Morar. He was accidentally drowned in July, 1834, while returning to Arisaig from the Island of Eigg, and his body was never recovered.

When about two years of age the subject of our sketch was taken on a visit by his aunt, Mrs. Henry Butter (whose husband was of the Faskally family), and only returned to his native air thirteen years afterwards to recover from a severe illness. Some years later he was offered by the late Sir Alexander Cameron, K.C.B., of Inveraird, a commission in the medical department of the army, if he would study medicine, and having accepted the offer, he completed his studies at Glasgow Andersonian College, qualifying in August, 1850. He next passed the army medical board of examination in London, and was sent to Fort Pitt, then the largest military hospital in the kingdom, where he did duty for over a month, and afterwards was transferred to Chatham. In February, 1851, he was appointed Assistant Surgeon to the 92nd Gordon Highlanders, then stationed in Ireland; two years later he joined the 75th regiment, now the 1st Batt. Gordon Highlanders, and served with it till promoted Staff-Surgeon, 2nd class, in January, 1858. Next year he exchanged into the 88th regiment, and in 1871 into the 40th regiment. In 1877 he was selected for administrative duty as principal medical officer with the British troops in Burma, and was in the same year promoted Deputy Surgeon-General. After serving in various parts of India, during which his duties were often incessant and of the most arduous nature, he contracted malarial

fever, and was transferred in 1881 to the Rawul Pindee Division. In the following year he was ordered to England, and on arrival was posted as principal medical officer at the Currugh Camp, from which, in '83, he was transferred to Dublin to officiate as principal medical officer for Ireland. In October, '84, he was ordered to Gibraltar, was promoted Surgeon-General, and in May, '87, was placed on retired pay.

Such is a bare *resumé* of the services of one of the most able and distinguished officers in the army medical service, for although he saw little active service, he had frequently to contend with subtle and deadly enemies in the shape of cholera, fever, and other tropical diseases, and so trying was the work that on some occasions when himself suffering from debility resulting from malarial fever, he had to be carried through the hospital wards in a doolie so that he might be able to perform his duties. Thanks to a good constitution he never completely broke down. His only war decoration is the Indian Mutiny Medal.

In November, 1851, he married Jessie, the eldest daughter of Major Duncan Grahame of Glenny, Perthshire, an officer who had served with distinction in the 6th regiment during the Peninsular War, and received the Peninsular Medal with six clasps, and the Portuguese Medal. Of issue there were five sons and five daughters. The eldest son is a medical practitioner in Kansas, U.S.A.; second, is in Alberta, N.W.T., Canada; third, a Lieutenant in the 25th K. O. Scottish Borderers; fourth, a Lieutenant in the Indian Staff Corps, at present Adjutant of the Poonah Horse; fifth, died from the effects of an accident in Rangoon in 1877. Of the daughters four married officers in the army, and the fifth is the wife of Mr. Charles T. G. Knox, of the Ranfurly family.

EDITOR.

AMONG THE HEATHER.

SONNET.

I lay me down upon the purple heath,
While all around me burns the regal noon,
Silent, save for the wild bee's drowsy croon,
And vagrant airs that scarcely seem to breathe,
Or stir with passing kiss the bells that breathe
My scented couch. Joy's voiceless, wordless tune,
Sings to my tranquil heart, that all too soon
May throb with fiercer pulses hid beneath.
No sign of man's supremacy is here,
No trembling, hunted creature refuge seeks
From cruel death; o'er the far mountain peaks
Drift the soft filmy clouds like airy dreams,
And deep and still the loch's blue jewel gleams,
Fair heaven smiles to fair earth, each of God's
presence speaks.

JANET A. McCULLOCH.

CLUNY AND LADY CLUNY OF THE '45, AFTER CULLODEN.

By ALEXANDER MACPHERSON, KINGUSSIE.

XI.

THE SON OF CLUNY OF THE '45.

"Feadan Dubh Chlann Chatain
'S fad o' chualas
'S buan a' mhaireas
'S mor' adh."

(Clan Chattan's black chanter
That sounded afar,
And long will determine
High fortunes of war.)

IN 1798 Colonel Macpherson, who had then attained his 50th year, married his second cousin, Catherine Cameron, daughter of Sir Ewen of Fassfern, and sister of the heroic and beloved Colonel John Cameron who fell at Quatre Bras. As Sir Walter Scott in his Homeric lines has it:—

"Through battle's rout and reel,
Storm of shot and hedge of steel,
Led the grandson of Lochiel,
Valiant Fassfern.
Through steel and shot he leads no more,
Low laid 'mid friends' and foemen's gore—
But long his native lake's wild shore,
And Sunart rough, and high Ardgower,
And Morven long shall tell,
And proud Bennevis hear with awe,
How, upon bloody Quatre Bras,
Brave Cameron heard the wild hurra
Of conquest as he fell."

Of the four sons of the marriage, the second—Cameron Macpherson—entered the service of the old East India Company, and died in early life. Inheriting the martial ardour and love of chivalrous adventure prevailing for so many centuries in the Macpherson country, the other three entered the army and worthily and honourably maintained the ancient fame and military prowess of their forefathers. The eldest son—"Old Cluny"—long so popularly known all over the Highlands, joined the famous Black Watch "of song and story," afterwards serving in the Royal Scots. The third son—Colonel Archibald Fraser Macpherson of the Madras army—saw much service abroad, and acquired distinction for signal gallantry in India. On his return to his native land he received a gratifying tribute of the respect and admiration of his clansmen and friends in the shape of a splendid Highland banquet at Kingussie, characterised by a true display of the most patriotic sentiments on the part of his countrymen. The fourth son—Colonel John Cameron Macpherson, the namesake of his famous uncle, the hero of Quatre

Bras—also joined the Black Watch, distinguishing himself in the Crimean War. He was reputed to be one of the most gallant and daring horsemen of his time in the British army. On his tombstone in the churchyard of Stirling, where he died in 1873, it is recorded that he served twenty-five years in the Black Watch, and was engaged at the Battle of the Alma and in the trenches at Sebastopol, for which he received the Crimean and Turkish medals. It is remarkable that two of Colonel John's nephews (sons of "Old Cluny"), then active young officers, also took part in the Crimean War—the elder, Colonel Duncan, C.B., ultimately attaining the command of the Black Watch, and the second, Colonel Ewen (the present Chief of Clan Chattan), the command of the 93rd Highlanders. On both pensions were bestowed for "distinguished and meritorious services" in the army.

As indicative of the kindly and considerate disposition of Colonel Macpherson (the son of Cluny of the '45) and his regard for his tenantry and people, so characteristic of the House of Cluny, the following extract from the letter written by him shortly before his death to General Stewart of Garth, portions of which have been already quoted, speaks for itself:—

"I am clearly of your opinion that much of the attachment of the people to their superiors is unnecessarily lost, though I cannot impute the whole blame to the proprietors. In many instances the people themselves are entirely in the fault, and in other cases factors abuse the trust reposed in them, and of course the proprietor gets the whole blame of their oppressions. You have given two very striking and opposite instances, which may serve to illustrate the situation of landlord and tenant all over the nation. I mean Sir George Stewart and the Earl of Breadalbane. The one has well-paid rents and the offer of a large sum of money besides for his accommodation, while the other with difficulty gets one-tenth of his. If a tenant has a fair bargain of his farm it is an absurdity to suppose that one bad year will distress him; but when the rent is so *racked* that he is only struggling in the best of times, a very little falling off in prices or seasons will totally ruin him, and I am sorry to say that much of the present distress is to be attributed to that cause. I am happy to have it in my power to tell you that my rents were all paid—that is, to a mere trifle, and even that trifle due by a few improvident individuals who would be equally in arrear in the best of times. The Duke of Gordon has not received more than one-half of his rents either in Lochaber or Badenoch, and I have reason to believe his Grace's rents were paid better in the low country. Belville has not exceeded one-tenth, and though I do not exactly know in what proportion the Invereshie rent was paid, yet I know that it was a bad collection.

The conduct of the family of Stafford is certainly unaccountable, for I am credibly informed that the old tenants offered a higher rent than those that came from England, consequently they

are losers in every respect. I know it will be said by those who are advocates for depopulating the country that they could not stand to their offer, but neither could their successors, for a very large deduction has already been given them, and one man in particular has got five hundred pounds down. Upon the whole it is clear that the Marquis of Stafford was led into these arrangements (so disgraceful to the present age) by speculative men that wish to overturn the old system at once, without considering that their plans were at least only applicable to the present moment,

and that such changes, even if necessary, should be done gradually and with great caution. I cannot dismiss this subject without making a few remarks on the conduct of Lady Stafford, and you will be astonished to learn that when her old and faithful adherents, who had given her such repeated proofs of their attachment, were cruelly oppressed by a factor, that she should refuse to listen to their complaints; and when that factor was tried for his life on charges of cruelty, oppression, and murder, it is most unaccountable that her ladyship should exert all her influence to screen him from the



MRS. CATHERINE CAMERON, OR MACPHERSON, DAUGHTER OF SIR EWEN CAMERON OF FASSIFERN, AND WIFE OF COLONEL DUNCAN MACPHERSON OF CLUNY THE SON OF CLUNY OF THE 45.

(From the Original Painting at Cluny Castle.)

punishment which he so richly deserved. I have only to add that as far as my own observations extend much of the evil complained of arises from the absence of proprietors from their properties, by which they are in a great measure unacquainted with the real state of their tenants, and consequently open to every species of advice and misrepresentation."

"Happy the chief who in such still retreat,
Nurses the memory of long-centuried sires,
Whose faithful people go with forward feet

Where his eyes flashes, and his voice inspires,
Who makes the hills his home, and reigns a king
O'er willing hearts who love his sheltering wing."

Upon Colonel Macpherson's unexpected death in 1817 at Cupar-Fife, where, after recovering, as was supposed, from a serious illness, he had gone to visit some friends, a beautiful Gaelic elegy was composed by Duncan Fraser, Balgown, in the parish of Laggan, unsurpassed, it is believed, in the Gaelic

language. While the elegy is intended after the manner of a bygone time to express the personal feelings of Cluny's bereaved wife, the bard proceeds to give a general view of the sorrow of the whole country, when the tidings of Cluny's death arrived. The original is given by the Rev. Mr. Sinton, the esteemed minister of Dores, so well known as a collector of the old songs of Badenoch, in the *Celtic Magazine* for December, 1887. It consists of thirteen stanzas, and is too long to be given here entire, but the first and last verses may be quoted:—

“O! gur mis' th'air mo sgaradh
'S cha-n'èn t-Earrach a liath ni,
Ach na chail mi an Cupar,
'S mór mo dhiùbhlail 'ga iargainn.
Chail mi deagh fhear an-tighe,
Ceannard cheatharn is chidan,
'S tric a bhuaich an latha,
An 'am catha 'ga dhioladh.

* * * * *

An Tigh Chluainidh nam bratach,
Bithidh gach aiteal mar b' àbhuist
Tha a' ghrian oirnn a' soilleseadh,
'S tha an t-oighre an lathair.
Oighre dligheach an fhearainn,
Tha 'na leanabh an dràsda,
Saoghal buan an deagh bheatha,
An àit d' athar gu bràth duit.”

The following prose translation of the elegy gives but a very faint idea of the touching pathos and beauty of the original. The curious in such matters, however, will find in the translation—comparatively feeble as it is—some picturesque glimpses of life and manners now almost entirely passed away:—

Torn am I by affliction that has changed my hair—made grey not by the severities of spring: 'tis the calamity that overwhelmed me in the town of Cupar, and pierced me with sorrow's dart. There lost I the most excellent spouse—chief of levied bands, who often gained the laurels of the day in time of waged war. Had it been in quarrel and combat that thou so soon wert cut off from us, many a banner would be displayed and keen edge drawn. Ere thou should'st know distress and gloom, Mac Shimi of the Aird would come, and the hardy Clan Cameron, together with the Mackintoshes and Grants. Thine own tribe, the Clan Vourich, would be all at thy command—those manly, bold, fiery, hard-hitting heroes who never flinch, pressing to the front of battle, broadsword in hand, for the sake of thy father's son, with no fear or hesitation. When thou wouldst unfold thy banner, the hosts of the north would arise with thee; visible to all the strong-furred cat is seen. Victory would go with thee while others would be routed. Cause of my woe, to tell that now thou art underneath the tombstone cold. Once a thousand men and pipers would assemble at thy levy, yielding to the authority of thy cross-tara when thy wrath arose. These were intrepid warriors in the day of stern requital, who would leave many a bleeding corpse on the battlefield. Strong rider of mettlesome steeds, in deeds of

hardihood, in tussle, in race, in leap, thou wert ever first. Well did thy hat and cloak, thy boots and silver spurs become thee. True friend wert thou to King George, when drilled companies were armed. Right well did it suit thee to appear in the courts of justice—to stand out for the right and to quench malice. Thy word alone were as good to me as though confirmed by ink; and sure am I that thy home is in Heaven of the good and true.

Thy town is smokeless, without joy and merriment. The doors are there closed, and there is not the wonted stir. Sad to me is the wailing of thy peasantry, like a flock astray in the desert. No matter who strikes them now, there is none to rescue. It was the custom of thy family to be social and bountiful—gentle, patriotic, kindly—having great favour for bards. Wax would burn in chandeliers through a long night, while thy vassals quaffed the ruddy wine from full hogsheds. In thy court there would be heard the strains of pipe and harp—echo answering the notes of numberless chanters. Then when thou wouldst throw out thy banner, the cat would be seen aloft, and as it led onwards triumph would attend.

Nevermore will I go to gathering at Christmas or Halloween. Nevermore will I go into company. Rather will I keep aloof and sit alone. Ah! did my lord come back restored to health again, no leech would be needed for me; then we both would be well. They were not withering trees that were in the grove where thou wert reared; they were choice saplings that grew to their full capacity. Cut down they might be, but ye could never bend them without twisting into the very earth; like holly tree for ever fresh. Numerous roots supplied their growth.

In the bannered house of Cluny all will yet be as of old. The sun still shines for us—an heir is alive, the rightful heir of the property, though yet but a child. A long and happy life to thee in thy father's place!

In the beautiful burial-place of the family, within a short distance of Cluny Castle, there is a marble tablet erected to the memory of Colonel Duncan, with the following inscription:—

“Sacred to the memory of Colonel Duncan Macpherson of Cluny, who, on the 1st of August, 1817, died at the age of 69, respected and beloved as a Highland Chief. He served his country for upwards of thirty years, during six of which he commanded, on active service in America, a battalion of the then 71st, or Fraser Regiment. This monument, to the memory of an affectionate husband and father, has been erected by his widow and children.”

“Lord, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
O hear us for our native land,—
The land we love the most.

Our father's sepulchres are here,
And here our kindred dwell,
Our children, too—how should we love
Another land so well?”

[CONCLUDED.]

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

THE following song with its pleasing melody is exceedingly popular throughout the Highlands. It was composed by Hector MacKenzie, a sailor belonging to

Ullapool, Lochbroom. He composed several other songs. He died about the middle of the present century. The translation is by *Fionn*.

MO CHAILIN DILEAS DONN MY FAITHFUL AUBURN MAID.

KEY F. *Moderato, with expression.*

{	.s ₁		d, d.	:	r, m		l	:	s, f		m, d.	:	l ₁ , t ₁		d	:	-.
			Gu ma		slàn		a		chì		mi mo		chailin		dileas		donn;
			Oh,		happy		may		I		see		thee, my		cailin		deelis donn;

{	.s ₁		d, d.	:	r, m		d	:	t, d		l, s: m. s		l	:	-d		s, m: s. l, t		d, d.	:	t, d
			Bean a'		chuailein		réidh		air an		deise dh'		éireadh fonn,		'S i		cainnt do bheòil bu		bhinne leam an		
			With wavy		auburn		ringlets,		and		voice of sweetest		tone!		Thy		pleasing words oft		cheered me, and		

{	l, s: m. s		l	:	-d		s, l: s, m		l	:	s, f		m, d.	:	l ₁ , t ₁		d	:	-.
			uair 'bhiodh m'		inntinn trom,		'S tu		thogadh suas mo		chridh 'n uair a		bhiodh tu 'bruidhinn rium.						
			raised my heart		when sad:		Thy		converse, like sweet		music, my		spirits would		make glad.				

Gur muladach a ta mi
'S mi nochd air ùird a' chuain,
'S neo-shunndach mo chadal dhomh
'S do chaidreamh fada bhuam;
Gur tric mi'ort a' smaointeach,
As d' aogais tha mi truagh;
'Us mur a d'ean mi d'fhaotainn
Cha bhi mo shaghal buan.

Sùil chorrach mar an dearach
Fo rosg a dh'iadhas dlùth;
Gruaidhean mar an caorann,
Fo 'n aodann 'tha leam cùin;
Mur d' aithris iad na brengan
Gu'n d' thug mi fàin duit ròn;
'S gur bliadhna leam gach lù
O'n uair a dh'fhàg mi thu.

Tacan mu'n do sheòl sinn
Is ann a thòisich càch
Ri innseadh do mo chruinneig-sa
Nach tillinn-sa gu bràth;
Na cuirheadh sud ort gruaimhean,
A luaidh ma bhios mi slàn,
Cha chum dad idir nait mi
Ach saighead chruaidh a' Bhàis.

Tha 'n t-suaim a nise ceangailte,
Gu daingean agus teann;
'Us their lùchd na fanaid rium
Nach 'eil mo phrothaid ann:
Am fear aig a' bheil fortan
Tha crois aige 'na cheann,
'S tha mise taingeil toillehte
Ged tha mo sporan gann.

My heart is torn with anguish
This night upon the sea,
And restless are my slumbers
Since far away from thee.
How oft my thoughts entwine thee,
Though absent from my view!
And if I may not claim thee,
My days shall be but few.

Beneath thy pencilled eyebrows
Are eyes like berries blue,
Thy cheeks are like the rowans
Of red and ripest hue;
I will confess with gladness
That I this maid adore,—
Each day has seemed a year
Since we parted on the shore.

A while before we parted
They sought to grieve thee sore,
And said unto my maiden
I should return no more;
Heed not their cruel slander
My love, if naught betide,
I'll come again to see thee,
And claim thee for my bride.

The knot is tied securely
That binds me to my dear,
Though mocking foes are saying
'Twill bring me little gear;
The man who weds a fortune
Its cross has oft to bear,
So I am quite contented
Although my purse be spare.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.



TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—The *CELTIC MONTHLY* will be sent, post free, to any part of the United Kingdom, Canada, the United States, and all countries in the Postal Union—for one year, 4s.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

SEPTEMBER, 1896

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

With this issue we complete our Fourth Volume. As we are anxious to make up our List of Subscribers for Volume V. as soon as possible, we shall feel greatly favoured if our readers will kindly forward their annual subscriptions (½ post free) at once, to the Editor, Mr. John Mackay, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow. Subscribers might kindly give this their immediate attention.

OUR NEXT ISSUE.

With the October number, which commences the fifth volume, we will present our readers with plate portraits of Mr. and Mrs. George Murray Campbell of Siam (Mr. Campbell is a native of Rogart, Sutherland); Mr. Donald Matheson of Lews Castle, Stornoway; and Rev. D. G. Mearns of Disblair, Oyne, Aberdeenshire; with biographical sketches.

Next month we will commence a series of interesting articles on "The Minor Septs of Clan Chattan," the opening chapters dealing with the Clan MacGillivray, which will be illustrated with pictures of places and objects relating to the clan. No clansman should miss reading these valuable historical papers from the pen of Mr. Charles Fraser-Mackintosh. Mr. J. Hamilton Mitchell also contributes a series of papers on "Flora Macdonald," in which the life and adventures of the Highland heroine are described in an interesting and sympathetic manner.

This issue contains a four page supplement, with title page and index for Volume IV.

CELTIC MONTHLY, VOLUME IV.—As we will only be able to supply a few complete bound copies of this volume, some of the parts being already out of print, those who desire copies should communicate with us at once. The price is 10/- post free, and copies can be had from the Editor, Mr. John Mackay, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

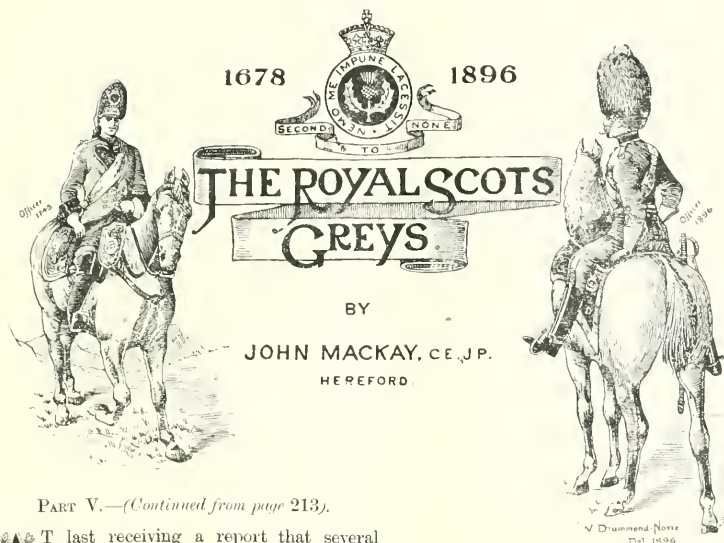
THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION AND SALE OF THE HIGHLAND HOME INDUSTRIES ASSOCIATION will take place at Inverness on the 16th, 17th, and 18th September. Here may be seen gathered together home-made products of Crofter and Cottar industry from all parts of the Highlands and Islands. A more interesting Exhibition our readers will nowhere find, and we can strongly recommend such of them as may be in the neighbourhood of Inverness, when it is open, to pay it a visit. The Association yearly disposes of nearly £1000 worth of goods at its Sale, and the proceeds are a welcome addition to the meagre income of many poor Crofter and Cottar families in the Highlands and Islands.

A CLEVER YOUNG HIGHLANDER.—Many of our north country readers will be pleased to learn that the eldest son of Mr. Hugh Bannerman, Southport (of Helmsdale, Sutherlandshire), has just passed his final examination for the M.B., C.M., Edinburgh University, with "distinction." He took first class honours in six subjects, and medals in three others, which is surely a record for a young Highlander of twenty-three years of age. Dr. Bannerman has been appointed one of the resident physicians of the Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh, and we heartily congratulate him on his success.

MR. JOHN MURRAY GRAHAM, NAPIER, NEW ZEALAND, who left for the Antipodes for the benefit of his health, writes us saying that he has much improved recently. His many friends in London and elsewhere will be glad to learn of his recovery. Mr. Graham hails from *Eilean Leòdhais*, and is a prominent member of the Gaelic Society of Napier. We are indebted to him for adding the names of a good many new subscribers in New Zealand to our list.

DEATH OF A BRAVE YOUNG HIGHLANDER.—Many Highlanders in this city would be sorry to notice in the papers recently that young Campbell of Kongha, South Africa, fell in the fight with the Matabele in the Mazoe Valley. He was the youngest son of Mr. A. D. Campbell of Kongha, South Africa, who was well-known in Celtic circles in Glasgow some twelve years ago. Although so far distant from his native land, his love for the Highlands, and his interest in Celtic matters, has in no way diminished. In a letter we received from him not long ago he mentioned that his young son, although only seventeen years of age, had gone to join his brother at Salisbury. Being a young man of spirit and daring he was soon in the thick of the fighting, and now he has met a soldier's death. Many old friends here will sympathise with Mr. Campbell in his bereavement.

CLAN CHATTAN ASSOCIATION.—This Association will hold its Annual Conversazione in Glasgow in October, Mackintosh of Mackintosh in the chair.



PART V.—(Continued from page 213).

AT last receiving a report that several masses of horse and foot were seen on the plain of Mont St. André, Marlborough rode forward to reconnoitre. The fog had not dissipated and he was not able to determine what were Villeroi's plans, but when he had proceeded a little further the whole mystery was solved, and the entire army of Villeroi was seen in order of battle. The practised and skilful eye of Marlborough scanned the serried ranks and dispositions of the enemy, as the fog bank drew upwards like a mighty curtain, and the May sunshine was reflected on the lines of steel. On perceiving the one great defect in them he hastened back to bring forward his army to take advantage of it. On coming up Marlborough directed his attention to this great object, and the measures he adopted for the purpose of effecting it proved as successful as they were admirably conceived.

Marlborough had in the field 22 English battalions, 9 Scots, 43 Dutch and Germans, and 123 squadrons of cavalry, which he formed into two lines. At one o'clock the artillery fire opened on both sides. Amid this cannonade Marlborough made a feigned attack by his right on the French left. Villeroi surmised this to be a real attack and hastened to strengthen his left by withdrawing several brigades from his centre. This was the line into which Marlborough wished to lead him. In a moment he sent an aide-de-camp to recall

some of the troops he sent from his right and return to the real point of attack, and now the battle began in earnest. Villeroi's right was attacked with indescribable fury by infantry, cavalry, and artillery. As the roar of battle closed round Ramillies, Villeroi became aware that he had been out-manœuvred in the very beginning of the battle: he now saw that his right and not his left was in danger, and he exerted himself to the utmost to repair his mistake. Dismounting twenty squadrons of his dragoons he sent them to reinforce his extreme right. The Dutch cavalry met them unexpectedly and cut them to pieces.

The first line of the French cavalry now came on and made a furious charge. It was charged in turn, routed and broken. Over heaps of dead and dying men the second line now advanced while the Dutch column was disordered and in fierce pursuit, and, for an instant, gave Villeroi some hope of restoring the battle, but at this very moment appeared the redoubtable Marlborough at the head of seventeen squadrons of horse. With these he instantly charged among the cuirassiers and the splendidly mounted and accoutred Household troops of France. Sword met sword, steel rang on steel, and saddles were fast emptied. The slaughter was great on both sides, but at last the French were literally

destroyed. Amidst the dreadful melee Marlborough was nearly taken prisoner, or would have been killed were it not for the prompt aid given him by the Duke of Argyll and General Murray. The Colonel of the Royal Irish Dragoons mounted him upon his own horse and led him out of danger. In this terrible conflict the Scots Greys highly distinguished themselves. They were opposed by the French "Regiment du Roi," whom they decimated, and captured the Royal Standard of France.

Once more advancing, the allied cavalry were met by the Bavarian cuirassiers, when fresh squadrons from the allied right appeared coming on the spur across the plain and drawing up in line with that steadiness which is a proof of discipline and valour. The Bavarians became panic struck at the sight, wheeled about and fled to the rear. The great object of this tremendous struggle, the possession of the ridge, surmounted by the tomb of Ottonond, was won.

The village of Ramillies was meantime as bravely defended as it was fiercely assailed by the British and allies. The attacking corps fought their way among the houses, then they rushed with the bayonet upon the troops who occupied the hedges and barricades, and soon made themselves masters of the place.

In this action, says "a military writer,"

the Dutch troops, and more especially the Dutch-Mackay regiment, distinguished themselves by their extraordinary gallantry.

The French were now completely defeated on their right and centre, not without causing severe loss and confusion amongst the victors. Marlborough halted to restore order in his brigades. Of this halt Villeroi hastened to take advantage by forming a second line out of the ruins of his army, but he soon found it could not be done.

The allied trumpets once again sounded the advance, again the cavalry charged, and in five minutes the whole field was strewn with dead and wounded men, riderless horses, and fugitives flying for their lives. In this charge the gallant Greys were most conspicuous. Riding fast and furious in pursuit they rode into the streets of Autre Eglise, sabring the French right and left before them. Galloping through the village and out into the open on the other side, they came upon their former opponents, the "Regiment du Roi." They surrendered immediately, and delivered up their arms and colours to the exultant Scots. Having secured the colours and placed a guard over the prisoners, the remainder of the Greys were about to continue the pursuit when a number of the prisoners attempted to regain their arms. The Greys instantly faced about, cut down

some of the foremost adventurers, posted a stronger guard over their prisoners, and then hastened in pursuit of the fleeing French and Bavarians. The battle was now won after five hours severe fighting. Marlborough advanced in pursuit with his whole army. Broken, dispirited and demoralised, French and Bavarians were in full flight in various directions, and soon became panic struck. Marlborough pursued till darkness set in, then halting, he sent on his light cavalry who continued the pursuit all night, till the spires and walls of Louvain were seen brightening with the rays of the morning sun. Ramillies was another Waterloo. The immediate consequence of this great victory was the surrender of nearly all Brabant, while the gay city of Paris was overwhelmed with consternation. "Louis," says Smollett, "affected to bear



UNIFORM OF PRIVATE, 1704.

(From "The Scots Greys," published by Messrs. W. & A. K. Johnston, Edinburgh.)

his misfortune with composure, but the constraint had such an effect upon his constitution that his physicians thought it necessary to prescribe frequent bleeding. At his Court no mention was made of military transactions.

In this decisive battle the loss of the allies in killed and wounded was 3,633, while that of the French was 13,000 in killed, wounded, and prisoners, among them many officers of high rank; 130 colours and standards, the kettledrums of the Mousquetaires and Household cavalry were captured, with 60 cannons,

8 mortars, and the whole of their tents and baggage. One of the privates of the Scots

Greys wounded at Ramillies was a female, a native of Ireland. Her name was Christian Davis. Her husband had enlisted in the army. With a view of following him with greater facility she assumed man's attire. Unsuccessful in her quest she enlisted in a foot regiment, and in 1702 joined the Scots Greys, serving in the campaigns of that and the following



UNIFORM OF PRIVATE, 1742.

(From "The Scots Greys," published by Messrs. W. & A. K. Johnston, Edinburgh.)

years, and was wounded in the leg at Schellenberg.

(To be continued.)

THE CHURCH IN THE HIGHLANDS.

(OR "THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDER"—Contd.)

THE Scottish Kelts of the middle ages are generally represented as destitute of religion. According to popular impressions the Highland clans lived in a state of pagan darkness, utterly oblivious of their obligations to God and the faith. The many traces of religious activity that still remain throughout the Highlands and Islands are quite inconsistent with this idea. To the observant traveller nothing is so striking as the number of ecclesiastical remains in localities where they might have been least expected. Holy Kirk was as busy in the north of Scotland as in the south. Among the Scottish Highlanders, as elsewhere throughout Christendom, the passion of our blessed Lord was sung by many a devoted priest, who, each in his humble way, kept alight the torch of the Christian faith. In the most distant parts the psalter was chanted in the Latin tongue by monks and friars, who set up the banner of the Catholic church, and conferred on their savage neighbours those benefits which the church was ever ready to deal out to those who were willing

to receive them. As early as the fourteenth century there were to be found in the remote island of the Lewis two priories of canons regular, one at Scarinch, subject to the Abbey of Inchaffray, and one at Rowdell, subject to Holyrood Abbey in Edinburgh. There were priories of canons regular, subject to Holyrood, in Colonsay and Oransay, and a priory of canons regular, subject to Inchaffray, at Strathfillan, north of Loch Lomond. At Applecross there was a foundation of St. Malruve. At Ardhattan on Loch Etive, and at Beaulie, there were priories of Cistercians. At Saddell in Cantyre there was an abbey of Cistercians. Dornoch was the seat of a cathedral and of an hospital of Trinity friars. Rosemarkie was an episcopal city and a centre of ecclesiastical activity. Iona possessed an abbey of Cluniac Benedictines and a nunnery of canonesses of St. Augustine. Each of these monasteries and priories (which were all in existence as early as the fourteenth century) was filled with busy monks, who devoted themselves not only to the maintenance of religion and learning, but to the furtherance of the material well-being of their neighbours and dependents. It is difficult to over-estimate the debt which Scotland owes to the monks both as ecclesiastics

and men of the world. Under the Benedictine rule every monk was compelled to learn some trade. Many of them became the ablest artists, writers, architects, goldsmiths, blacksmiths, sculptors, and agriculturists in the kingdom. They cultivated the waste lands. They made wool. The wool of the monks of Newbattle had long the reputation of being the best in the market. They bred horses. Some abbeys, like Melrose, possessed many hundreds of them. They produced honey. They cultivated fruits and flowers, particularly the rose. The monks of Lindores are said to have raised the finest pears and grapes in the country. The monks of Newbattle were the first to mine for coal. The monks of Dunfermline worked for lead in Clydesdale and for coal in Pinkie, Inveresk, and Tranent. "The monks," says Gasquet in *Henry the Eighth and the English Monasteries*, "were not merely anchorites enclosed in narrow walls, but were affected by all the movements of public life. They were not men of war, but like the knight and the baron, they had to provide men for the musters. As great landowners they, more than the yeomen, were concerned in the crops and the weather. They resided on the land, in the midst of their people, and the barns, farm houses, and cottages were no less objects of their care than the roof which covered their own heads. Beyond this, they were more than landowners to those round about them. The advisers and teachers of all, they had the work now undertaken by the guardian, the relieving officer, the parish doctor, and the schoolmaster." The monks of Iona gathered in their island home a magnificent collection of manuscripts. So extensive and varied were its contents that it was at one time supposed that the lost books of Livy would be found there. Paulus Jovius (*Description of Britain*, Venice, 1548) relates "it is also reported that in the same library (of Iona) there are ancient works of Roman history from which we may expect the remaining decades of Titus Livius, which indeed we have lately heard letters from Scotland have promised to Francis, King of France." So strong was this expectation in the fifteenth century that Aeneas Sylvius (afterwards Pope Pius the Second) was about to undertake a journey to Iona to make search for the lost books, when he was prevented by the confusion which followed the assassination of King James the First. Not only in Iona, but at Beaulieu and Rosemarkie, Dornoch and Saddell, libraries were to be found. At the Reformation these collections disappeared and the treasures of the monastic *scriptoria* were scattered over the land. It is said that most of the library of Iona fell into the possession of

the Argyll family. The following *morceau* of history points to the ultimately fate of the manuscripts over which the patient monks of Iona had pored. "When the old castle of Inveraray," says Sobieski Stuart, "was taken down to make room for the new building, it was remarked that many old books appeared in the town, and that long after the surrounding peasantry in making their small purchases at the little merchant's shop—then the only one in Inveraray—received their pennyworths of salt and ounces of tobacco wrapped in remnants of ancient writings—*cracinn dealbhach*—painted vellum, or pages of dark yellow paper, covered with thick black letters. When the last Duke of Montague was at Inveraray some of these remains came under his notice and he saw some remnants of the manuscripts 'used in the shop as snuff paper.'" It is melancholy to read such facts as these. The Iona manuscripts were not solitary in their fate. Other methods of destruction were resorted to. It is, for example, stated that several very ancient manuscripts of the Clanranald collection were cut up by tailors to make measures of the parchment. The destruction of the Highland libraries consequent on the Reformation, meant the destruction of the records which might have enabled future generations to learn something of the work of the church among the Kelts. Enough, however, is known to prove that Holy Kirk was a living power in the Highlands as well as in the Lowlands, and that the Highlanders were by no means as destitute of the ordinances of religion as is generally supposed. J. A. LOVAT FRASER.

THE M'CRINDLES.

IT has been asked "who are the M'Crindles?" and the writer, who has undertaken the task of throwing some light on their history, has had the usual difficulty caused by the phonetic spelling used in all old records, which has been still more confused by local orthography, leaving the mind in doubt whether all the versions given can possibly apply to the same person or family. We have Bunnatyne, Ballendyne, Bellenden, Buntene, Ballantyne, and Vallantine, all apparently representing the same family name, and such names as Makindoghy, MacCownache, M-Kowloche, Makleud, and many others give a fair sample of the orthography of the sixteenth century; such names as Braconrug, Balaquall, and Qubyturfurde are found, and have to be traced more by sound than by spelling. Once established they have to be located; one ancestor

may be traced as witness to a deed, and another, and more fortunate one, may figure as a legatee of the testator's "best stand o' silk clathies," but the object is to find an ancestor old enough to be acceptable, and this has not by any means been the easiest part of the task, and the M'Crindles must not blame the author if he should fail to satisfy them on this point, as the somewhat limited sources of investigation at his command have not allowed of a more extensive study of the subject. However, a beginning having been made, others, with better opportunities, may take it up and complete it.

Although M'Crindles may be found nearly everywhere in Scotland, and in a good many places much further from home, they appear to have been originally from Ayrshire, where the writer's attention was first called to the name by the local pronunciation of "M'Rinnell" in some districts and "M-Ronall" in others, the initial letter "C" and the "d" being eliminated in both cases; the "C" does not seem to be of any importance, as we find it as a mere duplication in M'Clymont, M'Clean, and many others; but the "Rindle" thus denuded offers little trace of similarity to any other name, save that of Randle, and the "Ronall" of some country districts opens a prospect of continuity through the anglicised form of the Gaelic Raonuill, Ronald, Ranald, Randle. This anglicising of Gaelic names is a well known fact, and the writer knows of a family of Wrights in the Lowlands who take their own family name of M'Intyre when they visit their relatives in the Highlands. M'Intyre or Macantsoair—the carpenter's son.

Having thus explained how names are given and taken, changed and translated, the M'Crindles will be quite prepared for the shock to their nerves which may be caused by the statement that the earliest trace of their clan or name, so far, is "Makrinnyll," which does not look so well as the more modern patronymic, and there is little consolation in the fact that, almost contemporaneously, they figure as "M'Crynnell." About 1526-1528 "Duncan Makrinnyll, chaplain," figures in a trial of the Kennedys for the slaughter of Robert Campbell and others. "James Makrinnyll of Barneil" is mixed up in some of the Kennedy feuds. James M'Crynnell is in trouble, with others, about a defunct Dutchman, most probably some smuggling fray, for Ayrshire in those days did a fair business in "honest smuggling," and the Dutchman is not easily accounted for in any other way. It is of no great consequence that the Dutchman, from his name, was no Dutchman, but most probably a Spaniard; he is, however, of no great interest to any save

James M'Crynnell, and having established what the name was in the early part of the sixteenth century, we will leave James and his Dutchman to settle the point of the latter's nationality at their leisure, and proceed to trace the M'Rindles and the M'Ronalds, the exact point of contact between which does not yet appear, and as we do not wish to offer our own opinion merely, we will quote from Paterson's History of Ayr and Wigton, both to establish their origin and Ayrshire connection.

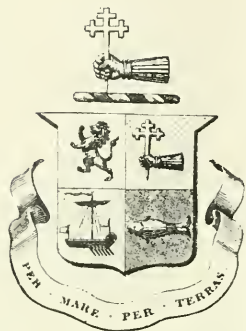
"Robert Boyd of Trochrig in 1608 was served heir of Trochrig, Barneile, M'Cryndle, and Snaid." All these properties are situated near to Girvan. Barneile is the same as that already mentioned, and Trochrig and M'Cryndle are contiguous: the latter is known to-day as M'Criddleston or Macriddleston, showing that long prior to 1608 the M'Crindles lived there, and gave the place their name, and as, so far, no trace has been found of them so far back in any other part of Scotland, this established them as an Ayrshire family, and an old Ayrshire family.

Now for the name:—"Sir John Kennedy of Barneolin was served heir of his father's lands of Beltersane and *Knockrinnellis*, 1616." *Knockrinnellis* is, of course, "the hill of the M'Crindles, the Rinnellis being the plural of Rinnyl, in the accepted form of the time.

So we have here another place, in the same county and neighbourhood, to which they had given their name in the year 1616. The same history continues:—"John Kennedy of Culzean was served heir of his father in the lands of Beltersan and *Knockronald* in the year 1656." We have here established the identity of *Knockrinnellis* and *Knockronald*, and what is of much more importance to the M'Crindles is that, even in such carefully conducted matters as the transmission of heritable property, the lawyers accepted Rinnyl, Rynnell (the M'Crindles old Ayrshire name), as interchangeable with Ronald, and beyond dispute, and that *Knockrinnellis* transmitted as *Knockronald* was a good transfer.

Having thus established their true name and origin for them, the writer takes off his hat to the "M'Crindles," wishing them long life and happiness, merely observing in closing that there were "Rannalsounes" also in Ayrshire, which may have come from a common stock—the MacRonalds or Clanranald of Kintyre, between which place and the Ayrshire coast there was much intercourse in the old days, as historians tell us, or if they had not told us it would have been all the same, as Ayrshire is full of Kintyre names, and this point is not one in which there is any doubt.

**ALEXANDER MACDONALD,
OF BALRANALD.**



THE Macdonalds of Balranald claim a very ancient and honourable lineage, tracing their descent from Alexander Macdonald,

the last Earl of Ross, and brother to John, last Lord of the Isles. He was succeeded by Hugh Macdonald of Sleat, after whom came Donald, commonly called Donald Harrech, who is said to have possessed half the estate of Macdonald, and was murdered at Dun Scolpaig by Gillespuig Dubh. The following genealogical table of the family will doubtless interest many of our readers:—

- | | | |
|-----|-------------------------|---|
| 4— | Ranald Macdonald, | Balranald & Griminish. |
| 5— | Angus | „ Griminish & Balishare. |
| 6— | Hugh | „ Balranald & Griminish. |
| 7— | John | „ do. do. |
| 8— | Donald | „ do. & Knockantorran. |
| 9— | Alexander | „ do. & Kirkibost. |
| 10— | Donald | „ do. & Heisker |
| 11— | Alexander | „ of Lyndale, etc. |
| 12— | James Thos. | „ of Balranald. |
| 13— | Alexander, | of Balranald, Edenwood, and Overkellie. |
| 14— | James Alexander Ronald, | yr. of Balranald. |

As years passed the family increased in importance and possessions, and formed alliances with many of the leading Macdonald and other clan families of the west and north



BALRANALD HOUSE, NORTH UIST.

Highlands. In this connection it is interesting to mention a curious circumstance. Donald Macdonald, 10th of Balranald, married Miss Macdonald of Aird, and through her the estate of Kinlochmoidart should have passed to her husband's family. This is sufficiently evident from the following extract from a letter sent by the late proprietor, William Robertson, to a relation of the family—"Strontian, 27th April,

1872. My uncle, Colonel Macdonald, entailed the estate on his mother's people—rightfully it should have gone to the Balranalds. My mother told me she knew of no relation of the Kinlochmoidart blood, and that she wished her brother to entail it on the Keppochs. (Signed) William Robertson."

It is not surprising to find that many of the scions of this branch of the clan followed



ALEXANDER MACDONALD.

the profession of arms—some to find fame, and others a grave, on foreign shores. Alexander, 11th of Balranald and Lyndale, was a Captain in the Bengal Artillery. He raised, and was Colonel of, the Skye Volunteers, which were afterwards drafted into the Glengarry Fencibles.

Alexander Macdonald, the present representative of the house, was born in North Uist in February, 1831, and received his education at Perth Academy and Edinburgh University. Early in life he started farming, and is at present the most extensive rearer of Highland cattle in Scotland. He resided at the mansion house of Balranald till 1877, when he bought Edenwood in Fifeshire, and four years later he purchased Overkelly.

Two years ago he had the great satisfaction of becoming proprietor of the estate of Balranald, with which his family have been connected for so many generations, and from which they have taken the name by which they are best known to Highlanders. We give a photo reproduction of the old house, which will doubtless interest many of our readers. Mr. Macdonald is a J.P. for Inverness and Fifeshires. In politics he is a staunch Conservative.

He married first, Margaret Anne Christina, daughter of Norman M'Leod of Scalpay, and secondly, Margaret Campbell, daughter of Major Lyon Mackenzie of St. Martins, and Braelangwell, Ross shire, and has one son (James Alexander Ronald) and six daughters. C

EDITOR.



EDENWOOD HOUSE.

FINGAL'S WEeping.

Fingal's weeping in the mist
By the pool that watchful even
Turns into a targe of steel
Shining as the moon in heaven,
For the great wild thistles feel
Tears upon their purple leaping,
Every tear an amethyst—
Fingal's weeping.

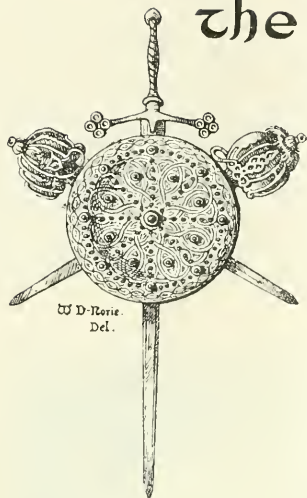
Steals the stag to drink serene
At the wonted pool, as trusting
That the hunter's bow is laid
Where the hero's dirk is rusting,—
Fingal looks, as through its shade,
To a mound where men lie sleeping,
Men whose eyes had never seen
Fingal's weeping.

SARAH ROBERTSON MATHESON.

the Highland Sword.

by W. Drummond-Morrie

Illustrated by the Author



(Continued from page 220).

ISLAY, which was for some centuries the principal seat of Highland government under the powerful Lords of the Isles, produced many celebrated armourers and smiths who had no lack of employment during the stormy times of the 14th and 15th centuries, and the *Lunn Ha* (Islay blades) acquired no inconsiderable fame for their excellence. The spot where the forge stood, and the rocks from whence the ore was extracted, may still be seen. In this island the warlike Macdonald chiefs held almost regal state, and their household was arranged with all the etiquette and order of precedence usually observed in the court of a reigning monarch. One of the most important officials was the *Gille Mòr*, whose duty it was to carry the *clogaid* (helmet) and *claidheamh du laimh* (two-handed sword) of his chief. He was selected for his strength and proved courage, and on account of his arduous duties received a double share of provisions.

So little is known respecting the authentic history of the early races of Caledonia previous to the eighth century after Christ, that it is difficult to say with any degree of certainty what implements of war were in general use among them, but we may fairly assume that among the chiefs at least, the *claidheamh mòr* in its primitive form was the favourite weapon. When we reach the firmer ground of the 14th

and 15th centuries some light is thrown upon the subject by contemporary historians, and we have also the important evidence of the Iona stones which are attributed to that period. In these last we get actual representations of the swords used by the great Highland chieftains, and may compare them with the weapons discovered from time to time in various parts of the country. Fig's Nos. 6 and 7, both copied from stones in the burying ground of St. Oran, Iona, are typical specimens, the latter showing the ornamental scabbard. In fig 8, drawn from the recumbent effigy of one of the MacLeans of Coll, also in Iona, we see not only the sword itself but the method of drawing it. This figure is especially interesting on account of the accuracy with which the sculptor has reproduced the details of dress and accoutrements worn at the time. Other forms of the Highland claymore are shown in fig's 4 and 5 (see July issue), both being drawn from swords actually in existence.*

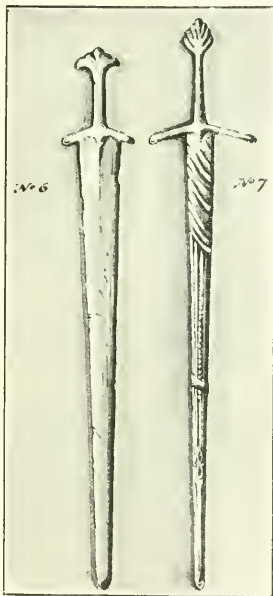
It has already been stated that the sculptured stones of Iona have been attributed to the 14th and 15th centuries, that is to say from the commencement of the reign of Robert the Bruce to the death of James IV., a most stirring period of Highland and Scottish history, including as it does the battles of Bannockburn, Invernahavon, The North Inch, Harlaw, Inverlochy (1st battle), and the Mackay-MacLeod feuds in Sutherlandshire. In all these conflicts the double-handed claymore in the hands of the Highlanders did great execution, although it was not confined to Highlanders alone, for at the time of the Bruce and Baliol wars this weapon was in general use throughout Scotland.

* Vide Drummond's "Ancient Scottish Weapons."

Among the earliest historical references to the Highland sword is the description given by Andrew Wyntoun of the battle of the North Inch of Perth in 1396. He says referring to the combatants:—

"All thai entrit in Barreris,
Wyth bow and axe, knyf and sword,
To deil among them their last werd."

Terrible indeed were the wounds inflicted by this powerful weapon. "Heads were cloven assunder, limbs lopped from the trunk. The meadow was soon flooded with blood, and covered with dead and wounded men."†



† Sir Walter Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather."

Two double-handed swords used in this fight are in the possession of the Mackintosh of Mackintosh at Moy Hall. The sword shown Fig 5 (July issue) is practically identical with those weapons.

(To be continued).

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

To the Editor, *Celtic Monthly*.

MR. BOGLE AND THE HIGHLAND RACE.

SIR,—Most of your readers will be amazed, if not amused, at Mr. Lockhart Bogle's letter in your issue

of this month. Not that the obliquity of vision which he displays therein is at all new to us. We are by this time well accustomed to the species of critic who, finding the feuds and forays of a thousand years compressed within a few score pages, lacks the sense of proportion which would enable him to set these red and striking incidents in their proper relationship to the drab and inconspicuous events which form the truer history of a people, but which the historian does not see fit to chronicle. We are not so familiar, however, with the strange lack of tact which leads Mr. Bogle to write to a magazine which is mainly read by the compatriots of Livingstone and Lord Clyde and Norman Macleod and Mackay of Uganda, blandly informing its readers that the chief characteristics of their race is treachery, revengefulness, and (as he terms it) animalism! That by the way, however. Mr. Bogle is an artist; but he seems to lack that sense of proportion to which I have referred, and to be unaware that there is such a thing as perspective in history as well as in drawing, and that the battles and treasons and spoils that crowd its pages are merely outstanding events, often set far apart in the great plain of work-a-day life. If Mr. Bogle will be good enough to re-peruse his History of England he will find that it is largely a chronicle of "battle, murder, and sudden death," of feud, treachery, cruelty, and greed. What more brutal or revengeful feud than the Wars of the Roses! Did the wildest Highland caterans ever display a more cold-blooded ferocity than that with which Cromwell's Englishmen put the defenceless people of Drogheda to the sword; or that with which Jeffreys and Kirke stamped out the Monmouth rising, or Cumberland treated the Highlanders after Culloden! And is there an act in Highland history more fiendish than that of the English colonists in Tasmania, in the present century, who got rid of the blacks by poisoning them wholesale like rats!

But no thoughtful person supposes that such a record gives the key to the true character of the English people.

Has Mr. Bogle ever read Norman Macleod's *Story of a Highland Parish*, and if so, does he think that the kindly and good-humoured folk there portrayed (and portrayed to the life), at all correspond to the description with which he has favoured us! Do the kindly and witty lines of Duncan Ban, or the sweet strains of Rob Donn (favourite poets of the Gael as they are and were) breathe treachery and revenge and slaughter! Is the *Beinn Dorain* of the former—the poet who gave expression to his own and his countrymen's love of nature, 50 years before English reviewers had begun to jeer at Wordsworth—is *Beinn Dorain* redolent of "animalism!" Was the treatment of the Lowland people by the Highlanders in the Forty-five characterised by any of the savagery with which Cumberland treated even the Highland wounded! On the contrary, the "wild" Highlanders displayed a gentleness and moderation which was not at all characteristic of European armies in the 18th century. Had it not been so, we should not now have some of our best Lowland songs.

Mr. Bogle will admit that Dr. Johnson was not prejudiced in favour of the Highlanders. Yet this is what the Snitter of Macpherson said, when the

men of Culloden were still comparatively young. "Civility seems part of the national character of the Highlanders." "The girls of the Highlands are all gentlewomen." "I never was in a house [in the Hebrides] where I did not find books in more languages than one." "More gentleness of manners or more pleasing appearance of domestic society is not found in the most polished countries." And nothing at all about the "animalism" which Mr. Bogle has found to be their most prominent characteristic!

Perhaps Mr. Bogle will be kind enough to point out any present day incidents (for, if there is anything in heredity, we cannot yet have got rid of the qualities which were ingrained in the very nature of our great-grandfathers) which stamp the Highlanders as chiefly remarkable for the characteristics with which he has branded them; or explain how, in this naturally savage race, chastity and order and absence of crime are so much more marked than in the case of their Lowland neighbours. Let us have a list of the murders which must certainly frequently take place among a race that is celebrated for its treachery and revengefulness and "animalism!"

After that a comparison of the criminal records of Argyle with say Renfrew and Norfolk in the last century, or with Lancashire at the present day, will prove interesting.—I am, &c.,

JAMES FERGUSON.

GLASGOW, 30th June, 1896.

THE TARGE AND CLAYMORE.

The race of the Gael were dauntless in fight,
They fought till they won, or perished outright;
Their weapons for combat were targe and claymore—
The armour in battle of heroes of yore—
The arms of the sires the heritage were
Of sons who aspired the glory to share;
With topaz, with silver, and carved ebony wood,
Each weapon resplendent, was tried and found good.

From the belt hung in sight the dirk keen and true,
The garter held fast the trusty *shean dhu*;
The targe was of oak and Highland bull hide,
Half a fathom across, and long as 'twas wide;
And lest that its timber or leather should fail,
Affixed at each inch was a strong iron nail;—
No weapon for carnage that mortals can wield,
Has ever cleft through a Highlander's shield.

The claymore was fit for Goliath of Gath,
'Twas broad and 'twas long and supple's a lath;
Well poised in the hand, it aye bore the brunt,
Midst danger and death 'twas always in front;
On every field its merits were seen,
It grassed them in crowds—a reaping machine:
In quiet piping times they hung on the wall,
Yet ever were ready to answer a call.

A weapon of note at rest in its sheath,
Had peacefully hung in the land of the heath,
Till the hills were ablaze with war's beacon fires;
Then *Allister* slung on the arms of his sires,
Set out with his chief, a brave loyal henchman,
Did campaigns unscathed, then met with a French-

man

Who laughed at the sword—too pond'rous to wield—
And failed in respect for the man or his shield.

For fawning regard he cared not a snuff,
He honoured himself and that was enough;
But faith in his armour was half his theology,
He therefore demanded a humble apology,
Or swore he would slay the slighter outright,
The Frenchman replied "See *voe plee* one vill fight."
That each was in earnest was perfectly plain;—
The chances were even that both would be slain.

Two seconds were found for the combative pair,
Conditions arranged complaisant and fair;
The code a *duillo* was carefully heeded,
The trouble being weapons, no choice was now
needed;
The Gaul took his ground with a sword from Toledo,
And meant Mrs. Sandy to soon make a widow,—
Intending her husband to quickly impale?—
Whilst cleaving in two, was the dream of the Gael.

The Gael's fierce intention was hard to fulfil,
The Frenchman could fence with infinite skill;
No one could parry more dextrous or faster,—
A duelist noted, a great fencing master;
The wounds he inflicted, no surgeon could cure,
The fight would be fatal to Sandy for sure,
Yet fearless was he, a brave hearted Gael,—
But witches and ghosts make Highlanders quail.

The men toed the mark without much ado,
The signal was given, and at it they flew;
The gleam of the claymore flashed swift through
the air,
Went straight for the foe, but the foe was not there,
He'd changed his position, then rushed to the charge,
But Sandy was watchful in rear of the targe;
None of his race ever wavered or ran
He coolly took time to size up his man.

The Frenchman was frantic, cautious the Scot,
The onslaught was fierce, the combat was hot;
Like flashes electric, bright tongues of light,
The gleam of the swords illumined the fight;
Monsieur held his own with courage and skill,
Brandished his weapon and fought with a will;
The Gael quite undaunted his prowess withstood,
And all the fine thrusts were received in the wood.

The Scotchman was active, and strong as a horse,
Cared not for the swordsman, his skill or his force;
Took nothing for nothing—the pauses were few,—
Oft shouting in Gaelic "Clan Chattan's Craighdu,"
'Twas hard to foretell which first would be killed,—
As yet not a drop of the *claret* was spilled;
To Sandy 'twas just like fighting a ghost,
No sooner he had him, than straight he was lost.

Cool but annoyed at the fix he was in,
Our hero was certain in time he would win;
So quietly kept guard till the sweet by and bye,
The foe man well watched with the tail of his eye;
And thus was the Frenchman, the nimble, the bold,
By the wiles of the Scotchman left out in the cold;
"Sacre! sacré! mon dieu!" he shouted and swore,
"Me vill fight if you come from behind your round
door."

New York.

P. MACPHERSON.

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